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AMERICA TEACHES, JAPAN LEARNS

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THE villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.—*The Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Scene 1

EXACTLY seventy-seven years ago (I am writing on March 31) Commodore Perry, having successfully negotiated the first treaty of amity Japan had ever conceded to any Occidental nation, presented the Shogun with a sewing machine, a miniature locomotive, and a case or so of spirituous matters.

The composition of the gift was significant. Wittingly or unwittingly, the American sailor-diplomat acquainted the Japanese with the useful instruments of civilization and what has since become one of America's greatest social evils, with which neither Congress nor the President nor even the Wickersham Commission knows how to deal. The pity was that the Japanese accepted with avidity not only the first, but the second as well. They thought both the whiskey and the sewing machine, the brandy and the locomotive, part of the culture the American Government had been so eager to bestow upon them. They went further and evinced even a greater interest in the American men-of-war, — the 'Black Ships,' they called them, — whose broadsides, Perry had plainly intimated, would be trained upon the defenseless city of Yedo, now Tokyo, if the Shogun refused to sign the proffered treaty.

As time passed, these new pupils of America became increasingly curious and inquisitive about the ways of the West. Their sons crossed the Pacific by the legion to drink at the fountainhead of that marvelous civilization which had produced the Liberty Bell and slavery, Lincoln and carpetbaggers, universities and night clubs, missionaries and racketeers, battleships and chewing tobacco, the church and the saloon. Born imitators, these enterprising sons of Nippon, alas! Her daughters, too, put into practice what they learned abroad, both good and bad. Their story of the seven decades which followed the advent of

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Commodore Perry in Yedo Bay is a story of emulation such as has been told of no other nation.

I

These thoughts come to our minds as we ponder the unfortunate Chinese situation created by Japan's armed intervention in Manchuria and at Shanghai, and its repercussions in America and Europe. Has not Japan in this respect, as in many others, cut a leaf out of the American history of intervention? Is she not putting into execution an American theory in accordance with the accepted American form? Has not the Honorable J. Reuben Clark, one-time Undersecretary of State, told us that 'no nation has with more frequency than the American Government used its military forces for the purpose of occupying temporarily parts of foreign countries in order to secure adequate safety and protection for its citizens and their properties'?

Secretary Stimson, who, according to that surprisingly staid book of contemporary history, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, got from his clergyman uncle 'a certain humanitarian and idealistic slant on life,' is too charitable if he thinks that Japan's romantic General Staff, if not her stolid Foreign Office, before launching the Manchurian intervention, had not burned a lot of midnight oil scrutinizing 1,200,000 or so fascinating words spoken or read at the Senate hearings at Washington on Haiti and Santo Domingo in 1922; or that Admiral Shiozawa, before bombarding the Woosung forts and landing his sailors at Shanghai, had not scanned the pages of Professor Nearing's *Dollar Diplomacy*. Such classics are not good for the eyes of Japanese militarists or navalists, but they read them even as school children evade parental vigilance to read the *Arabian Nights*, 'unabridged and privately printed.'

True enough, the employment of American military forces abroad has never created such a great hullabaloo all over the world as has the Japanese intervention. Is this because the American soldier and the American diplomat are more clever or humane than the Japanese? Maybe, or maybe not. One thing is certain, that the countries against which American military forces have been used are all so small in area and population and are militarily so insignificant that it has never been much of a job to subjugate them. The result is that the world at large has never been given a chance to be excited by any of these periodic American operations.

I suggest that, next time America has occasion to intervene in the Caribbean or in Central America, she hire a Japanese admiral and his bluejackets and see what they will do. I am sure that they will do just as neat a job as any of their valiant American predecessors have ever done. But Mukden and Shanghai, with 2,000,000 square miles of land and 400,000,000 inhabitants behind them, present a totally different problem. Let American marines challenge the Nineteenth Route army at Chapei with inexhaustible reserves behind it, or let them run into Manchuria's bandit-soldiers, 200,000 strong, and they will know what a real intervention is like, while Geneva and Mr. Stimson will lift their hands in holy horror.

But why should they be horrified? American interventions in Latin republics are exactly the same as the Japanese intervention in China both as to the principle invoked and as to the methods followed. If the American marines in Nicaragua or Santo Domingo failed to make their operations

look like war, that was no fault of theirs, but the fault of Nicaragua or Santo Domingo for being so small and easy to conquer. By the same token, if the Japanese troops failed to keep their job in China from looking like war, neither were they to blame for it — the blame was on China for being so big and sprawling.

II

What, then, is the principle behind American interventions? Here is Mr. Coolidge's answer: —

'While it is well-established international law that we have no right to interfere in the purely domestic affairs of other nations in their dealings with their own citizens, it is equally well established that our Government has certain rights over and certain duties toward our own citizens and their property wherever they may be located. The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the nation, even when abroad. On the other hand, there is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting Governments to afford protection to the persons and property of their citizens wherever they may be. This is both because it has an interest in them and because it has an obligation toward them. It would seem to be perfectly obvious that if it is wrong to murder and pillage within the confines of the United States, it is equally wrong outside our borders. The fundamental laws of justice are universal in their application. These rights go with the citizen. Wherever he goes, these duties of our Government must follow him.'

These words were spoken in 1927, when the League of Nations was eight years old. A year later, when the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact was about to be concluded, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, now Chief Justice, speaking at Princeton University, declared that 'there is no disposition on our part to forgo our right to protect our nationals when their lives and property are imperiled because the sovereign power for the time being and in certain districts cannot be exercised and there is no government to afford protection.' He said that 'no President of the United States, and no Secretary of State, of any party, or of any political views, learning that the lives and property of our citizens were in immediate danger in such a case, would care to assume the personal responsibility of withholding the protection which he was in a position immediately to give. If he did, and the event accorded with the anticipation, he would be condemned throughout the land.'

League or no League, Peace Pact or no Peace Pact, the United States does not mean to surrender this right of intervention for self-defense or self-protection. One knows how easy it always is to conjure up a plea of self-defense, and Mr. Kellogg says that each nation has a right to determine for itself what constitutes self-defense. Mr. Root, pro-League and pro-World Court, says that 'the exercise of the right of self-protection may, and frequently does, extend in its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising it. The strongest example probably would be the mobilization of an army by another power immediately across the frontier. Every act done by the other power may be within its own territory. Yet the country threatened by this state of affairs is justified in protecting itself by immediate war.'

Nor should it be assumed that this doctrine propounded by Messrs. Coolidge, Root, and Hughes is the patented monopoly of the 'imperialistic' Republicans, for the doctrine has also been

faithfully adhered to by Democratic administrations. The Japanese generals and admirals, popping guns in Manchuria or on the Yangtze River, are but imitators of their American fellows trained in that doctrine. If imitation be the highest form of compliment, General Honjo and Admiral Shiozawa are deserving of plaudits from this side of the Pacific.

III

In 1910 the late Colonel Roosevelt blandly declared, 'I took the Canal Zone and let the Congress debate, and while the debate goes on, the Canal does also.'

A little later Mr. Roosevelt, by way of amplification, said, 'Unless I had acted exactly as I did act, there would now be no Panama Canal. It is folly to assert devotion to an end, and at the same time to condemn the only means by which the end can be achieved.'

The 'Rough Rider' President had the courage and honesty to admit what others would gloss over or whitewash. It can hardly be denied that the American Government caused the secession of Panama so that it could acquire the Canal Zone, and might also have at Panama City an administration more amenable to its wishes than the Government at Bogotá had been.

The historic case takes on a fresh interest at this time if we consider it along with what has happened in Manchuria. Panama seceded from Colombia under the ægis of American warships and American marines. Manchuria is now in the course of seceding from China under the protection of the Japanese military. In either case the driving force behind the secession is the same — America wanted to dig the Canal, and Japan wants to safeguard Port Arthur and Dairen and the South Manchuria Railway. Perhaps our super- or pseudo-patriots would call me to the mat for drawing this sacrilegious comparison, for they believe that our Manchurian rights are a result of a holy crusade against Tsarist militarism, entailing an appalling sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives and a billion dollars. Furthermore, our going into Manchuria, because of our lack of raw material and our overpopulation at home, is a matter of life or death, while American expansion is more or less a matter of luxury. But this hard-luck story of the Japanese may well be dismissed as old propaganda stuff.

A more obvious flaw in the analogy lies in the fact that Colombia is a small nation whose military prowess is negligible, while China is a vast country, whose chaotic condition has made it all the more unmanageable. The result is that while the amputation of Panama was accomplished quickly, and almost painlessly, the independence of Manchuria is a laborious process and requires a tortuous course. I wonder if our generals and statesmen who have had anything to do with the birth of the new Manchurian 'Republic' would ever be tempted to emulate Mr. Roosevelt and declare, 'We took Manchuria.' I hope not. I wish that they would rather be reasonably hypocritical, and take to heart these sage words from Señor Calderón, a Peruvian diplomat: —

'Mr. Roosevelt cynically says, "I took Panama." He believes in the efficacy of the "big stick" in the relations between the two Americas. He is scarcely a psychologist in these matters. It is far easier to get what one wants from these Latin democracies through flattering proposals, through courteous replies, through a delicate, nicely shaded diplomacy.'

IV

What America has done in Santo Domingo, in Haiti, in Nicaragua, in Cuba, in Hawaii, in Mexico, and in the Philippines, is a monotonous repetition of the same story with slight variation. In all these countries the motive behind her 'gunboat diplomacy,' if we are to believe Manuel Ugarte or Scott Nearing, is to give American capital new fields of investment or to secure new bases of operation for the American navy, or often both. In the case of Nicaragua there is one phase of American diplomacy which should particularly commend itself to the sympathetic consideration of our Foreign Office. Indeed, Japan is, apparently, already following the American example by hinting the need of revising the Washington Nine-Power Treaty, or, what is more true to form, by trying to slip out of it by the back door. Let us see how cleverly America slipped out of the most important of her obligations in Nicaragua.

In 1907 there was organized the Central American Court of Justice, a sort of arbitration tribunal. Its inception was a serious dispute between Nicaragua, which had agreed to let the United States build a canal through her territory, and the other Central American republics which were vitally affected by that project and were naturally opposed to it. The dispute had already caused revolutions within some of the affected states and hostilities between them. By the summer of 1907 a general war, involving all five of the republics, had become imminent. Then President Roosevelt invited to Washington delegates of the five states and caused them to sign an agreement creating the Central American Court of Justice, composed of five members, one from each nation, to which all international disagreements in Central America were to be submitted for final judgment. The United States was the first to hail this new tribunal as an inspiring example of international justice.

Right here it is essential to remember that the American Government, though indisputably the father of the above agreement, declined to be a signatory to it. By not signing the pact, America left herself free to invoke the Court when convenient, or to ignore, even destroy it should its decisions prove adverse to her. As a matter of fact, she did appeal to the Court at various times. In all respects but name the United States was a party to the agreement which had brought the Court into existence. Morally, at any rate, she was bound to respect the Court and its decisions. And yet, when a crucial moment came, the American Government caused Nicaragua to reject the most important judgment rendered by the Court and thus brought about the dissolution of that institution, America's own child.

That decision related to the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916, by which America acquired the right to build a trans-Nicaraguan canal, as well as the Great Corn and Little Corn islands and a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca. The treaty caused much alarm in and among Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras. The naval-base provisions were particularly objectionable. Naturally the three states appealed to the Central American Court of Justice, contending that the treaty violated their rights. The contention was sustained by the Court, but the United States and her puppet, Nicaragua, refused to abide by the decision, which of course sounded the knell of the Court. This shows that when a vital interest is at stake America has no intention of permitting international

courts and arbitrations to stand in her way. And that attitude is exactly what Japan seems to be emulating. Just as the United States set up puppet governments in Panama and in Nicaragua to secure canals, so Japan has assisted in the organization of a new government in Manchuria to hold there certain rights which she claims are essential to her existence, both political and economic.

One cannot but notice a striking similarity between the inception of the Manchurian 'war' (still called an 'armed intervention' by the Japanese) and that of the Spanish-American War. Both were occasioned by an explosion, but in neither case was the cause of the explosion clear. At Havana, in February 1898, the American battleship *Maine* was blown to pieces. 'There was no evidence whatever that anyone connected with the exercise of Spanish authority in Cuba had had so much as guilty knowledge of the plans made to destroy the *Maine*.' Yet the incident precipitated the war — 'not because a vessel of the American Navy had been destroyed in a port of Spain, but because opinion leaped, upon the provocation of that tragic incident, from quiet inquiry to hot impatience with regard to all ugly Cuban business.'

Every one of these words written by Woodrow Wilson may, with slight change, be applied to the incident at Mukden which set a spark to the inflammable material of animosity and hatred which had been accumulating for years. On the night of September 18 last, at a point near Mukden, the tracks of the South Manchuria Railway were torn up by a mysterious explosion. The Japanese railway guards who hurried to the scene saw a band of Chinese soldiers scurrying toward their barracks near by. Shots were exchanged, and, before night had lifted, the 'war' was on. The Japanese moved swiftly and within a few days occupied all the strategic towns along their railways and extended their operations against the bandits and the regulars, 200,000 strong, in certain areas contiguous to the railway zone.

In the Cuban war America had gone the Japanese one better by occupying the Philippines, many thousands of miles away from the scene of the explosion — a country where she had no established interests, material or otherwise. To our militarists the American seizure of the Philippines was a master stroke of military strategy and diplomacy combined. They even think that America's real objective in the Spanish War was not Cuba but the Philippines, which she had long coveted as the base of operations necessary to extend her interest and influence in the Far East, especially in China. Had not even Commodore Perry recommended to his Government occupation of certain Japanese islands for the same purpose? When the Filipinos resisted, America subjugated them with guns and 'water cure' as well as Bibles and schoolhouses.

And as for Cuba, the United States fought the Spanish War to put an end to the 'insufferable condition' which Spanish misrule had foisted upon the island. That is precisely what the Japanese have been saying about Manchuria and its rapacious war lords. In the settlement which followed the establishment of the Cuban Republic, the United States imposed a treaty upon the new state giving America the right to intervene for the preservation of the republic's independence and for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. There are also other provisions restricting Cuba's liberty to enter into treaties with other powers tending to impair

her independence, and for the contracting of debts. The United States thus holds a special position in Cuba that has justified her in intervening on various occasions for the maintenance of law and order. Again this American precedent is now being faithfully followed by the Japanese in liquidating the Manchurian situation.

V

We have seen that Mr. Bryan foisted upon the Nicaraguan Government, set up to do America's bidding, a treaty which he knew other Central American states would not approve. We have also seen that Mr. Wilson was virtually responsible for the dissolution of the Central American Court of Justice when the Court had the temerity to hand down a decision distasteful to America. This shows that the Republican Party has no exclusive claim to the halo of 'imperialism.' It is indeed the irony of fate that two of the most serious military interventions undertaken by the United States took place under the idealistic Wilson administration. Perhaps it is well to recall them at this time in connection with the Manchurian situation.

In 1914 the Mexican authorities arrested American sailors loading gasoline on an American warship in a forbidden military zone at Tampico. Although the men were immediately released and an apology was forthcoming from the Mexican General in charge, the American Admiral gave him a twenty-four-hour ultimatum demanding punishment of the officer who made the arrest and a 24-gun salute to the American flag. General Huerta, the Mexican President, refused to punish the officer unless it was proved by an investigating committee that he had violated international law, and proposed to submit the question to the arbitration of The Hague. The proposal was rejected by the United States. A few days afterward another minor interference, this time with an American mail orderly, occurred in Vera Cruz, and President Wilson invoked this and the Tampico incident as a reason for asking Congress to approve the use of 'the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States.'

The next day a German steamer with a cargo of arms for the Mexican Government arrived at Vera Cruz, whereupon Mr. Wilson ordered Admiral Mayo to 'take Vera Cruz at once.' President Wilson was not justified in international law in taking this summary action, but relations between the two countries had reached the point where the rights and dignity of the United States were being set at naught, and drastic action became necessary to teach Mexico a lesson.

Again, in 1916, President Wilson launched an armed expedition across the Mexican border. For some time Mexico had been in a state of anarchy, jeopardizing American lives and property. President Wilson lost patience and sent a large army under General Pershing across the border. When the Mexican Government protested, Secretary Lansing replied: —

'For three years the Mexican Republic has been torn with civil strife. The lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed, vast properties developed by American capital and enterprise have been destroyed or rendered non-productive, bandits have been permitted to roam at will and to seize, without punishment or effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens

of the United States who ventured to remain in Mexico or to return there to protect their interests have been taken, in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice.'

To back up this note President Wilson called for an army of 'not less than 50,000 men.' The South American republics offered their good offices for mediation, but Mr. Wilson insisted that the dispute was one to be adjusted between the parties concerned, and them only, permitting no interposition of any third party. How similar the American contention to the Japanese argument on the Manchurian imbroglio! America rejected Huerta's proposal to invoke the arbitration of The Hague. So does Japan reject China's similar proposal. America rejected all proffered mediations by third parties. So does Japan insist upon 'direct negotiations' with China.

VI

Japan now threatens to follow about the only American example she has so far hesitated to emulate, and that is to get away from the orbit of the League of Nations. Entangled by the League, she now fully understands and sympathizes with the isolationist policy of America. She knows that what scares Washington away from Geneva is not 'European entanglement,' but 'Iberian entanglement.' America fears, and rightly, that once she is in the League the Iberian republics would miss no opportunity to air before the whole world their multitudinous grievances against her. More than once they have made it plain before the League that the Monroe Doctrine is America's private idea, which they are under no obligation to recognize. Even now they are scolding Japan at Geneva with an eye upon Washington and its Latin American policy, rather than upon Tokyo and its Chinese venture. They have made Japan the scapegoat for the sins of the North American eagle.

Tokyo and Washington, then, are in the same boat, and Tokyo is dismayed by Washington's apparent lack of heart. Perhaps America would rather see Japan commit herself to the mercy of the waves! But Washington is in for disillusionment if it fancies that Japan will seek her resting place in Davy Jones's locker. Quite a few of her leaders, not excepting even her militarists, still keep their heads. And, what is equally important, she still has friends among the big powers of Europe, who are willing to 'play ball' with her. These powers have a certain sympathy for Japan, for they too have settlements, railways, mines, as well as missionaries and mission schools, to protect in China. They are frankly realistic and hard-boiled. They have no pretensions to altruism. Admonish Japan they do, in public, for they must consider the 'face' of the small nations who look upon Geneva as a debating society where they may 'lecture' the big powers to their hearts' content. They must also appear to dance to the flute of the American Government, which holds the purse strings of Europe. Privately, however, these big powers feel that Japan is fighting for them as much as for herself.

Take Shanghai, for example. For some years before the Japanese intervention the foreign community there had increasingly been apprehensive as to its ability to hold its own in the face of growing Nationalist onslaughts against the foreign settlement and its extraterritorial jurisdiction. Many had been alarmed, and professed an intention to liquidate their interests and go home rather than submit to native rule. Now the Japanese started just the

thing the foreign community at Shanghai had hoped might be started somehow. Whatever may be the unhappy effects of this intervention upon Japan herself and her own interests in China, the other Great Powers, including America, will reap a material benefit in that the intervention will defer to the distant future the abolition of extraterritoriality and the rendition of the foreign settlements. Unwittingly Japan has made herself the cat's-paw of the interested powers. That is why the big powers of Europe, while publicly scolding her, have been privately patting her on the back.

Meanwhile the American Government, idealistic, liberal, and altruistic, stands before the whole world as the greatest and sincerest guardian of China. That, however, does not mean that it will decline to share in whatever benefits may be conferred upon the other nations as a result of the Japanese misadventure. Once America denounced the 'opium war' and the British nation which started it, but she accepted with alacrity the benefits of the famous Nanking Treaty, the child of that (to her) unholy war. In 1901 Japan asked America, as well as Great Britain and Germany, to help her in checking the Russian absorption of Manchuria. 'Nothing doing' was America's reply, except that she would continue writing notes of protest to the Tsar. So the Mikado fought the Tsar single-handed, and forced open the Manchurian doors slammed and bolted by Russia. Of course the United States availed herself of the benefits of the new open door, with the result that her Manchurian trade has increased from almost nothing to something like twenty-eight million dollars a year.

Now America refuses to recognize the new régime in Manchuria because she thinks it a puppet of Tokyo. But, recognition or no recognition, America will be among the first to claim advantage of a Manchuria regenerated by the abolition of its time-honored war lords and banditry and the establishment of a sound currency and credit system. And who shall say that such a Manchuria will never appear?

After all, idealism, like honesty, is the best policy!

CAUGHT IN THE TROUGH

ANONYMOUS

I

For the first time in my life I am facing financial insecurity of the sort that I had always supposed people of the middle classes must escape by virtue of good blood, gentle breeding, and adequate education. My father is a college professor in comfortable circumstances. My maternal grandfather was a lawyer who enjoyed more than a degree of ante-bellum prestige, my paternal grandfather a physician and gentleman planter of the Old South. My mother and father were both left patrimonies sufficient to provide their children with luxuries and educational opportunities in excess of those a professor's salary would warrant. I was graduated from one of the large Eastern colleges, received my Master's degree from the University of Chicago, traveled abroad for the finishing touch my parents prescribed, taught in the history department of a woman's college for three years, and in 1920 married a man whose future seemed secured by connection with a legal firm of good standing.

For nine years our income rose steadily — from $3000 in 1920 to about $7000 in 1929. Even with this salary, saving was not easy. At first there were the expenses incident to the birth of two babies. Then there were the clubs my husband joined because he was urged to do so by his employers, who looked to the widened contacts a young associate might bring to the firm. It seemed important that we should live in a good part of the city. Because my training had not been of a domestic sort, I felt that I could not do without a maid in the children's infancy. Still, during the first years we kept up a $20,000 life-insurance policy and by the beginning of 1929 had about $2000 in 6 per cent bonds.

It was then that we bought a house in the suburbs. The two older lawyers had made my husband a junior partner with a 20 per cent interest in the earnings, which, according to the net income of the year before, promised to be about $8000. It did not seem extravagant, therefore, to buy a house that cost $15,000. Our savings made the first payment. The house was financed by a $9000 first mortgage and a second mortgage of $4000, payable in installments of fifty dollars a month. The ninety-five dollars we were assuming in interest and curtailments was only twenty dollars in excess of the rent we had been paying, and a large part of it could be interpreted in terms of savings.

But there were expenses which had not entered into our reckonings. The car that had been serving us for some time had to be replaced. In the suburbs one must have shrubs and a garden; and, when a house is built on a hillside, there must be grading and retaining walls. Outdoor expenses that seemed to us necessary came to $1000.

The sum of $750 went at once for new furniture, curtains, and draperies. To cap it all, that year the earnings of the firm fell off sharply. Instead of the $8000 my husband had expected, his income was but $7000. It was a close squeeze for us, but we managed to finish the year 1929 without going into debt. We had a house and garden that represented the expenditure of $16,000, in which we figured our equity at $3600; our car and furniture had no liens against them; but there was no money in the savings bank.

II

Almost at once the depression gathered momentum. Several mergers and failures took from my husband's firm clients whose retaining fees had been valuable considerations. Our income for 1930 decreased to $5000. With our living scaled to the larger amount, it was by dint of what we thought the strictest economy that we reached the end of the year without plunging into debt. We were not alarmed, however. Though there was much talk of hard times when our friends gathered in the evenings, there was little real pessimism. The country had passed through many such storms. Its seaworthiness was never questioned. On December 31 our neighbors gathered to bid farewell to one of the worst years America had ever seen and to welcome another that would surely bring a return of prosperity. No one mentioned the analogy between the depression and the days of stress that lasted from 1873 to 1878. That other post-war reaction was too far away to be remembered.

But prosperity did not come. Steadily the collections of my husband's firm decreased. Not only was 20 per cent of the profits inadequate to support our family, but business had fallen off to such an extent that the older members of the firm, who had built up its clientele, no longer needed an associate. During January and February of 1931 my husband drew $200 a month, and the first of March the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. The first of April he secured a position in the legal department of a life-insurance company at a salary of $200 a month, where the work was both uninteresting and without a future. At the end of each trying four weeks, however, we clutched our $200 with the grip of the drowning. My husband might have accepted the alternative of hanging out his shingle and starting afresh. The hazards seemed too great — what with the house on our hands and two children to feed and clothe and educate, and no liquid savings.

Our first thought, of course, was to sell the house and lower immediately the standard of living which had not seemed too high two years before. We hoped that we could salvage the $4350 that we had put into it and get the full $16,000 value. Gradually, however, we were forced to believe the real-estate agents, who told us that there was no purchaser at any price, and that houses were simply not being sold. Our offer to sell for $11,650, the sum covering the two liens, has brought no prospective customers. On the first of October a curtailment of $500 on the first mortgage was due. For a time there seemed no way to raise the necessary sum. Finally the holder of the second mortgage permitted us to increase our indebtedness to him by advancing the money for the curtailment.

The first of December my husband lost his position with the life-insurance company. The fault, admittedly, was not his. It merely became necessary to cut expenses and decrease the office force. At that moment the pittance which had been coming in with comforting regularity ceased abruptly —

and at the season when men were prating of peace on earth and good will toward men. For the sake of the children we maintained an outward semblance of Christmas merriment, while our hearts were filled with heavy forebodings.

Obviously there was nothing for my husband to do but open a law office of his own. First he did try to secure another position. He talked to his friends; he made inquiries of strangers. Had he been a day laborer, he could have applied to an agency. There seems to be no organization, however, that caters to the needs of professional men whose income has been $8000 a year and who are willing to do anything at any price. Besides, the professional man who has been trained to await the coming of business lacks the sort of initiative needed in such an emergency as that in which we found ourselves. Bankruptcy would be no solution of the problem, for our current bills are negligible, and nothing could lift from us the moral obligation to meet those second-mortgage notes, which are held by a man who has been gallant and understanding.

III

We are now struggling along from day to day, in hand-to-mouth fashion, like Mr. Micawber. During the first three months of 1931, and particularly during the terrible month of March when nothing was coming in, we were forced to borrow upon our life-insurance policies to the full extent of their loan value, for we had not then adjusted ourselves to the economies that we later found possible. Although we are still living in an eight-room house, we have no domestic assistance except that furnished by a washerwoman who comes once a week.

If the salary in the legal department of the life-insurance company had continued, we might have managed to keep our heads above water, despite the loss of so large a part of our income. My husband cut the grass, worked the shrubs and flowers, and waxed the floors. I did the marketing at a cash-and-carry store, as well as the cooking and the cleaning. The ninety-five dollars that had to be found each month for interest and second-mortgage payments was an item as fixed as the orbit of the sun. We cut our other expenses to the bone. We spent thirty-five dollars a month for food, and miraculously stretched the remaining seventy dollars of my husband's salary to cover taxes, insurance premiums, and other household items such as telephone, electricity, gasoline, and fuel. I managed by means of part-time work and the twenty-five dollars a rented room brings in monthly to buy the essential clothes and incidentals and contribute to certain other unexpected expenses.

College teaching is the profession in which my training and experience lie. In my community there is no opening in a college. Even if our local school board were not prejudiced against employing married women in the high school, I could hardly undertake work so time-consuming when I am constantly needed by the children in the home. Consequently, I have found a modicum of tutoring, a bit of research work connected with a historical society, and have sold a few magazine articles based upon college theses. In all, I have averaged an income of about $100 a month — this since the beginning of last April.

In December 1931, my husband brought in nothing. In January, collections from a few small cases netted $116. We have no idea that February will yield anything like that much, and we do not know what we can depend on in the future. Since the children must be fed, payments on interest,

insurance, and taxes have not been met. We have not been able to pay for the fuel oil bought in October. Yet in a few days we must ask for an extension of credit, for our supplies are practically exhausted. This situation would have seemed impossible a few years ago. Here we are, two people with college degrees, people of industry, training, and experience, about to qualify for the bread line! Whether I can continue to stand the strain of a sixteen-hour working day is problematic. Then, too, there is always the chance that, even if my health survives, the demand for my outside work may cease. Grueling labor performed without hope saps youth and energy and all the creative powers that come as the heritage of the normally endowed.

In the beginning we tried to continue the social activities in which we had always taken part, but the drain on time and resources proved too great. Now the extra expense of sandwiches and tea is prohibitive. To our mortification we have discovered how soon one can be forgotten when it is impossible to reciprocate social courtesies.

Yet we are too busy and too weary to miss our former pleasures a great deal. I love my home, with its shady side porch swept in summer by a gentle breeze; with its four airy bedrooms, chintz-hung and restful; with its spacious living room, where furniture is grouped pleasantly about a colonial mantel; with its sunny breakfast nook, its green and white kitchen, and its tiled baths. I love the log fire which is prolonging the life of that oil for which we have not paid.

On the other hand, I long to be freed of the burdens the house imposes. The expanse of floor space must be kept polished; little finger prints must constantly be wiped from white woodwork; nickel and brass and long mirrors must be bright and shiny. The old standard of living to which our lives have accustomed us is something of which we can never be rid. Even if there is no maid, meals must be conducted with a certain amount of decorum. Our morale requires that there be no letting down in those details that we hold as dear differentiations setting us apart from the great unwashed and unlettered multitudes.

So, abstractly and concretely, we are shackled to our traditions. Hours are consumed cleaning the ornate silver that came from a grandmother who used to consign its intricate pattern to the care of slaves, in dusting and polishing carved mahogany that is a beloved, though burdensome, heritage. Cumbered and fettered as we are, there is no chance for us to live easily on the day laborer's income. The ancestral furniture and silver now have small market value, even if we could bring ourselves to part with them. My diamond engagement ring would bring about twenty-five dollars from a pawnbroker, I am told. No antique dealer would offer a third of their value for my grandmother's highboy and love seats.

IV

We have to fight on, sustained by the belief that our children may eventually reap the benefits of our endeavors. It is not only their material welfare that concerns us, no matter how driving are the tasks that each day presents. We must help them with their lessons in the evenings. We must guide their activities. We must direct their reading. Past generations are pressing upon us to equip generations yet to be. Our children must not be denied normal pleasures, must not be permitted to develop the sense of inferiority which small differentiations from their friends inevitably engender; they must live in a home open to their playmates, must

not feel the strain that their parents cannot escape.

Besides, I am convinced that parsimony should not be instilled into them; they must be taught to assume their share of expenses without losing their self-respect. Though I was not reared in affluence, my childhood was free from financial worries. No one, so far as I know, in my husband's family or in mine ever set out deliberately to make money. Our progenitors belonged to the professional classes, who took more or less for granted enough wealth to provide the necessities and cultural advantages, enough to afford freedom from carking care. I do not remember in my youth ever hearing a discussion of ways and means. Consequently, one of the most unpleasant features of our present predicament is the dollar consciousness which has been forced upon us.

Perhaps the cultured middle group in America needed to be shaken out of its complacency. Yet, as complacency passes, something valuable is being lost along with it. This was the class that gave balance to the vulgar extremes of poverty and wealth, both of which exerted an enervating influence upon the social order. The results of this merging of the middle class with the lower must remain for time to show.

Within me an intermingling of Scotch and Irish blood is responsible for the feeling that, while big expenditures need not be made, it is degrading to indulge in penuriousness. My position may not be defensible, and I am not attempting to defend it. I am merely accepting and making the best of it.

My husband has passed the age when a new start in life is likely to meet with success. Younger men, if times ever get better, will no doubt have another chance. Older men, well established in their professions, may be able to hold fast till the country is on its feet again. My husband, caught in the trough at forty and looking ten years older than he did two years ago, will scarcely be able to pull himself out and start uphill again. His situation is like that of the college boys who enlisted during the World War and were never able to complete their education.

Looking back over the last decade, we have those regrets that are the product of hindsight. Buying the house in the suburbs was the cardinal mistake which we should like most to see undone. Yet, at the time, there were many to advise us to buy, and there was no Cassandra to warn of coming disasters. We believed that the purchase of the house would add to our financial stability, would prove an incentive to saving, and would provide a permanent home which would eventually be paid for. The little girl, who was pale and anæmic, is now fat and rosy-cheeked. The boy is a finer, ruddier chap for the trees he has climbed. Though we may lose the savings that have gone into the house and carry for years the rest of those first-mortgage notes, nothing can take from us the good that has come to the children; whatever happens, they are starting life with splendid physiques.

While we have succeeded in keeping melancholy from touching these young lives, the children have not entirely escaped the new seriousness that has come upon us, and are satisfactorily assuming a share of responsibility. Certainly intensity of effort has drawn my husband and me closer together. Beneath the frank facing of facts and the ghastly undercurrent of fear which characterize our attitude toward the future, there is always the glimmer of hope. Perhaps, after all, there is some truth in the old stories of magic; perhaps there may be a fairy godmother who will some day wave her wand above us.

PEGASUS EXPRESS

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

My business has a subsidiary in San Francisco, and it is necessary to go out several times a year, so I fly. Why?

In the first place, I may have a prejudiced-in-favor ear because I was once an active pilot; but it is from the depths of banking business that I now cock my eye, so it is a fishy and hard-boiled eye. The ear has kept abreast of the remarkable progress in air transport, but the eye is from Missouri, and, to some extent, knows what hazards to look for. On top of this stand-off are the following three reasons: —

Speed. I leave New York soon after nine o'clock on Monday morning and am in Oakland at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. By train, I should get there on Friday morning.

Thrift. The round-trip air fare is $288, and all meals are on the airway company. By train it costs $317, including lower berth and the twenty-two meals in the dining car.

Enjoyment. To see America from the sky, unveiling her beauty, state after state, range after range, river after river, is unforgettable — a gift of pride and wonder and delight.

American enterprise has given to the United States the distinction of possessing, in this coast-to-coast route, the longest lighted airway in the world, 2700 miles, with nine hundred air lighthouses, chaining together Newark, Cleveland, Chicago, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno, and Oakland. It was not made to order from blueprints. Its evolution paid the price of all our earlier speed crusades, the Pony Express, the Overland Stage, the railroads; it cost the sweat of pioneers, the lives of many of them.

I plank down my money on a commonplace counter — a random business man and in the usual hurry — and ask for 'Oakland, round trip.' And what do I get in return? What does it take to transport me high over the Alleghenies, across the great farms of the Plains States, over the high plateau ending in Cheyenne, through range upon range of the desolate Rockies to Salt Lake City, past the desert, up across the last snowy ridge of the High Sierras?

Investigation shows that this is exactly what it takes: 12 transport pilots in six relays; 500 mechanics, dispatchers, inspectors, and so forth; 126 teletype station keepers; 35 observers at weather call stations; 16 airports; 77 intermediate fields; 111 lighted emergency fields; 73 weather stations; 232 twenty-four-inch searchlights; 529 beacon lights.

Suppose we make the trip and see for ourselves the why and wherefore of this formidable list.

I

The bus drives up before the terminal, to find the tri-motor already waiting on the concrete ramp. The whole outfit has been minutely inspected and passed by the ground staff.

The pilots have been standing by for an hour, all three engines started ten minutes before the bus was due. From now on, everything has to click into place unerringly.

A long canvas alleyway runs from the terminal to the door of the ship. The passengers pass into the waiting room, while the baggage is loaded into the hollow metal wings. The handlers and the two pilots wear guns, for the ship is carrying United States mail; it is already aboard.

The weather looks very pleasant here over Newark, but if we think that is of practical importance we are wrong. The first leg of this trip is 404 miles nonstop to Cleveland. Even fifty miles away, up in the mountains, it may be raining cats and dogs. A hundred miles away there may be a zero ceiling, fog down to the tree tops.

So at the very outset we encounter the most vital part of the system — the part which meets the airway requirement that exact weather information in precise terms be had for each block of the route before a ship is cleared. Guessing, rheumatic-knee forecasting, and groundhog philosophy are all barred. The information must be in writing, must come from trained observers ahead of the airplane, and must be hot off the griddle.

While we are having our tickets examined, a teletype machine is chattering in a back room. Watching it are our pilot, the field manager, and an assistant. Across the flats, up into the mountains, down the other side through the Ohio farms, is a long string of Department of Commerce weather stations, each one with a machine on this circuit, each one with a trained meteorologist watching the weather above and around the airway. One after another, the twelve stations from Newark to Cleveland are giving the exact weather conditions *as observed within the past five minutes.*

On the wall hangs the big synoptic map made up by the weather people every three hours, showing every weather system over the entire United States at the moment it was made up. The pilot and manager already have the Eastern end of that by heart.

The weather is put on the tape at twenty minutes past every hour on this circuit. An hour ago there was some doubt about the Cleveland weather, so our ship has been held five minutes to get the 9.20 report. It is all right. As it comes in on the tape it is copied on to the clearance form. To the pilot, who has been flying over these mountains for ten years, the figures convey a picture of each mile of the route as accurately as if he were being shown a photograph of it. In a few minutes it is finished, and the two men have before them the exact weather for the whole four hundred miles, not as it was some hours ago, or even thirty minutes ago, but as it is *now.*

If there is the slightest doubt, the ship is held until the situation clears up. You and I can fret and fume and point derisively at the blue sky above us, but neither the pilot nor the manager will sign the form until he is ready, which means until he is sure. They operate on the shiny old principle that the way to keep out of trouble is to avoid getting into it.

The manager signs the form. Then the pilot signs it. Note the wording: 'I . . . consider conditions suitable for the scheduled flight. Signed . . . Pilot in Charge.' The pilot strides through to the ship. The manager nods to the waiting-room clerks.

'All aboard, please!'

The Company assumes that someone may be feeling nervous, so we get a positive barrage of cheer. The clerks smile, the manager smiles, the baggage

boy grins; we walk along the covered gangway and pass a man at the door of the ship; he smiles. At the forward end of the cabin the co-pilot is standing, facing aft. He sm — Well!

We snuggle back into our chairs, nine of us, ignorant of the elaborate work which has preceded our departure and of the three-thousand-mile network of men standing by for our take-off.

'Fasten your safety belts, please, until the ship is in the air.' That is in case we hit a bad bump while running fast along the ground.

The manager eyes his wrist watch. For about a minute there is a lull. The ship vibrates gently from the idling engines.

'Time!'

The door is slammed. And, in passing, if you ever hear of anyone jumping or falling out of a transport airplane, put no more stock in it than you would in an oyster mine in Death Valley. It would give two strong men a workout even to crack the door open six inches against that 120-miles-per-hour slip stream from the propellers.

The ship moves off the concrete apron, down to the end of the runway. Before he turns into the wind for the take-off, the pilot holds the machine on the brakes and guns each engine wide open for a test. We listen to the whinnying of thirteen hundred horses. Then he turns her. Off to one side of the runway stands a man with a big flag. When all is clear he waves it. We're on our way!

Even as daylight shows under the big tires, the teletype in the terminal building is chattering again. Every station from Newark to Cleveland is told that we have taken off, is warned to stand by and report us, field by field, as we roar overhead. Everything is prearranged, everything clicks.

We must look a brave sight as we swing up, all clean and shining white metal, over the airport boundaries, headed for the blue Pacific. But that message on the tape makes short work of us.

PX 96 SMITH CV D9.25 NK

(Position Report. Airplane No. 96. Pilot Smith. Destination Cleveland. Departed 9.25 A.M. Signed: Newark)

II

We gain height. In a few minutes the engines are throttled down to cruising speed; we level off. We seem to be suspended in space while the country rolls slowly by far below. A toy earth is framed in our slightly quivering window. The big wing stretches out utterly motionless over hill and valley shrunk to the dimensions of a Lilliput. For a moment we are as gods, complacently surveying our world from a more splendid chariot than ever Phaëthon drove.

Then the co-pilot comes along the alleyway. Methodically he takes the tickets, compares the baggage checks, and finally to each of the gods he gives a piece of chewing gum and a little cotton wool.

The gum is useful in very bumpy weather, but that is not often encountered except in thundery conditions. Air sickness is rare. Flying one steaming afternoon last summer across Ohio, under low broken clouds, I had the bumpiest flight I have ever experienced, but I noticed that out of eleven passengers only one was sick.

The cabin is heated; our overcoats are folded in the racks above. We have little hickeys beside our seats to regulate the amount of air admitted through a slot in each window.

The co-pilot retires to the cockpit, leaving the door open, so that we can see both pilots sitting there, the big instrument panel before them, the dual controls, the telephone headsets

clamped over their ears. In addition to all the weather information, the ship is being called every twenty minutes on a set schedule, and a report is required. We are on what is called the 2–22–42 schedule, and at precisely those minutes past each hour the pilot gets the call in his earpieces.

'Newark United calling Smith in 96. Go ahead, Smith!'

The pilot plucks the transmitter from his breast pocket, presses the button, and replies: —

'Smith in 96. Smith in 96. I am over Beacon 69. Height four thousand. High scattered clouds. Unlimited. Okay. Okay.'

Newark repeats the message as it is typed for record, and signs off — with its receivers clamped tight to its head. Newark is still listening. At any second of any mile of the entire leg, all that our pilots have to do is to pick up their transmitters and speak. Vigilance is never for an instant relaxed.

If the weather changes ahead, the pilot is called and advised. He is even twice-advised, for the Department of Commerce is broadcasting the weather along the whole airway at short intervals. In summer, sudden changes are common over the Alleghenies, owing to local thunderstorms. No airplane has ever yet been struck by lightning, rumors notwithstanding; but a big storm begets wild weather, and, in spots, brings the ceiling dangerously low. The pilot is warned. If the storm is a small one, and the weather is clear on the other side, he flies around the storm or right over it. If the situation is doubtful, he sits down at the nearest airport or intermediate field and awaits better times.

We pass over Allentown, Pennsylvania, the first mountain station on the teletype circuit. The local operator clocks us, types the report on his machine, and thus Newark and every station to Cleveland are informed simultaneously of our whereabouts.

At 10.02 we are called again by Newark and report. Time passes easily. The speed indicator facing the passengers reads 120, the engines drone, and we go deeper into the mountains. When Newark calls us at 10.22 it is its last call, for we are passing into the protectorate of Bellefonte. The next call comes from there, dead on time, for all the ground clocks and the ship's clock are synchronized.

Seen from our height, the mountains spread out like an unending sea of black-green waves, valley and ridge, in all directions; although they all look alike, we do not lose our way. The pilot knows almost every tree by heart. Even if he did n't, he has his compass, he has the endless string of beacons to follow, and in his earpieces is a continuous singing note from the great range beacon at Bellefonte, guiding him as surely as a lighthouse guides the sailor.

Bellefonte is the halfway mark to Cleveland. If the westerly wind were any stronger, we should land here and take on more gas, but as it is we pass over with a brief salutation by radio. This is the heart of what used to be the 'Pilot's Graveyard' in the old days, before they had weather reports and beacons, radio and emergency fields. In another hour the jagged mountains begin to calm down. Farming country appears. The co-pilot walks aft to the kitchenette, busies himself with the boxes and flasks, fits up little tables over our seats, and serves us luncheon — soup, sandwiches, fruit salad, and coffee.

Far ahead, the earth disappears under a long, solid line of motionless white-gray — a thick layer of clouds, exactly on our level. The blue sky begins to fill up; we have our first impression of speed as clouds flash by

close overhead. The pilot drops down to three thousand to keep well below them. The call of the Cleveland beacon is interrupted while the weather men there give our pilot the exact ceiling over the airport, the visibility, the wind on the field, and various other items essential to the peace of mind of a transport pilot.

We lose height steadily. We run past the last few beacons and see the thousand-odd acres of the Linndale Airport. The dispatcher in the watch-tower flashes our arrival to Newark and to Chicago. So far, in four hours, we have been reported twelve times by ground stations, eleven times by the pilots.

The pilots lean out of their windows and watch us disembark. Our last impression of them is a friendly smile. To us it is all very novel; to them it is just trip *ump* hundred and something. . . .

III

'All aboard for Chicago!'

Twenty minutes later, and the announcers are shouting through the main hall of the terminal. Our same shining Ford, after inspection and a three-hundred-and-fifty-gallon drink from the gasoline hoses, is being taxied back along the concrete apron. Two new pilots are aboard.

It is raining slightly, the ceiling about twenty-five hundred. Again that signifies little; again the vital question is: What is it like ahead? Eight stations on the way to Chicago have just teletyped in their weather, and the pilot's clearance shows fair ceilings all the way. We are due to run right through a 'Low' (area of low pressure), but it is clearing the other side of Chicago. If there is any change, if thick weather comes in across the airway from Indianapolis, we know that we shall be warned.

The passengers troop out, a little gloomily. Eyeing the leaden sky pressing dismally down, as bad to the west as anywhere else, they are apt to distrust the co-pilot's assurance that it is improving ahead.

Linndale sinks away. We level off at two thousand. Occasionally there seems to be a slight thickening in the air as we dash through a mild rain-storm. We look straight along the jagged underside of the cloud blanket.

In the sad light we reel off mile after mile of great fields. There are no spectacular bits, only the sheer impressiveness of millions of acres of farms — unbroken masses of fertility. The towns are like raisins in a charity plum duff.

Then the airway weather men are vindicated. Over the smoke of Gary and East Chicago we see a brilliant shaft pouring slantwise through the cloud curtain. It makes a huge ellipse of hazy yellow on ten miles or so of the damp earth. As we make our left-hand circle over the Chicago Airport, the whole west is dazzlingly bright; it is good to know that we are on our way to cloudless skies and open prairies.

When the guns are cut for the landing, and our arrival is flashed to Cleveland, New York, Omaha, and Cheyenne, we have been reported forty-one times and have used up twenty-eight of our airports (including emergency fields) and ninety of our airway lighthouses. The journey, so far, has covered seven hours, as against twenty hours in the fastest limited.

IV

Chicago is the aircraft depot where ships are changed. The airplane which brought us from Newark will have men working on it nearly all night.

When a ship rolls in from a trip, it

is taken in hand by a squad of mechanics, licensed by the Government. Unlicensed men are forbidden by law to work on transport ships. Printed schedules are hung on the plane and on each engine, and the checking is systematized to a fine point.

The first thing is to refuel. This is to prevent moisture from condensing on the bare walls of the big wing tanks, and from forming a slug of water in the feed lines. Then the men work methodically down each list — radio men, instrument men, electricians, expert mechanics. Each division has to be signed for. Every two hundred hours the engines are taken out altogether and overhauled, in addition to the top checks they receive while in use. At the same time, the metal propellers are acid-etched for flaws.

If any important adjustments are made, the ship must be flown by a test pilot before any passengers are carried. When all is done, the machine is washed, dried, the three engines run up at full throttle, all the ship's supplies counted over, and then and only then is the magic 'O.K.' card hung on its centre propeller.

Above the inspection shops is a floor comprising one of the nerve buds of the great trunk system which runs from Newark to Oakland. Here are the radio and the teletype and telephone circuits. Operators are on duty twenty-four hours a day. A pilot may call down at any time, and that pilot knows he will be answered instantly. . . .

Just now the operator is watching the airway clock. It is a big one, and its rim is crowded with combinations of letters. He picks up the transmitter. His eyes do not leave the minute hand. It reaches ten past the hour, opposite the letters 'E.B.' Time for an eastbound ship, between here and Iowa City, to report on the three-times-an-hour schedule. The operator presses the transmitter button, makes the routine call.

'Chicago calling Brandt in 641. Go ahead, Jack!'

A second's pause, and the pilot's voice rasps into the headpieces and the loud-speaker box. The operator repeats the message in a curious sing-song tone.

'All right, Jack, you're approaching Sterling at three thousand weather fine clouds in east okay Jack. I am calling you again at thirty past at thirty past okay.'

A few minutes later the operator jerks his thumb at the teletype tape flickering out of the black box. We read it. It is Sterling reporting Brandt in 641 passing overhead. It all fits!

It is nearly time for our departure. The tape is cleared for our weather to come through. The pilot appears, and the manager. They watch the tape, while a clerk sits before it, ready to copy the weather on to the clearance sheet.

Time!

The operators are all sitting at their machines. Omaha, Adair, Des Moines, Grinnell, Iowa City, Grandmound, Sterling, Waterman, tap out their pieces. To-night it is a set-up! Station after station reports: 'Ceiling unlimited.'

The Boeing 80a taxies majestically down the apron — an eye-filling sight. It is eighty feet wide and weighs about nine tons loaded. It mounts 1575 horsepower in engines, for the machines on the western division have to fly at about twelve thousand feet before they reach Oakland. And, like ocean liners, they have to hold a lot.

It carries thirty meals, twenty-four blankets, twelve pillows, United States mail, baggage, one and a half million candlepower in parachute flares, twelve passengers, two pilots, and — a stewardess.

The newest career in the world, I suppose, is this business of being a sky-girl. The stewardesses spend their lives flying at two miles a minute in the big transports. Yet, oddly, some of the girls in this division have not seen the country over which they fly in months; it is all night flying. They are exceptional and attractive people, as you might expect — the cream of a huge waiting list. All are graduate nurses from big hospitals, bright and devoted to their work; and last, but not least, very smart and restful to the eye.

They are in charge of the passengers throughout the flight, and their job is to see that the passengers are comfortable. Often the stewardesses have their work cut out for them, for a good many mothers with babies travel in the big ships. The idea in employing graduate nurses was less to secure medical skill than to obtain disciplined and competent women, but occasions have arisen when their training has proved of value. A stewardess, for instance, was recently called upon to cope with a case of acute appendicitis; and the imperativeness of first-class radio equipment, so that the landing field ahead could be advised immediately, was once more demonstrated.

Five minutes before time, the mail and baggage are loaded aboard. An employee brings boxes of food, dinner and breakfast for all of us. The stewardess checks it over, besides the blankets and pillows and the ship's papers, which are in her charge.

We get aboard. The ship seems very spacious; the roof is about seven feet high. There is a kitchenette, a washroom with hot and cold water, an individual light beside each chair. The stewardess offers us magazines. We settle back.

The grimness of Chicago fades; the air becomes very calm. The setting sun makes the ground haze glow so that the land ahead is invisible. We appear to fly into a great canopy of gold.

The flames from the engine exhausts show up. Another hour and night closes around us. Now begins the most interesting phase of all.

V

Along the aisle, around the baggage and mail compartments, up two steps, is the pilot's compartment, dark except for the dim glow of the mass of instrument dials. The pilots have a clear view through their semicircle of glass windows.

The lights from the farms and the little towns sparkle like diamonds. Automobiles show up as twin pin points dotted along invisible roads. Again there is the illusion that we are motionless. Through the invisible disk of the centre propeller the lights approach slowly; others take their place. We seem cut off from the world, and for a moment there is an impression of utter solitude.

Then, dead ahead, there is a brilliant flash. It is repeated. Every ten seconds the two-million-candlepower airway beacon beckons us along the course. Far beyond, we can see another and another; sometimes as many as five are in sight at one time, part of an unbroken chain leading us westward, across the lonely prairies and over the towering Rockies.

Following each white flash there is a rapid dot-dash signal in red giving the number of the beacon, so that the pilots may know their exact position. At the base of each of these latticed steel lighthouses is a brightly illuminated slab with its number painted on and an arrow pointing along the airway.

At every third beacon we find a green light added to the white and red, — an emergency landing field, — and as we draw up to the beacon we see the

rectangle of boundary lights marking its limits. By switching on the powerful head lamps sunk into the leading edges of the wings, the pilots can illuminate the field and make a landing. At all these fields we should find caretakers and telephone; at most of them teletype, radio, and supplies of gas, and so forth, besides.

On this airway the emergency fields average a distance of between twenty and thirty miles apart, right across the continent. A ship is thus always within seven minutes of a regular field except at two places, where the limit is fifteen. At other places the fields are three minutes away.

It has never happened, but it is possible that in the course of the myriad miles of night flying traveled by the line a passenger ship might have to make a forced landing in open country between fields. To provide for this the ship carries parachute flares. When one of these is dropped, it illuminates about one square mile of territory below it.

To-night the weather so far is clear. But no matter how thick it might happen to be (except in cases of dense fog) the single-seater mail planes would be on the job, flying from coast to coast, and would have to be taken care of. Sometimes the mail pilot cannot distinguish the beam until he is close to it, and as the beacon flicks by under his wings there is not time for identification. To provide for this each marker beacon sends out a continuous stream of automatically produced radio signals, giving its number. The signal is sent out *sotto voce*, as it were, so as not to interfere with other messages.

Thus each marker beacon has three functions: (*a*) to send out its two-million-candlepower flash every ten seconds; (*b*) to flash its code number in red six times a minute; and (*c*) to send its number continuously on an automatic radio signal. Check, double check, and even triple check!

Dinner comes between Iowa City and Des Moines. The green-uniformed stewardess sets little tables and serves a three-course dinner, washed down with plenty of coffee.

How strange it seems, sitting here in an armchair, traveling at a hundred and twenty miles an hour through pitch darkness, four thousand feet above the farms — and munching dinner! What an insane vision it would have seemed to the ancestors of these farmers! Momentarily, it seems insane to us. . . .

Twenty hours from Chicago to the Pacific. First, covered wagons — fifteen miles a day; danger from Indians and starvation; births, deaths, marriages, under the canvas tops. Fifteen hard-fought miles! That was good going in a day — all of seven minutes, flying time! The hard-driven stages in Lincoln's time did it in twenty-two days. The Pony Express established a record of eleven days. In '70, the railroad diminished it to five days and a bit. We, too, must give place. Soon the distance will be spanned in something like five hours.

The everlasting chorus in our world of noise and hustle: *Save time! Save time!* What are we going to do with all this time?

We are past Des Moines now. The weather has changed since we started and we are running out of some of our good stuff. The sky has clouded; we are flying only a few feet under a three-thousand-foot ceiling. Only one lighthouse can be seen ahead. Forward in the darkened cockpit the pilots are using still another part of the ground organization — the radio range.

Every foot of the airway is covered by a range beacon. The next ahead of us is Omaha. It sends out a radio beam — that is to say, a narrow band

composed of two interlocking signals, about seven miles wide, directed straight along the airway, like the beam of a lantern. The centre of the beam is in the form of a constant succession of very long dashes: —

——— ——— ——— ———

On either side of this main beam are, in effect, other ones, each one carrying a constant succession of dots. Viewed as a whole, then, the range beacon is sending out:

.———————.

So long as our pilot keeps on his course, in the very middle of the beam, he hears nothing in his earpieces but the steady stream of long dashes, calling him to the beacon. Let us suppose, however, that a strong northerly wind comes up, blowing across the course; he will be pointing on the proper compass reading, but the wind will be pushing him sideways off the airway. Now, as soon as he drifts over too far to the left, he runs into the attendant beamlet of dots. The long dashes break up into this: —

.——— .——— .———

That forms the letter *a* in Morse. The signal tells him that he is running off the course to the south, and all he has to do is rudder back in until the dot fades out and he gets the uninterrupted dashes once again. If he overdoes it and swings over to the right, once again the dashes break up, and he hears: —

———. ———. ———.

This forms the letter *n*, and he knows that he is too far north, so back he comes again.

Through this simple yet wonderful invention, the pilot can find his way blindfold. Frequently he does, when flying the mail in heavy weather. He may miss seeing half a dozen beacons in a row, but as he passes over each one he gets its *sotto voce* signal as a subtheme to the steady beat of the big range beacon he is making for.

So we make our extraordinary way. The main lighthouse ahead sends its invisible rays to guide us; the marker beacons give us their signals, light for us to see, radio for us to hear. The caretakers pass us along the teletype circuit just as a train is passed to successive blocks; the radio telephone keeps tabs on us from minute to minute. We are not going to get lost.

VI

The man in the watchtower at Omaha is waiting for us. As soon as he hears our engines, the great flood lights snap on, and the field lies below us bathed in brilliant silver. A big illuminated arrow shows the direction of the wind; the runway is outlined in colored lights, and so are all the buildings.

We sink into all this light, rumble along the concrete, pull up inside the hangar. Eight of the passengers stay in their seats, with only a yawn to show that they are alive. Two of us get out and stand around, blinking, feeling the cold after the heated cabin.

The stewardess remains, but we change pilots here. To-night we happen to strike the granddaddy of them all, Ham Lee, who flies the Omaha-Cheyenne stretch. He has flown more miles than any other pilot in the world — first in the Army, then the Air Mail service, and now with United; he has been piloting continuously for sixteen years and has covered over a million miles.

The transport pilots on a great airway are not quite what the uninitiated might expect. They are not young

sprigs who put ads in the papers: 'Any job, anywhere, any risk.' Most of them are married men with children. It is not to be inferred that they are retiring elderly gentlemen with pontifical miens. These men are pretty tough hombres in their profession, superb pilots, saturated with experience bought in a bitter school, for bitter it was in the old days; but — they know too much to take chances.

Here is the record of the first ten, all of whom are still flying a full schedule.

Name	*Years on route*	*Hours in air*	*Passengers hurt*	*Mail lost*
Hamilton Lee	12	12,500	None	None
James Knight	12	12,000	None	None
Harold Lewis	10	8,000	None	None
Bob Ellis	10	8,000	None	None
Frank Yager	10	7,800	None	None
H. T. Lewis	10	7,500	None	None
H. A. Collison	10	7,500	None	None
H. G. Boonstra	10	7,200	None	None
Harry Huking	10	7,000	None	None
Clare Vance	10	7,000	None	None

The average for all the pilots on the airway is four thousand hours. Back in the early war days, any pilot with one thousand hours was internationally known for it. Now, he would have a poor chance of rating a co-pilot's job on any big line.

Each man has to hold the highest-class Department of Commerce license, of course, and a Federal license as radio operator. All are put through a searching examination every month by the Company's physicians. Their job is getting more complicated every day, as technical strides are made, and they have to know stuff which would have staggered a mere war flier. There are one hundred and fifty transport pilots on this airway, and some of them have made aviation history.

Unostentatious and mild-mannered, they nevertheless include some of the hardest white men there are, outside the Marines. They are the front-rank pioneers of our day, out on the frontiers of what has been a very dangerous game — the type of men the pioneers who opened up the West would have understood perfectly. They have filled up their record with the achievements of courage and sober judgment which mark the real trail breaker, and they seem to me a group of men to whom America may well point with pride.

VII

Off again. The tape says that it is raining around Lincoln, clear at North Platte. Our chairs are adjustable; the backs let down so that we can recline. The stewardess comes along with pillows and blankets, tips the seats back, props our heads, tucks us in with the blankets. The farm lights become very few and far between, the towns infrequent. No longer Middle West, but real West. The rain stops about an hour out of Omaha, the clouds scatter, and once more we have 'Unlimited' as the stars appear.

The cabin is weird. Ahead of me are nine shapeless bundles, stretched out immovable on both sides of the aisle. The white blurs of the pillows show where the heads must be. The whole cabin is filled with a vague, trembling blue light from the long blue flames of the outboard exhausts. Headlong speed, but no sign of life among the strange shadows, not a vestige of a ripple in the still night air. I peer up and down the inanimate line, look sharply over my shoulder and see the watchful stewardess. Her face is whitish-blue, her eyes give an instant's reflection of the blue flame as she gets up to discover why one of her passengers is not asleep.

Soon after midnight we swing down for a landing at North Platte, where the wide, shallow river curves around this prairie airport. We pause long

enough to refuel, get the weather ahead hot off the tape, then off again.

The landing at Cheyenne is a fast business. The field is six thousand feet high. The higher the field, the thinner the air; and the thinner the air, the less it supports the wings at low speeds.

Here we change pilots and ship. The stewardess also leaves us, but another one is waiting, looking much brighter than we feel; she leads us into the brilliantly lit restaurant for refreshments. Our next two pilots are in there, finishing their coffee. It is 2 A.M. Mountain Time, and we have half an hour's wait.

Cheyenne is the nerve centre of the airway. Messages by radio and teletype stream in and out in the course of controlling the traffic. Overlooking the loading apron is the superintendent's office. Maps show every mile of the airway, and a huge board with movable parts gives the present whereabouts of every airplane, pilot, and co-pilot on the line. Clerks come in and shift the numbers as the planes are reported, like stock changes in a broker's office.

Just now there are five ships in the air between Chicago and San Francisco. The night superintendent has his eye on them. He has a headpiece and transmitter beside his desk, and for my edification he talks to one pilot over Reno, another approaching Salt Lake City, another leaving Iowa City, another about to land at Omaha. The static rasps; voices in turn mention heavy rain, clear sky, High Sierras, Rockies, the flat farm lands of Iowa; they report in Pacific, Mountain, and Central Time, out of the black night into the brightly lit office with the light oak desks.

We look down from the observation window at the upper wing of the ship waiting to take off to Salt Lake City with us. Newly washed, it shines under the loading electrics. The pilots are aboard, running the engines up; the stewardess is busy checking blankets and pillows and thermos flasks. A Government mail truck lurks in the background.

The mountain air is cold as I walk out, the stars are like lamps. The door slams, the dispatcher looks at his watch, the machine waits for a minute or so in the spotlight, the night superintendent gazing down at it from his big window. Then, our three engines making the windowpanes of the sleeping Cheyenne houses vibrate, we are signaled ahead to all the mountain stations. As we climb over the first range and pick up the Laramie beacon, I ask the stewardess to wake me well east of Salt Lake City. I stretch out for sleep.

VIII

She wakes me in good time. We are passing over Knight, one of the emergency fields in the heart of the mountains. Wild scenery. It is almost black in the valleys, rose and gray on the snow of the summits. The stewardess serves coffee. The faithful lighthouses still flash away beneath us, but Salt Lake City has a welcome sound.

The mountain valleys along which we have been flying close in. The Wanship field spots us and warns Salt Lake. We dash past the historic walls of Immigration Pass; the guns are cut immediately; we glide over the top step of the Rockies and stare at Salt Lake City seven thousand feet straight below the tires.

Wash-up, breakfast, morning papers, a smoke and look around, a fresh weather report, two new pilots, a new stewardess, and we are off into the brown desert and mountain country. The ranges, Humboldt, Ruby, Diamond, Cortez, Stillwater, appear like vast brown waves rolling majestically toward us. Some of the beacons are in

such remote parts of the desert that it is not practicable to have a caretaker. The generating engines are turned on and off automatically by astronomical clocks which allow for the different seasons.

Our scenery sensibilities are getting a bit blunted. Most of the terrain is easy flying country, broad valleys separated by the ranges. The system is still working with unabated zeal. We pause at Reno, take on two more passengers, and climb away from that pleasant little sink of iniquity with its rows of neon-sign illuminated gambling houses, speak-easies, and the like. Our nose points high with a vengeance, for this is the most rapid climb of the whole trip. Ahead are the pine-covered and snow-clad slopes of the High Sierras; the powerful ship runs with the engines thundering wide open as we labor up the great incline.

We top out near Donner Gap, pass the Hump, with its mountains high on either side, and the whole foreground falls away in one sheer eleven-thousand-foot descent to the green plains of California — from the snow to the palm trees and oranges, from winter cold to the warmth of summer. How many a weary heart labored over these wind-swept, icy Sierras, to beat exultantly at the first glimpse of that Promised Land, unveiling its warm green wealth from horizon to horizon!

For us, too, it is a thrill, as the engines are cut to little more than idling speed and we sweep down at full glide over the Mother Lode of '49, on to the rich cities built with the gold of these deserted mountain sides. The long flight is drawing to a close. . . .

Little towns, one after another, concrete roads, green fields, civilization. Oakland calls. We make our 181st and last report. We sink down over the roofs. The white streets of the first suburbs flick by beneath the undercarriage wheels. As the tires touch the concrete runway, the traffic man, unimpressed, turns from his window and taps out our valediction. It scurries back, relayed from one block to another, right across the Continent to Newark.

'Number One, Coast-to-Coast Limited, now landing. *On time!*'

AUGUST EVENING

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

It was late August then, and sunset. A cold autumnal light across the broken marble.

'Flora G., wife of Jesse Grindstaff,' and a hand pointing upward where Flora had gone home. In 1885 that was, at the age of thirty years, nine months, and seven days. The urn was broken off and leaning sunkenwise in the grass. It weighed like dolomite in his hands, and Morley dropped it thudding to the earth. They wandered back and forth between the gravestones, shading the red light and peering down to read the shallow letters. The Humes died most, and there were uncounted children. 'Little Pearlie Tipton, age two months and a day. Gone to Heaven,' and a lamb like a white fox chiseled on her stone. There was one with stone curtains parted and a rising sun beyond, with white rays piercing out. 'Luke Bedford. Born 1835. Died 1893. Susan B. Born 1836' — but no dying date. They thought of this Susan and looked at each other, adding up her age and years endured since his stone was driven in.

'Not endured,' she said. 'You feed wood stoves every hour and the beets grow in long armies, and the young mules lame each other, autumn breaks down the apple branches, and Luke is only for the moment between a wick turned down and the blessed commandment of sleep. . . . She may not have loved him, anyway, only become used to him and his being there in all their years.'

He straightened one of the urns on its pedestal and there was the awful sound of moving stone — loud, because not even the wind walked in the cedar branches.

'He steps on the graves so callously,' she thought, and, looking down about her, saw that all the ground was graves — small and unmarked and not oppressed by stones. But it did not matter much. Only a feeling thrust upon her and not born. She wondered if she was colder than all others, or if sympathy with them was also an unnatural growth, a thing worn and not of the flesh.

He knelt by a stone almost eroded into blankness, and she watched him peering at the letters. 'Martin Boggs. Died 1829.' Over a hundred years . . . and so Martin escaped the Black Hawk War and the Great Holocaust and all that followed after. 'I wish I could see Martin — as he was then — and know what he thought; it comes over me horribly, the flood of lives that never touch our own. It diminishes us so!' He thudded his hand on a marble book overshadowing the grave of Martin Boggs.

She did not answer, only rested her arm across a stony shawl and watched his face. She wanted to say aloud and irrelevantly that she was glad they did not love each other. If they loved each other, he would have found it hard to

say the things he thought, and their minds would have been confused in the endless consciousness of each other. But now he looked at her and his mind pursued its own course, walking beyond the perpetual house of tissue. In the exigency of love they themselves would have become enormous, overtowering the churchyard and the great vulgar tombstones; even the sun near at hand and tremendous would have become a small and wrinkled orange, momentarily impaled above the hill trees. Love was a loss of the mind's clarity and a walking in confusion. They had no desire to change the virginal seeing of these hills and rock ledges and the thin ugliness of the church boards, the seeing of light across grass, malachite and borne down of its own weight — the seeing of these things for the sight's pleasure and not as a blurred background for each other's faces.

'If I loved her,' he thought, 'she would be a fog between me and the myriad forms, the intricate and more than beautiful facets of life'; and he forgot about her in watching the sheep break past in a woolly surf, crying stupidly in their own dust. 'They may have eaten the molecules of Martin,' he reflected idly, 'and Martin is going past me divided in their wool' — only it was not likely that the grass had waited a hundred years to find him. He named the last sheep Martin and christened it in his mind with the bloody juice of pokeberries. Remembering Mary, he saw her peering into the church windows, stretched high with her chin against the window ledge, the hands shutting out the sunlight. He stepped across the fallen stones and looked into the prim dusk. They could see the shut-off pews, boarded along the outside like box stalls, before the drab white pulpit, and the central aisle, dividing but not used, only there to make a greater distance for carnal thoughts to cross.

'If we were lying now with all the Humes, and not walking here above their graves,' she said, 'we should have come here on each Sunday and walked in separate doors and sat as far apart as possible so that all the watching wives would have had nothing to talk about.'

'You would have worn a bonnet and sat in front where all the congregation could see you,' he answered, 'and I should have chosen the cornermost back seat to watch them looking at you and consider the shallowness of mankind as a whole.'

'You would have seen it also,' she said. 'You would have seen each separate petal and stamen of its flowers, and how the light faded gradually in going round, and was reflected back against the wall, and you would have wondered how it would look a little forward or a little back, and considered yourself unique in having speculated on such futilities.'

He only laughed at her and pushed her aside to see the pulpit in all its homely white. If he had loved her he would have twisted her about by the shoulders and pretended how the bonnet might be fastened, and they would have laughed a good deal, nervously, until they kissed and could think of nothing but themselves. Considering these things, she was stone-quiet, wondering how long she would escape. 'If I keep remembering his indifference, and his foolish way of accent when he uses unknown words, and the purple scars across his hands — if I can keep reminding myself of these things I might be saved,' she thought, and tried to withdraw again into the blessed and chilly corridors of self-completion.

'Look at the message here,' he said. 'Consider Clive Sutton's eighty years and his grisly sense of humor.' At the

sound of his voice the aridity of her fear was plain before her, and she could retreat again — not unchanged, but as one who feels the giving way of earth in darkness and is forewarned. He read aloud to her Clive's verse, the last uncomfortable jest which had pleased the old drunk's fancy: —

> 'Think, dear friend, as you pass by,
> As you are now, so once was I;
> As I am now, so you will be;
> Prepare for death and follow me.

'He had five children and two were deaf and one a dwarf, and the fourth had club feet and nine children himself. And the last one has a mortgage on five farms which he hopes to foreclose in the beginning of winter so that his debtors will have a century of bitter-cold roads to pass over coming in, and a few of the children might be frozen to the dying point. . . . I've seen him once — a grand old man without even the customary husk of decency.' He sat down on Clive's headstone and beat a martial church hymn with his heels against the stone. 'He was ashamed of old Sutton — the fifth one was, I mean — perhaps because Clive got soused on whiskey and he got drunk on French wine like a gentleman — and asks particularly to be buried at the other end of the churchyard.'

'And his monument — a rising sun or a lamb?' She made a crown of dried burrs and put it over the ears of Pearlie's crouching beast.

'His monument he wants white marble — not original, perhaps, but more symbolic; and, like the Reverend Niccols here, a celestial city rising up beyond the drapes — only bigger, of course, in proportion to his mortgages. We will come back in a year or two and see how it feels to sit on a rich man's stone.'

All of the graves seemed double ones. Some waiting still, but not discouraged. The shadow from the dreadful twin monument of the Tipton parents lay across their feet and stretched out to the fence over the dust of uncounted Humes. Two panels of red light came falling through the double arches, and one lay across her burr-filled lap. He reflected awhile on the color of her face in the shadow of the monument and the curious darkness of her hair in the exhausted sunlight. She rarely saw him watching, and yet he knew her face by heart — the skin's uncertain coloring and the thin stony line of her mouth, even the shadow of her cheek — and could not decide whether she was beautiful or not, but thought most likely not.

His silence made her uncomfortable, and she threw out words aimlessly into the quiet. 'Was he ever married, this fifth Sutton? Or are there no more of him to pray before this monstrous stone?'

'He's never had any children — at least not any called Sutton. He said marriage was too carnal, and preferred the spiritual eminence of celibacy made endurable with wine. Besides, I doubt he could have found any woman equally free of a vulgar conscience. . . .'

'We are like ghouls,' she said, 'mouthing over the dead lives of people, sucking longest on the rotten parts, and too young to eat the strong bones underneath. Most people love and have travail and sacrifice to each other and have pain, but it is more significant that the uncle was a little mad, and the third daughter was pock-marked and read Whittier while the worms tunneled her bean vines into death.'

She ground the burrs into dust needles, but he did not answer. Morley felt curiously tired and empty of all thoughts, as though his mind were a shallow stream unfed by any reality and soon dried up.

There was no sun now, and the grass

was very cold. They felt that somewhere near was the coming of autumn, and the creeper leaves were veined with red. By the far gate a man came in carrying a spade, and behind him a little boy with a lantern. He put it down carefully between the graves and stared at Morley. The man looked at them and then shoved his spade into the grass. The afterlight made him a part of the dark-turning churchyard and yet more distinct than in full sun. His face was trenched and gullied like poor soil, and the color of iron earth.

'It's the sexton,' Morley said. 'I wonder if Susan Bedford has died at last, — or another Hume, — or it might be old Sutton himself come down. It'll be hard to dig a grave for the mammoth size of him, and the roots mat like steel fibre underneath this earth.'

'He looks tired,' said Mary.

A chunk of turf thudded from his spade, and already they could see the brown wound growing. The little boy sat uneasily between the graves and brushed the fresh dirt from his face. 'He is the sexton's seventh child,' Morley said, 'and his last, I hope.' The child got up and wandered toward them, threading in and out between the stones and running his hand over the cold marbles. He stopped a yard away, staring gravely, his fingers tight around the lantern. 'Who's your father digging for over there, Cyne?'

'Mom,' the little boy answered, and stared at them.

The late insects made a loud monotonous song as though to cover up the ending of summer and the bloody red of ivy leaves. The sexton wrenched up a great square of turf and let his spade drop in the grass. He sat down with his feet in the low grave and covered his face. A line of cranes flew southward, their gray wings laboring downward to the river; their honking came back loudly on the windless air, but the sexton did not move his hands. They could hear him crying. A terrible, exhausted sound.

Morley got up. He felt suddenly inadequate and young. They looked at each other, their lives seeming to diminish and appear callow, to shrink before the stature of some reality into things of no importance. They went out and shut the gate without saying anything. All their unspoken words seemed to ring with thin cold sound, to be without substance or meaning any longer.

WHAT COLLEGE DID TO MY RELIGION

BY PHILIP E. WENTWORTH

To say that college does something to the average student's religion is to state a truth which will be conceded by anyone who has given the matter a moment's thought. Nine young men and women out of every ten who will receive their degrees this June would probably admit, if they were called to testify, that education has acted as a poison to their faith. In many instances the virus generated by the reasoning processes induces only a mild distemper of skepticism, but in others it works like an acid, eating its way into the bump of credulity until in the end this estimable organ is completely corroded. Devout parents and clergymen have frequently observed this phenomenon and deplored it. When they discuss it, however, as they often do, they betray a common failure to understand the intellectual chemistry which has produced this wholesale apostasy of the younger generation.

In these pages I propose to show how higher education reacts upon faith by describing my own religious crisis just as it occurred while I was in college. At the time, I had good reason to sift my doubts with unusual care. When I entered Harvard in the fall of 1924, I was not only a Christian, I was also an avowed candidate for the ministry. Then for four years I underwent a process of mental readjustment which shook my little world to its foundations. Through it all only one thing was clear to me: if I could reconcile religion with intelligence, I knew that I could go on into my chosen career fortified by the experience; if I could not, every consideration of honor would compel me to make other plans. In the end I gave up the ministry.

Because my crisis was so acute, I know what fundamental questions underlie the intellectual reorientation which has become an inevitable part of the college curriculum for every thinking student. From my own experience I can demonstrate why it is that education so often spells the end of orthodoxy.

I

The environment in which I grew up was that of the typical middle-class American home just after the turn of the century. Queen Victoria had been dead five years when I came into the world, but her spirit lived on and was the tutelary genius of my childhood and youth.

I was born a good Presbyterian, and, fittingly enough, predestination played an important rôle in my early life. Both of my parents were gentle, unaffected, devoted Christians, and my father was an elder in the church. We lived in a small city of the Middle West, on the fringe of what H. L. Mencken calls 'the Bible Belt.' Long before I could be aware of it myself, the double accident of parentage and geography had shaped me for the service of God.

Our neighborhood was made up of

families like mine. All social life was centred in the church and its activities. Our minister, who was an intimate friend of the family, was an upright old Scotsman, a living monument to all the Christian virtues. He had served our parish almost as long as anybody could remember, and his never-failing kindliness and charity made him universally beloved.

My earliest distinct recollection is of family prayers. This was a regular feature of our daily life. After supper we would retire to the library, where my father, with wife and children gathered about him, would read a chapter from the Scriptures. Psalms and Proverbs were his favorite books, and he repeated them so often that I soon knew them by heart. After the reading came prayers, during which each little event of the day would be rehearsed and we would give thanks to God for all the good things we had enjoyed.

It was natural that a child brought up in such a home should early come to think of the God who ruled over it, whose presence was so imminently felt in every department of daily life, as one of his most intimate acquaintances. He was very real, this God of my childhood; as real as my father, and in fact quite like him. There was nothing sinister about Him, nothing to incite fear — except, of course, when I disobeyed Him. He was merely the head of the world as my father was head of our household. The ways of both were often inscrutable to me, but I never doubted their ultimate wisdom and their concern for my own good.

By the time I came to the age of reason the system under which I had grown up had implanted in my mind certain clear ideas about the universe and my place in it. The world was created by God as a laboratory for testing human beings. In the Bible He had revealed His commandments, which were distinct, direct, and admitted of no argument. Obedience to these injunctions was virtue, disobedience sin. The one meant honor and happiness and life everlasting; the other was the way of shame and disgrace in this world, and led to eternal torments in the world to come.

God, however, was more than a moralist. He was also an engineer. The world which He had fashioned was not an automatic mechanism. It had been set going in the beginning by its Creator, and He, like a good mechanic, had been tinkering with it ever since. The forces that moved it were direct manifestations of His power. 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.' If He could save men from their sins, He could also protect them against accidents, diseases, and the shafts of their enemies. Faith and good works, then, were not only the way of the soul's salvation, they were also the best kind of insurance against the stings of fortune while one lived.

These religious concepts were laid down in the Scriptures and were supported by a kind of evidence in everyday life. God was constantly being moved by the prayers of the just to repeat in our day the miracles He had performed in ancient times. Everyone who had eyes could see it for himself. Did not our pastor often intercede for the recovery of the sick, and did they not usually get well? Did he not pray every Sunday that the President of the United States would be given wisdom to lead the affairs of the nation, and was not our prosperity the manifest answer? It was all very simple and all very right, and surely the way of the transgressor was hard.

But, you say, these were the ideas of a child. True, and the child got them from his parents, who shared them item by item with the neighbors, who held

the same beliefs in common with one hundred million other people in all the Middletowns of America.

II

It would hardly be possible to exaggerate the importance of a wonder-working God in this Christian scheme of things which I took for granted with the air I breathed. Innumerable stories from the Bible, moreover, indicate that such a Deity was also taken for granted by every one of the Scriptural heroes from Adam down to John of Patmos. Through all the centuries of religious history this idea has persisted, which would seem to indicate that a God who kicks over the traces of natural law and upsets the normal sequence of cause and effect occupies an important place — if not, indeed, the central place — in Christian cosmology.

I am well aware that in certain churches to-day even the clergy are disposed to pass lightly over the miracles. This tendency, however, is wholly confined to the more liberal churches, whose communicants are sophisticated people. Such parishes are not really representative of Christianity, for the obvious reason that their members are not representative of the rank and file of humanity. Sophisticated folk, if they go to church at all, tend to do it as a matter of form and fashion; they are moved by no strong convictions.

To find the original God of Christianity still resplendent in all His glory, still hurling His thunderbolts and making no concessions to rationalism, one should go preferably to a Roman Catholic Church — to the shrine, say, of Saint Anne de Beaupré or Our Lady of Lourdes. There one comes into the awful presence of a real God, who heals the sick, gives sight to the blind, makes the crippled walk, rewards the just, damns the wicked, and in all the vicissitudes of life is able to give tangible evidence of His power in answer to prayer. And the same Deity, less colorful, perhaps, but no less real, will be found among the Baptists, the Lutherans, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, and every other sect of Protestantism.

This was the God of my childhood. And He still reigns in undimmed majesty over the lives of millions, whose supplications continue to move Him just as effectively as they did in the days of Abraham. Here, for example, is a testimonial taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of August 28 last: —

> The steeple of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at 2330 North Halsted Street, was struck by lightning and set afire. One hundred and seventy-five theological students, residents of a near-by dormitory, rushed into the street in a downpour of rain to help the firemen fight the blaze. Dr. John Timothy Stone, president of the Seminary, heard the crash when the steeple was struck. He rushed out into the storm and called upon the students who were helping to fight the blaze to pray. Dr. Stone and his students knelt on the rain-soaked grass and offered a prayer for the safety of the building. The firemen were unable to get into the steeple, and by the time they had raised a fire tower and trained a hose on the fire an hour later the rain had put out the blaze.

It is hardly necessary to point out that Dr. Stone's action was entirely consistent with his beliefs as a good Presbyterian. In his moment of danger he did what every religious man or woman does instinctively under similar circumstances: he appealed to the wonder-working God who presides over the Christian universe. And I dare say the good Doctor has already used the incident to point the moral in some stirring sermon.

I emphasize the importance of this

God of magic because He is the source of most of the difficulties with which the churches now find themselves beset. They cannot give Him up and remain Christian; they cannot keep Him and retain the loyalty of educated people. It is a critical dilemma indeed. I was soon to face it in my own life, but at the time of which I write I had no suspicion that it existed.

III

I arrived at the age of eighteen comfortably adjusted to the Christian universe in which all things work together for good to them that love God. The example set by my family, and indeed by the entire community in which we lived, convinced me of the truth and justice of the divine plan. As I began to think seriously of what I should do with my life, everything pointed to the ministry as the ideal solution. Christian living was the way of happiness. And what better use could any man make of his powers than to devote them to the propagation of truth, so that others who had been denied it might be led to share its beneficent effects? The decision hardly called for conscious effort.

So in due course I went before the Presbytery of the church, where, to the delight of my parents, I was accepted as a candidate for the ministry. The church to which we belonged published a little quarterly, and the next issue carried my picture with this word of explanation: 'Philip E. Wentworth, who came before Presbytery last spring, will start his college work this fall preparatory to entering the Christian ministry.'

The question was: What college? Without going into the detailed considerations that influenced my judgment in this matter, suffice it to say that I finally settled upon Harvard. My father was not a college graduate, but he was bent on giving me the advantages of formal education which he had lacked, and he was satisfied to leave the choice to me. But I met unexpected resistance when I sought the advice of our pastor.

He was uneasy when he learned that I was thinking of going to Harvard. Of course it was a fine university, but the Unitarians had smirched it. He reminded me that the Unitarian Church was the only Protestant denomination from which transfers of membership were not freely accepted by the Presbyterians. Before a Unitarian could be welcomed into our communion he had to be closely examined, for the title of his sect was a denial of the Trinity. Harvard, the minister said, had been the Sorbonne of Unitarianism, and I should run a grave risk of learning false doctrine if I went there.

Instead of flying in the face of Providence, I should do better, he said, to consider his own college. It was a small institution in Missouri, founded and supervised by the synod of our church. It had educated many eminent Presbyterian ministers. I could go there knowing that I should be safe from all the insidious temptations of rationalism.

He urged me eloquently, but I stood my ground. When I went before Presbytery I had sworn allegiance to truth, and I did not think it would prove to be as frail a vessel as the good dominie's counsel implied. I suspected that it might turn out, on closer acquaintance, to be a little too broad to fit into any narrow creed. I was not primarily interested in dogma anyhow. Sufficient unto the seminary would be the evils thereof. First, I would widen my general knowledge. Then, even if it should be necessary to modify some of my doctrines, I felt certain that the fundamental verities of religion would remain impregnable.

So to Harvard I went. On a Septem-

ber evening in 1924, I called to say good-bye to the old minister, who, throughout his long friendship with the family, had been almost a second father to me. In the quiet of his study he knelt beside me and offered up a fervent petition to God to make me diligent in the pursuit of truth. Dear, faithful soul! Within a year he was dead and was spared the pain of learning that his parting prayer was being answered — in a sense the irony of which he could never have understood.

IV

Before I went to college I was thoroughly at home in a universe which revolved about the central figure of an omnipotent Deity. In Cambridge I was suddenly plunged into another world. I found myself breathing a wholly different atmosphere. My teachers spoke a new language; their words were familiar enough, but the import of them was strange to me. It was essentially a difference in attitude and point of view.

The change was first brought home to me in the study of history. To my mind the rise of Christianity out of the ashes of imperial Rome had seemed the material evidence of a transcendental truth — a revelation of the hand of God at work in the affairs of men. Not so to my professors. All events in history were manifestations of cause and effect operating upon the natural level. The institutions of society evolved according to orderly processes. Religion was itself subject to these processes. I shall never forget one lecture which traced the evolution of God — from the fierce, bloodthirsty Yahweh, tribal Deity of a few Semitic nomads, through successive stages until He finally emerged in the New Testament as the gentle, merciful, forgiving Father of all mankind.

In the course of time the impact of new knowledge, and especially knowledge of science and the scientific method, wrought great havoc with my original ideas. All things, it seemed, were subject to the laws of nature. This concept supplied my mind with a wholly new pattern into which my religious beliefs refused to fit. In such an orderly universe there seemed to be no place for a wonder-working God. He would be an outlaw, unthinkable and impossible. The bottom dropped out of my world, and I wrestled with myself in a futile attempt to patch it up.

What, then, about morals? Without an omnipotent Deity to reward virtue and punish evil, was 'the good life' only an illusion? I could not believe it, yet I could think of no satisfactory answer. Life had lost its meaning. I was desolate.

Perhaps, though, I could still rehabilitate God by setting Him up as the First Cause — the moving power behind natural law. But there was small comfort in this thought. A God who had created the world and then left it to govern itself by natural law had hedged Himself about by barriers through which even He could not break. Prayers could not move Him. Though He might exist, He could not be of service to man. Obviously such a God would be too remote, too inaccessible, for the purposes of religion.

I saw, too, that the Modernists were troubled by these same difficulties. In their haste to strike up a compromise with the intellectuals, they were trying hard to make a self-respecting Deity out of the nebulous What-Is-It of Eddington and Millikan. It seemed to me that they had fallen between two stools. I studied philosophy and read further about this First Cause. Then I began to marvel at the disingenuousness of the human mind when, unable to imagine how the world began, but

demanding some explanation of the inexplicable, it can arbitrarily select three letters from the alphabet and call *g-o-d* an answer. I preferred to think that we know more about such matters when we admit we know nothing than when we resort to such palpable self-deception.

While I was debating these problems so basic to my religious beliefs, the controversy between Fundamentalists and Modernists was coming to a head, and the impending Scopes trial in Tennessee was shocking the conscience of thoughtful men everywhere. These events helped to clarify my thinking. I saw that the battle had been joined between religion and intelligence. Was faith, then, simply a defense of ignorance, a substitute for thinking?

In the summer of 1925, I followed the proceedings at Dayton with intense interest, and one aspect of the dispute over evolution struck me particularly. Learned scientists and liberal clergymen were brought to testify for the defense. Their evidence was not admitted at the trial, as I recall it, but all of them gave out statements to the press, and they were unanimous in saying that there was no real conflict between religion and science. This struck me as a downright evasion of the issue. The quarrel was not between religion and science in the abstract. The pious legislators of Tennessee had taken it upon themselves to protect one specific and clearly stated postulate of Christianity against the equally concrete and definite theory of evolution. What was the conflict here?

The controversy raged, as everyone knows, over the first chapter of Genesis. Now why should religious folk set such store by that text? In explaining how the world was created in six days, the story of Genesis clearly established God in the central conning tower of the universe and conferred upon Him the omnipotent powers He needed to control the mechanism. Thus it affirmed the first great postulate of Christianity: An all-powerful God rules over the world of His creation. But that is not all. From this premise is derived a corollary of the first importance to religion: Man is dependent for his safety in this world and his salvation in the next upon the God who made him.

Here, then, is the religious significance of the Biblical story of creation. The lawmakers of Tennessee maintained, therefore, that the story was fundamental to Christianity, and in this it would appear that they were better theologians (however tenuous their claim to greatness in the law) than the liberal clergymen who tried to refute them. For the Christian religion rests in large part upon the foundation of those assumptions laid down in the first chapter of Genesis.[1] The moral code is directly derived from the special relationship there established between God and man.

Now what happens to this nicely rationalized system of religious beliefs when scientific notions are superimposed upon them? The God of Christianity becomes enclosed in a circle of natural law from which He cannot escape. He is deprived of His freedom to interfere with the normal sequence of cause and effect. He is no longer able to play the rôle of Cosmic Policeman, meting out vengeance and punishment to evildoers and offering protection and rewards to the just. The elaborate sanctions which religion has built up to enforce its code vanish into thin air.

Thus, in the field of action, a conflict

[1] If this statement is challenged on the ground that it ignores the immense contribution of Jesus, I answer that Jesus would have been impossible without the God who first makes His appearance in Genesis. Without such a God, it is obvious that there could never have been a Son of God. — AUTHOR

of primary importance is set up between Christianity and scientific ideas. Mystic rites, sacrifice, supplication, and prayer are typical modes of religious behavior, and they are conditioned by religious beliefs. People who have oriented themselves to a scientific universe go about their affairs in other ways. Dr. John Timothy Stone and the firemen approached their common problem differently.

Having reached these conclusions, I realized that if I was to continue to believe in the good life I should have to look beyond the teachings of orthodoxy for my reasons. The supernatural had become meaningless. No longer able to lean upon the gods, I must learn to stand alone.

V

It so happened that I stayed in the East each summer vacation and had not been home since I first entered Harvard as a freshman. Meanwhile, I had written innumerable letters to my parents, acquainting them with all the successive changes which my ideas had undergone. They were sorely troubled. At first they contented themselves with giving me well-intentioned advice to pray and read my Bible constantly. If I did this, my doubts would surely pass, for God was testing me and would not desert me if I proved steadfast. When at last, toward the end of my sophomore year, I wrote them that prayer had lost its meaning, they concluded that they would have to take heroic measures to save me from myself. I received a long letter from my father.

He was now convinced, he said, that my going to Harvard had been a ghastly mistake. Two years of it threatened to destroy the faith which had been instilled into me from birth. If I continued in my present course, he could never forgive himself for failing to heed the advice of our old pastor, who had foreseen exactly what had happened to me. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' He was convinced, therefore, that it would be best for me to plan on not returning to Cambridge in the fall. If I preferred, he would be willing to let me do nothing at all the next year; I could stay at home and get my bearings anew. After that I could make a fresh start and go on with my studies at the Presbyterian college in Missouri, which he had now concluded was the proper place for me. Of course I was no longer a child to be governed wholly by others; I should have to make my own decisions and take the consequences. But in this important matter he urged me to consider well and be guided by his maturer judgment.

Needless to say, this letter was very disturbing to me. I could understand and sympathize with my father's feelings. But, much as I regretted to displease him, I could not ruthlessly suppress my own convictions. I wrote him to this effect and begged him to allow me to complete the studies which I had begun. I had seen enough of a progressive university and its methods of stimulating students to think for themselves to know that I should never be able to bear the hothouse environment of a denominational college. After the interchange of several letters my father finally capitulated, although he said it went sorely against his conscience.

That third year at Harvard was much less distressing to my peace of mind than the first two had been. The uncertainties which new knowledge had bred no longer paralyzed me. Other certainties began to take form as I set about building up a tenable philosophy of my own. By the end of my junior year these ideas had begun to shake

down and adjust themselves to the new pattern which my mind had accepted.

It was now out of the question for me to entertain any hope that I might be able to reconcile my new philosophy of life with those religious assumptions which I had formerly taken for granted. I could not become a Christian minister. Instead, I found myself strongly attracted toward an academic career. But I was still enrolled as a candidate for holy orders, and it was incumbent upon me to notify Presbytery of my withdrawal.

Back home our old pastor was dead, and a younger man who had formerly assisted him had taken his place. So to him I wrote, in April 1927, outlining the change in my beliefs just as I have explained it here, and asking him to lay the matter before Presbytery. Within a few days I received his answer. His letter was cordial and tolerant, but it demonstrated so conclusively the impotence of the Church to deal with, or even to understand, the problem of my generation that I shall quote it in full.

April 16, 1927

My dear Philip,

Your father has frequently talked with me about your difficulties. I was therefore not unprepared for your letter, although the Philip who speaks in these pages is an altogether different Philip from the one who left us less than three years ago.

I need not tell you how sorry I am that you have had to go through this crisis. Most of us, some time or other in our college lives, have had to face the very problems that are yours. If a man thinks at all, such questions are bound to torment him sooner or later. Knowing you as I do, I am sure that you have been honest in facing them. Still, it is the way a man answers that really matters; his doubts may always either make him or break him.

I shall not attempt to debate the points which you have raised. You ought to know already how faith can move such mountains of doubt as the unguided reason may build up. There is only one thought that I should like to place before you. As you have been looking at the fact of Christianity from the point of view of a personal God, have you been absolutely fair in seeking the proof on both sides? By that I mean, have you been reading your Bible, praying, and trying to believe, or have you just taken the external view that it cannot be so, and tried to prove *that* by your thought and reading? Not one of us could keep his faith in any vital matter if he listened only to those who argue against it. Religion is n't a question of logic or reason, although there is logic in it and a man has to have a reason for the faith that is within him.

However, I am not going to harass you with a sermon. I want you to know that whatever you do and wherever you go I still count you one of my true friends. Whether it means anything to you or not, I am going to pray for God's blessing upon you, that He may lead you out into the fullest life. You are still numbered here as one of ours, and always will be. If at any time I can serve you in any way, you have only to let me know. And be assured of this — that with my hand goes my heart.

Yours faithfully, etc.

There is something very touching in the manifest sincerity of such an appeal. But what good is it to urge a man to pray when the whole system of religious conceptions has lost its validity for him?

VI

In 1928, I took my degree from Harvard. Four years have now elapsed since then, and my ideas have undergone no important modification. Subsequent studies have confirmed me in the point of view which I have indicated here, and I remain irretrievably lost to religion. This is a source of permanent chagrin to my family. The years have tended to cover over the wound, to the extent that we never discuss the difference in our opinions; but underneath the tacit acceptance of our disagreement I know that my

parents nurse a secret hurt too deep for time to heal. In their prayers and meditations I am sure that while they live they will not cease to plead with their God for my redemption.

Thus it will appear from my little history that we members of the skeptical younger generation are a problem. It is an inevitable consequence of America's generous passion for education. Thousands of young men and women go to college each year from homes more or less like mine, to return changed beyond recognition in all their ideas. And a few thoughtful appraisers of our social trends, men like James Truslow Adams and Walter Lippmann, who are not believers themselves, seem to agree with clergymen and the more devout parents in thinking that the transformation is not always a change for the better.

In this they are probably right. College not only may, but often does, deprive a student of his religious convictions without giving him anything to take their place. Christianity, after all, is a composite of two elements: one purports to explain the nature of the world and man's relationship to the God who rules over it; the other prescribes a course of conduct the sanctions of which are derived from this relationship. The really serious dangers of skepticism become apparent when a student rejects the supernatural part of his religion and concludes that there are no valid reasons left for decent conduct. Robbed of standards, he is likely to adopt the easy ethics of business, which permit a man to do almost anything so long as it leads to success in money-making. This commercial point of view is rapidly becoming the real philosophy of the nation, as Mr. Adams brilliantly demonstrates in *The Epic of America*.

If a life of pure acquisitiveness becomes the ideal of college students, they can find reasons to justify themselves in some of the new theories of psychology. These doctrines tend to glorify the illimitable expansion of the ego as 'self-expression,' and create in uncritical minds the notion that it is foolish, even harmful to health, to try to suppress one's desires — a favorite dogma of Freud and the psychoanalysts. In this connection it seems to me very strange that, despite our cult of science, we have not yet grasped the full import of the new knowledge that has come to us from the laboratory. The usefulness of the physical sciences is measured by the power they have given mankind to control the forces of nature. Control is the essence of scientific purpose. But the new psychology, calling itself a science, has supplemented the decay of religion to rob us of control over *human* nature — that is, over our appetites.

One solution of this dilemma may lie in the creation of a philosophy which, without calling upon the supernatural, will reassert the effectiveness of the human will as an instrument for governing the desires and impulses. Then it will be possible to restore to good odor the essentially *human* values of life which lift us above the level of mere animal instinct. The system of ethics which would be enforced by such a philosophy would not be strikingly different in many particulars from the moral code of Christianity, but the reasons for obeying it would be found wholly in the satisfactions of the good life itself, not in the promise of reward or punishment after death.

But only a congenital optimist could bring himself to believe that a mere system of ethics, however satisfying to the intellect, could ever take the place of religion among the masses. Most men and women are incapable of sustained self-control. Greed, pride, lust, are too much for them. They can be held to

the path of duty only by some power outside themselves — some higher authority which is able to generate repressive fears stronger than their native passions. Over vast multitudes the Church has for centuries enforced an external discipline of precisely this kind.

When religion begins to lose its hold upon the minds of men, as it is now doing with us, a peculiar thing happens. The Church is driven by its own weakness to shift its social responsibilities to other shoulders. Now there is only one other institution strong enough to take on new burdens in such an emergency, and it is an institution which, like the Church, has always been engaged in forcing a measure of parental control upon men who either would not or could not control themselves. This is the State. As religion becomes inoperative, governments are overworked.

In America at the present moment there is ample evidence that this peculiar dislocation of function has already reached an acute stage. The ineffectiveness of Christianity as a social force is revealed, on the one hand, in an outbreak of crime the seriousness of which is common knowledge; and the government has not yet been able to devise satisfactory measures for dealing with it. The Church, on the other hand, aware of its weakness, aware that it can no longer command obedience to its teachings by the time-honored method of invoking the wrath of God, is led to lean more and more heavily upon the State, borrowing secular support for purely religious injunctions. The sad plight of Christianity in Tennessee, which has had to call upon the law for official protection against evolution, is a symbol of spiritual decadence. National prohibition is another sign of the same thing writ large. Thus for some years the churches have been abdicating in their own field and putting their faith in legal restraints.

It is no accident, then, that the groups which are demanding ever more stringent laws to regulate our private lives are identical, almost to a man, with the religious groups in the population. It makes no difference whether they are Protestants clamoring for stricter enforcement of prohibition or Catholics agitating for stricter legislation regarding the dissemination of birth-control information. In both instances increasing pressure is being brought to bear upon government to take over the practical functions of religion — and for the obvious reason that religion, in its decay, is no longer able to do its work in the world.

Though I am an apostate, I must admit, therefore, that it gives me no satisfaction to realize what a large company of young men and women now share the label with me. But I see no help for it. The Church has lost its power to move us. Its conceptions seem as unreal to my generation as the gods of ancient Greece.

The breakdown of Christianity is particularly unfortunate in America, where our educators are so busy building new dormitories and thinking up new systems of instruction that they do not see how urgently the situation calls upon them to redefine the purposes for which their pedagogical machinery exists. In so far as the colleges destroy religious faith without substituting a vital philosophy to take its place, they are turning loose upon the world young barbarians who have been freed from the discipline of the Church before they have learned how to discipline themselves. Perhaps this was what one of my least orthodox Harvard professors had in mind when he once said: 'There are only a few men in the world who have earned the right *not* to be Christians.'

INLAND VOYAGE

On this chill, icebound day, the heath
Which summer sprinkles with children, coming and going
With shouts and laughter, cowers beneath
A wind that bends the dry grasses, bitterly blowing
From some far, boreal shore. — Though we should range
Hundreds of leagues across the northern sea,
We scarce should find a wintry land more strange
Than this transmuted land, where we
Must tread the withered tussocks warily, fearing
The thick black ooze beneath the yellow grass,
Must seek a new, untrodden pathway, hearing
The creak of ice that splinters as we pass.
Nor, traveling far through space and time,
In search of loneliness, should we discover
Waters more desolate than these,
On whose forlorn, deserted shores the plover
Cry their sad cry, and fallen trees
Are slowly swallowed in primeval slime.

Before the ship sets sail, the harbor's won —
For in the country of the mind, the end
Takes no account of means. A trick of sun,
Threading the stony labyrinths, may lend
No less enchantment to a city street
Than the frescoed gold that shimmers
In a Tuscan chapel, where the tapers bend
With languor in the noonday heat,
And through the open door the trellised vine-tree glimmers.

The north has mantled plain and hill with snows,
The south has sown her valleys with the rose:
Each has its several charm, to snare
The heart of man — a charm compounded
Of sun and shadow, odors on the air,
Dark pierced with light, and light surrounded
With zones of dark. — And where
A sudden symphony of tone and line
Awakes an echo in the soul,
Where a chance scent, a chiming bell, combine
To build the world anew — the goal
Is reached, although the ship still rides
In idleness on the returning tides.

Freda C. Bond

THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

I

A COACH and six, splashing through the narrow, muddy streets of colonial New York. Within the coach a British governor. Beside him, the city's honored guest, Captain William Tew, pirate.

He was a resplendent rascal, this Tew. A band of cloth of silver encircled his blue cap. His blue jacket with big pearl buttons had a border of gold lace. He wore white knee trousers, Oriental in cut, and elaborately embroidered stockings. Round his neck went a long gold chain, round his waist a curiously knitted girdle. From the girdle hung a dagger, its hilt one blaze of jewels.

In those days (Tew arrived in 1694) the coming of a pirate ship set all New York rejoicing. The pirate would lavish presents on the governor, his crew would treat in the taverns, and loot, principally from the far East, would be on sale at infinitesimal prices. On one occasion there were nine pirate ships in New York harbor, and it might be interesting to discover how many heirlooms still treasured by old New York families were purchased then.

Meanwhile, consider the advantage to business. Every pirate ship had to be restocked with food, restocked with rum, restocked with ammunition.

There was also a thriving export trade in 'goods suitable for pirates'—rum especially. Leading merchants would buy rum at two shillings a gallon, ship it to Madagascar, and there sell it to the pirates at fifty shillings a gallon. One voyage might yield a profit of £30,000.

Tew dined at the governor's table. Another pirate, Coates, loaded the governor with presents, gave him his ship to be sold for £8000, and thought nothing of buying favor at a cost, so he said, of £1800 in cash. Sing hey for the good old times when everything went right, and for the sturdy virtues of our ancestors!

II

Probably not one present-day New Yorker in ten thousand ever heard of Tew, or of Coates, or of the corrupt British governor who tolerated both, and the story is now retold, not for its own sake, but because it so glaringly illustrates a spirit that has found expression, off and on, ever since: Don't bother too much about rascality in high places if rascality in high places enables us to make a little something and have a good time.

It is not remarkable that the spirit should persist. They tell us that the most important period in our lives is the pre-school age, which settles what sort of people we are to be all the rest of our days. So with cities. Chicago is still a frontier town. Boston still witnesses an occasional recrudescence of theocracy. New York under Tam-

many is the same New York, essentially, as under the corrupt British governor. Circumstances change. The inner spirit remains.

This same New York detests rascality as such — the pure-and-simple rascality that contributes nothing to business and having a good time. We had a case of that in Tweed.

When he and his Ring swindled New York out of a hundred and sixty million dollars, New Yorkers rose in their wrath. Tweed was Tew over again, but with differences major and minor. The minor difference was that he robbed the city itself. Pretty bad — though cities are abstractions, and the average voter feels hurt only in his civic conscience, such as that is. The major difference was that Tweed contributed nothing to the average voter's profits or to the average voter's fun. His luxurious town house, his country place, his yacht, his stable finished in mahogany, his dollar-apiece cigars, his blond concubine, and the safe in which he kept funds for the purchase of legislators were all for Tweed; only he and his four merry men gained by the theft of a hundred and sixty million dollars. Business was not freer to do as it liked. New York was not a jollier place to live in.

Years later, New York in a spasm of virtue managed to detest Richard Croker and his crowd. A 'lying, perjured, rum-soaked, libidinous lot,' Dr. Parkhurst called them, denouncing the mayor and 'his whole gang of drunken and lecherous subordinates.' A regular pirate crew they were, bad clear through, their income from levies upon vice alone amounting to anywhere from seven to ten million dollars a year.

So, out went Tammany like Tweed, while the Union League Club voted Dr. Parkhurst into membership, and *Life* cartooned him as a victorious gladiator with one foot on the dead tiger.

When all this happened, a clever East Side politician observed, 'These reform movements are like queen hornets; they sting you once and then die.'

Clever, yes; but his epigram failed to explain why they die.

Four years more, and back came Tammany, erstwhile virtuous New York celebrating with snake dances, fireworks, rattlers, tin horns, and the roisterous anthem: —

> Well, well, well!
> Reform has gone to hell!

It had, and all over the country people thought they knew why. 'To the reformers,' they said, 'politics is only a passing interest. Give them one big splendid triumph and they feel privileged to fold their hands and rest. To Tammany, politics is a living. While out of power, Tammany will work day and night to get back in.' Just so, but still missing the point. The point is that Tammany got back in chiefly because Tammany was wanted back in, for Croker had been a much better approximation of Tew than ever Tweed had been. His gang knew how to treat in the taverns, and, directly or indirectly, a large section of the community profited financially. Tammany gave New Yorkers what New Yorkers wanted — a place to have fun and a place where they could conduct their affairs about as they chose. How good Tammany looked after New Yorkers had lived for four grim years under a régime that even went to the extremity of closing saloons on Sunday!

III

New York is growing up, but burnt adults, like burnt children, can learn a lesson. A few months ago another up-

rising against Tammany began. We perceived that pirates were still with us. They had some awfully disagreeable traits. They 'framed' innocent girls. They sold judgeships. In some ways they were worse than Croker and in some worse than Tweed, but at helping us to make a little something and have fun they were as good, almost, as Tew or Coates. Under Tammany we could buy the right to do as we chose; under a reform administration there was no hope of that; so, we reëlected Tammany. Pirates? Of course! But exceedingly convenient, advantageous pirates to have in town, and not infrequently a boon to business.

Two small but typical instances — the case of a large manufacturer and the case of a little Jewish merchant in East Broadway. The manufacturer dumps ashes on the sidewalk. To dispose of them in any other way would cost him fifteen hundred dollars a year. He supports Tammany, as fifteen hundred a year is what corrupt city government is worth to him. The little Jewish merchant keeps open on Sunday, as do his competitors throughout the neighborhood. It is their big day. Under Tammany they can 'slip something to the cop' and ignore the oppressive law. Graft is not paid unwillingly. It is 'good business.' Even the indirect payment in higher rents and higher prices — results felt by everyone living in New York — is 'good business,' for corrupt city government makes New York a jollier place of residence.

Say to the average New Yorker, 'Corrupt city government is costing you nine hundred dollars a year,' and he replies, 'What do I care? It's worth it,' meaning, 'Under corrupt city government I can have no end of fun here. Let the reformers in and they'll shut down on nude girls in shows, padlock our thirty-two thousand speak-easies, and make this town a bore.' To the average New Yorker, more than to the average inhabitant of any other American city, distractions of a powerful order are a necessity.

New Yorkers do not like the usual outsider's comment, 'It's a nice place to visit, but I'd hate to live there,' yet there is something in it, they feel.

They did not come here because they expected to like the place. They came here to make money. For months after arrival they regretted having come. But then what a change! Conversion! Result purely of finding out that, while mere existence here is dreadful, one can have more fun here than anywhere else on earth. An expatriated New Yorker returns from Paris once in a while and says, 'Why don't you come over?' We answer, 'What do we want of Paris when we are already in New York?' Keep New York as it is, and we can endure it, subway and all. Turn reformers loose on New York to squelch its gayety, and we might as well be back in Sac City, Iowa, or the humdrum South.

Sydney Brooks understood us perfectly when he wrote of our attitude toward the idealists who make the bulk of those oppressive laws which a decent administration in New York would enforce and which Tammany does not. Nearly thirty years ago his account of us (and them) appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, but see how like paragraphs dashed off yesterday the following excerpts read: —

> Pandering to the moral sense is one of the daily necessities (or pastimes) of American political life.
>
> The consequence is that the most impossible laws find their way on to the statute book. . . . We are dealing, remember, with a cosmopolitan, feverish, pleasure-loving population, pagan in its tastes, its

habits, its opinions; imbued with a mercenary view of politics; and always in more or less open revolt against the laws by which the State Legislature (largely elected and controlled by rural votes and notions) attempts to regulate its behavior. It is a population that takes instinctively to the ideal of: A free-and-easy life in a free-and-easy town.

This is an ideal with which Tammany whole-heartedly sympathizes; and one which, for a price, it undertakes to translate into fact. . . . In the result, everybody is contented. The law remains on the statute book, a glowing tribute to morality; it is not enforced, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and Tammany grows rich out of the proceeds.

IV

There you have us, pictured to the life — just as we are, and as perhaps we are always going to be. Reform will come and Reform will go, in regular cycles; for, though dearly hating pirates as such, we dearly love what we can get out of them, and even our hatred is apparently a cooler, calmer thing than it once was. As the Seabury investigation proceeds, we become vexed with Tammany, at times exceedingly vexed, but cherish always a deep distrust of Reform. Should it arrive, it would not last long or please us while it did last. That is the kind of New Yorker most of us are. As between pirates and saints, give us pirates.

There are just two ways of coping with us. One is for Albany and Washington to give us laws we can find ourselves inclined to obey. The other is to make this town a sovereign state. Neither the one way nor the other appears likely to be tried, but we are not on that account unhappy. We live along quite as most Americans do, on the whole tolerably enough satisfied with a régime of tyranny tempered by anarchy.

ACCIDENTS DON'T HAPPEN

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

I

FEW will question the statement that, though we laugh with Will Rogers at the United States Senate and jeer at the ineptitudes of state legislatures, the really weak governmental unit in the United States is lodged in the city hall. As evidence of this I wish to call attention to the widespread bungling of traffic problems by municipalities throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is true that the man-killing automobile is a lethal weapon comparatively new in our civilization, but several decades have passed since the first life was lost in a smash-up, and the witticism that city populations are divided between the quick and the dead has been with us these many years.

What has the average city done to cope with the increasing death toll? Almost nothing; or, just as bad, the wrong thing.

A statistician has estimated that about as many persons lose their lives on the streets of the United States each year as die of snake bites in India. If a scientific Saint Patrick were charged with the task of annihilating the venomous reptiles in India, his first questions would doubtless be: 'Where are these snakes, and what are their habits? What is their nature?' Hence it might be reasonable to suppose that American city officials who are charged with looking after the safety of the folk who pay their salaries have gathered data on automobile accidents to help them rid their cities of this type of tragedy. False supposition! Of the 982 cities in the country with a population of 10,000 or greater, not more than a hundred have an accurate idea of how many accidents occur on their streets, not to mention records of important circumstances regarding each accident which would serve as clues to be used in the prevention of recurrences. Lest the reader suppose that this statement refers only to smaller cities in backward regions, I hasten to add that it is beyond the power of public officials in many of our leading metropolises, Chicago among them, to find out from their records how many accidents occurred at a given intersection during the past month or six months or year — except after prodigious research.

This statement is not true of fatalities. Local bureaus of vital statistics in the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia do keep accurate records of automobile accidents which result in death. These accidents, however, are so few in comparison to the total (there are about thirty-five accidents resulting in non-fatal personal injuries to each fatality, and far more which result in property damage only) that these records are inadequate for use in prevention. Luck is the big factor which determines whether a crash is to result in death, in non-fatal injuries, or

merely in damage to property. All accidents are potential fatalities; therefore records of all accidents must be used in any study which is expected to bring about effective enforcement of traffic laws, engineering remedies, or educational propaganda.

Yet, as I have already said, not more than one hundred municipalities keep adequate accident records. How many of these actually use the information so compiled? Perhaps a dozen. An example of the woeful lack of appreciation of the uses to which these statistics should be put was revealed when a traffic engineer visited the police department of Buffalo to study the accident records which it was known the department kept. When the engineer arrived, he was told that the office containing the records had been moved, and 'while the necessary housecleaning was being done we decided to do a complete job and throw away all the old records and get a nice clean start.' Priceless data destroyed!

II

Traffic engineering differs from civil or mining engineering in at least one important respect: while the civil or mining engineer pits steel and concrete against other tested substances, the traffic engineer pits steel and concrete against that great variable, human nature.

A traffic signal is installed. Will drivers obey it?

A parking regulation is laid down to facilitate the movement of vehicles on the street. Will parkers observe it?

If motorists don't obey, does the city have police officers in sufficient numbers to enforce the regulation?

These are problems in traffic engineering, questions that are asked and answered in those few cities which take their street tragedies seriously; but it is possible to count on one's fingers and toes the cities which recognize traffic hazards as a challenge to engineering science. The police are usually saddled with the responsibility of determining the location of signs and signals, of imposing parking regulations, and of establishing through streets. Perhaps they are supplemented by a committee of city councilmen consisting of a baker from the first ward, a dentist from the third, a building contractor from the fourth, and, as chairman, the genial chiropractor from the sixth. These men are the final arbiters of traffic problems, with the chief of police sitting in in an advisory capacity.

Thus in most cities there is one glaring omission in the machinery set up to regulate traffic. Where, one may ask, is the city engineer? To raise the question is to have the city authorities put us down as cranks and faddists. Anybody, they tell us, knows what is wrong with traffic. If we don't believe it, we can ask the four committeemen and the police advisor — and, lo, we shall have five different answers, any one of which will be just as authoritative as the others!

This being the all-too-typical state of things, it may be instructive to inspect the work accomplished under such haphazard control.

III

An accident is proof of inefficiency somewhere. Stop-and-go signals are installed to prevent accidents and to facilitate the movement of vehicles, to render a street safer at a certain point or along its whole length. Thousands of traffic lights costing millions of dollars have been installed all over the country for the purpose of reduc-

ing accidents and relieving congestion. Have these installations, these millions of dollars, made our streets safer? A study of several hundred typical intersections for which records of accidents 'before and after installation' were available revealed that only 60 per cent of the installations were followed by a decrease in accidents; in 10 per cent of the cases the records indicated no appreciable change in conditions, while in 30 per cent of the cases the number of accidents actually increased after lights were erected. Apparently our council committee can guess right only a fraction of the time. Even so, the committee is safe from criticism. Very few cities keep the vital records which would reveal such inefficiency as this, and, even if the records are kept, almost nobody bothers to pry into them.

Aldermen sometimes fight for an appropriation for signals because their constituents want to give their local business district a 'metropolitan' air. Public clamor alone accounts for others. In one city of eight wards, the council voted to buy sixteen signals, and permitted each alderman to have two to install wherever he wished. An engineer of the National Safety Council at one time visited Grand Rapids to make a study of the signal system there. He found several signals at points where the load of traffic was exceedingly light. 'Why were these signals installed?' he asked. 'To safeguard the intersection,' was the reply. But when the engineer went to the records he searched in vain for the report of a single accident that had ever occurred at those places. Here expensive equipment was used to safeguard intersections which were already safe.

It is difficult in the space of an article to touch even briefly on the many costly mistakes connected with the problem of parking in downtown areas. Merchants and other business men often work at cross-purposes, newspapers and chambers of commerce add to the confusion, and the city council, instead of finding the facts about the need of parking space and basing its regulations upon them, usually follows the dictation of the most influential group that happens to interest itself in the matter.

Thus in nine cases out of ten the council attempts to solve the problem by passing a new ordinance, without making any provision for its enforcement. In all likelihood the ordinance cannot be enforced unless the number of policemen available for traffic duty is greatly increased. Since this is rarely provided for, the new ordinance has no effect except to give the city authorities the false but comforting notion that the problem has been attended to.

A typical example was found a year ago in Richmond, Virginia. The city had restricted parking on the main business street to a thirty-minute period during the day, but had failed to provide adequate police supervision. Violations became so general that no space was available for shoppers and others who wished to park for short periods, the space having been preempted early in the morning by business and professional men whose cars stood on the street all day. A demand went up for a change, and the city council, instead of providing for enforcement of the existing restrictions, voted for more rigid restrictions! When outside engineers made a traffic survey of the city, they found that parking restrictions throughout the business district could be eased rather than tightened — if the regulations were enforced.

A development of the past ten years which has been pounced upon by traf-

fic authorities in many cities as an easy cure-all for accidents is the arterial or through street. The stop provision is intended to protect traffic on the thoroughfare and permit it to move through town with a minimum of delay. But the device is misused by politicians who want to favor constituents by providing each of them with a fast boulevard from his home to his office.

Not long ago the city of Flint, Michigan, had three through streets running parallel to each other a block apart, requiring cross-town traffic to stop at each consecutive intersection. The result was that a great deal of cross-town traffic refused to heed the signs and entered the intersections without stopping, only to collide with through traffic which had depended on the signs for protection. Peoria, Illinois, at one time established a veritable maze of through streets, and Indianapolis as well as other cities passed an ordinance giving vehicles on every north and south street the right of way — and provided no signs to warn the unsuspecting visitor of the unusual rule.

IV

Traffic-law enforcement gives the inefficient city administration an opportunity to reveal itself at its worst. There is no type of bungling so pregnant with possibilities for an ever-mounting toll of death. To begin with, it is easy for any city to let matters slide and go along with traffic regulations which were enacted at a time when the fastest-moving vehicle on the streets was a runaway team. As a result, police in hundreds of cities are expected to enforce utterly unenforceable ordinances.

But the American city can and does commit other blunders in enforcement just as serious as those which flow from antiquated restrictions. More frequently than not, a police department arrests traffic offenders only to find the courts unable to handle the flood of cases. In a worse plight still is the city government shot through with favoritism. Nothing discredits the work of the police more quickly and more thoroughly than ticket fixing.

While anachronistic laws, inadequate courts, and outright graft characterize municipal government in all its departments, the results of inefficiency in traffic control are more tragic than of inefficiency elsewhere. Indeed, the enforcement of law has a more direct and immediate bearing on accidents than engineering, and certainly enforcement is the most impelling method of education. This has been proved in many cities and states. The record of St. Louis from 1925 to 1929 offers sufficient evidence that this is true. In 1925 the number of traffic arrests totaled 34,568, the convictions totaled 18,835, and the traffic fatalities 192. The next year, when arrests jumped to 53,762 and convictions to 26,370, fatalities fell to 174; and the good work was continued in 1927 when 59,196 arrests and 34,750 convictions hammered fatalities down to 147. But in 1928 laxity in the courts resulted in the conviction of only 29,956 of the 50,499 persons arrested, and the number of people killed by automobiles zoomed to 215. The close relation of fatalities to arrests and convictions was further evidenced in 1929 when enforcement was tightened up again: 59,938 traffic-law violators were haled into court, where 39,297 were convicted, and the fatalities were reduced to 162.

It may be said with surety, even with conservatism, that the laxity of 1928 cost the lives of at least fifty innocent men, women, and children in this one city.

V

The bare statistics of last year's experience with man-killing automobiles indicate the size of the problem. Thirty-three thousand lives were lost in automobile accidents; more than a million persons were injured; and property damage was estimated at approximately one billion dollars. Consider wiping out the entire population of Moline, Illinois; Tucson, Arizona; or Rome, New York. Consider injuring every man, woman, and child in Los Angeles, leaving tens of thousands hopelessly disfigured and maimed. And doing all this every year!

Is a city justified in spending money and training officers to cope with the problem? Inspector Charles Greenwood of Toronto said last fall that no modern city exists whose traffic problem is not a more serious challenge than its crime problem. It is well known that more people are killed and injured by automobiles than die by homicide and suicide together. And yet the police officers assigned to traffic are usually a small, poorly trained fraction of the force.

Accident records form the basis of intelligent prevention work. For instance, the motor-cycle men of a Mid-Western city had for years spent most of their time patrolling an important boulevard which carried a large volume of fast traffic through town. But when the department began to keep records of accidents it was discovered that 70 per cent of traffic accidents were occurring over on the other side of town in a foreign settlement. The victims, records revealed, were child pedestrians. Dispatched to this section, the patrolmen found hundreds of children playing in the streets, and they discovered that drivers of delivery trucks and private cars were exercising very little care. The police not only clamped down the lid on speeding and reckless driving, but they also ordered the children off the streets and conducted an educational campaign among parents to keep their children out of danger.

Adequate records show where the traffic 'sore spots' are, what kind of violations to look for, and where to concentrate the efforts of officers.

Records also reveal the need for signs, signals, and other traffic devices. When individual accident report cards are filed by location, the engineer can plot on a diagram of each intersection the movements of all cars that have been involved in accidents there. Surprising are the revelations of this simple procedure. In one city the public was clamoring for traffic lights at an intersection where a serious accident had occurred, but a 'collision diagram' disclosed the vital information that only a negligible portion of accidents there had been right-angle collisions; traffic lights, therefore, could have little or no effect in preventing future accidents.

At another intersection, aldermen wanted to install signs ordering all north- and south-bound traffic to stop, but here again a collision diagram pointed the way to the correct remedy when it showed that nine out of ten accidents at the intersection were caused by collisions between north- and west-bound traffic only. An inspection confirmed the suspicion that the difficulty lay on the southeast corner: a high hedge across the property line was found to obscure the vision of drivers approaching the intersection from the south and east. The hedge was trimmed and accidents ceased forthwith.

Accurate methods of timing stop-and-go lights, interconnecting these lights into flexible progressive systems, and determining critical approach

speeds for intersections are a few of the newer developments in traffic engineering. Scientific methods have been developed for making parking counts so that parking demand and supply can be accurately measured. The determination of preferred routes which will lure traffic away from bottlenecks and other congested districts and route tourist travel around rather than through the heart of the city, and at the same time minimize the likelihood of accidents, is also a relatively easy task for the trained traffic worker. And regulations governing both parking and routing can be based upon the number of policemen available to carry on an efficient enforcement programme.

The now famous accident investigation work of the Evanston, Illinois, police department remains the outstanding contribution to the technique of traffic-law enforcement. Here emphasis is placed on those violations which have actually caused accidents, and no stone is left unturned in the endeavor of the police to bring the violator of the law to justice. All accidents in the city are reported immediately to headquarters, and a specially trained and equipped squad of men hurry to the scene. They measure skid marks with a steel tape, and the length of these marks is an excellent indication of the speed at which each car was traveling. They photograph the damage, the position of the cars, and any obstructions or lack of obstructions to the view. They take down on a portable typewriter statements of principals and witnesses, and have them signed on the spot. If evidence is found that a law has been violated, the police themselves file a complaint and prosecute the case with the very effective evidence of their measurements, photographs, and statements.

Although the Evanston police would be outstanding for their traffic safety work without their investigation squads, the work of the squads is given chief credit for the 40 per cent reduction in accidents which the city enjoyed in 1930 — the same year which brought big increases to surrounding suburbs as well as to Chicago.

Perhaps as remarkable as this reduction in mishaps has been the success of accident investigation work in solving that most baffling problem in modern traffic control — the hit-and-run driver. Before the special squads were organized, Evanston, like other cities, did not charge any particular officer, bureau, or division of the police department with this job. There was no real follow-up; nothing was done; and the traffic arch-criminal went free. But, by investigating each one of these accidents, Evanston has achieved first place among cities for the apprehension and conviction of hit-and-run drivers. During the fifty weeks ending on September 15, 1930, 52 of these elusive cases were reported in the city, and of these offenders the police caught 49 and convicted 43. Only three remained uncaught, and at least one of these cases involved an out-of-state driver who never returned.

VI

Four potent evils in enforcement — anachronistic ordinances, lack of uniformity in regulations and signs and signals, inadequate courts, and ticket fixing — can be entirely eliminated simply by the will of an honest city administration to eliminate them. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, called for the first time in 1924 by Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, drafted a model municipal traffic ordinance which provides up-to-date regulations plus nation-wide uniformity. Splendid traf-

fic courts and violations bureaus have been functioning for years in several cities which need only to be copied by others. And a strict auditing of arrest tickets, such as Minneapolis provides for, would make fixing of tickets easily detectable and traceable.

Information on these 'life-saving' developments in traffic engineering and enforcement has not been withheld from any city. On the contrary, they have been given every kind of publicity possible. Mayors, chiefs of police, city engineers, — the key men in traffic, — have been approached through every feasible channel. Newspaper and magazine articles and tens of thousands of letters and circulars have reached them urging the acceptance of information on effective methods of handling modern traffic. Some of these officials have taken the information; a few have put it to use; but here is a remarkable fact: those guardians of the public's welfare who have shown interest have usually been forced to do so by local business, professional, and industrial men who, joined together in a local safety council, have demanded action.

If the organized safety movement in the United States has discovered anything in its two decades of unceasing work, it is this: Accidents don't just happen; they are caused; and these causes can be eliminated by engineering, enforcement, and education. Unless city officials assume their responsibility for doing away with the causes of traffic accidents, which they as public servants are paid to do, and stop bungling, accidents on our streets, with their trail of tragedy, will continue. The steadily increasing annual toll of death from 12,542 in 1920 to 33,000 in 1931 is ample evidence that the problem of the man-killing automobile will not 'work itself out' alone.

OUR RIM-ROCK SCHOOL

BY ROBERT MACK

I

School, in our district of the Far West, was a hit-or-miss affair for several years, owing to lack of funds and poor accommodations. We finally secured as teacher a young girl who stayed on season after season, doing the best she could with what we had to offer; and if there is a special reward in the hereafter for school-teachers — as I am sure there must be — she certainly cannot be less than runner-up for the cup. This, however, is not the story of the teacher alone, but of the building, the equipment, the scholars, and anything else connected with the enterprise that happens to stick in my memory.

There was no other school in our whole section of sparsely settled country. The building had been an old prospector's cabin, erected some thirty years before. It stood as if in the palm of a gigantic hand, the wrist represented by the main draw, and the thumb and fingers by five smaller draws which spread out from the palm opposite the main draw. In front of the cabin door a large cold spring bubbled up; its waters, joining with those of other springs and small creeks, gathered volume and momentum until they finally became a rushing mountain stream.

The cabin was built of huge logs, with a window in each of its four walls. Beside each window there were loopholes — reminders of the old days when it was sometimes necessary to hold what one had by force of arms. The door was made of rough boards and hung on crude iron strap hinges, no doubt forged by the original builder himself. The flooring had been whipsawed from logs on the spot; the boards were uneven in thickness, and no two were of the same width. They were full of knotholes, which served as intakes for fresh air, and this system, accidental though it was, was more effective than it might seem, for ventilation, consciously planned, was held by certain of our neighbors to be the foible of unbalanced minds.

A long box stove, with its pipe run up through the roof, had replaced the flat-rock and mud fireplace of the original owner. The stove needed watching. On being filled with four-foot wood and given its head, as it were, by opening the damper, it would sound as if it were actually galloping. An occasional puff of smoke from the stove door added to the illusion that it was a running horse, flinging its tail about in an excess of spirits.

What exciting stories this old stove could have told if, in addition to its other accomplishments, it had had the gift of speech — stories of travelers caught out as night came on, of the old days when rustlers were abroad on the range, of round-ups when the Hand was used as a collecting point and the finger draws as corrals, of election days

when the schoolhouse served as a polling place for our precinct and a rendezvous for the inevitable poker games that accompanied the voting and lasted long after political issues had been settled and forgotten.

To visit the school and find the stove hung round about with various garments of the scholars, drying after a rain or after the almost daily fall in the creek at recess, would leave one in doubt whether the young woman in charge was teaching school or taking in washing. It was not at all uncommon to see some Wee Willie wrapped in a larger boy's coat while his own shirt and overalls were drying. Mountain trout, caught by the pupils, were frequently cooked at noon. An occasional milk cow, wandering down some draw with the stock cattle as they went to water, often furnished milk for the midday meal. The scholars were far more apt at reading cattle brands than the words in their spellers; the flying E, the lazy K (so-called because it lay on its back), the oval M, the O bar 4 — these and many others the children would rattle off, identifying the owners without hesitation.

The desks in the school represented attempts at copying an illustration of regular school desks from a mail-order catalogue, but some genius had conceived the idea of making them long enough to seat five full-sized scholars in a row. In the beginning there had been four of these extraordinary pieces of furniture, each made by a different rancher who had had his own notions about the length of children's legs; but the property of the Rim-Rock School was subject to peculiar casualties, and at the time of which I write three of the desks had vanished beyond recovery. During a violent storm, one winter, a couple of cowpunchers had had to 'hole up' for the night in the schoolhouse, and had been under the urgent necessity of using all but one of the desks for fuel. It did n't much matter. The next year there were only six pupils, — all, incidentally, from one family, — and since the remaining desk had been constructed to provide ample space for five, it was found possible, without too much crowding, to squeeze in another.

It was a lovely arrangement, this of seating all the pupils in a row. When one in the middle was sent to the blackboard, only two others had to get out to let him pass. The scramble which always attended this manœuvre soon made it clear to the little teacher that she would have to devise some other arrangement, and she did it with a talent which has not always been displayed by our General Staff in the face of a similar problem — that of moving troops without confusion. Her plan, like all great plans, was simple. When the family — I mean, the pupils — arrived in the morning, she put the oldest boy on the aisle seat nearest the blackboard, and the others took their places in rank according to their grade. As Chuck was summoned to the board, the others slid over one space, leaving the next pupil ready for the call; then when Chuck was through he would simply take his seat at the other end of the row.

II

School terms with us were exactly the reverse of the usual schedule. Because of the deep snows of winter, that was the season of vacation. School opened the middle of April and ran till the middle of November. The scholars were poor in everything but health and happiness. Their parents raised food enough, but, even with only twelve children in the family (six were not yet ripe for formal education), they could not begin to keep them all in store clothes, and had to depend in

part upon other ranchers for their cast-offs. Clothes or no clothes, they were the happiest youngsters I ever saw.

Tessie, the twelve-year-old, had worn her red skirt so long it was almost stiff with dirt. The teacher asked if her mother could not manage, somehow, to have it cleaned. The next morning Tess appeared before the teacher, her face beaming. The teacher complimented her upon having the skirt washed; it *did* look a trifle better. 'Oh,' said Tess, 'Ma said just turn it back to front and I did.'

One wet April morning two of the girls came sloshing in to school, each wearing one overshoe. Each had one foot dry and one sopping wet. On being pressed for an explanation, Edna said, 'Well, Bena said it was her turn to wear the overshoes, and I said it was my turn, — and it was, too, — but Ma said, "Wear one each and get along with you."' So there they sat, each on a piece of firewood, holding out one wet foot to the stove while school went on.

The family had a spare horse for the children to ride to school on, and to see him coming out of the canyon near the schoolhouse at a slow, jarring trot, shedding children, books, lunch pails, and everything else that was loose as he neared his resting place for the day, would have made a young bonesetter's face brighten at the prospect of a sudden increase in his practice. Nothing, however, seemed able to injure those young limbs.

The children's idea of safe play was anything they wanted to do. Crack-the-whip was a favorite game with them when there was snow on the ground. Not as you and I have played it, by taking hands and running; that would have been too tame. Chuck would get astride of the old horse, a forty-foot cow rope tied to his saddle horn and the other end fastened to a homemade sleigh. The others would pile on the sleigh — all of the scholars and several of the younger children. Down the meadow Chuck would go, pouring leather into the old horse until he got him in high, the sleigh following at top speed, bounding from the top of one ridge to the top of the next. Suddenly Chuck would swerve to the right or left — then the deluge! Children of both sexes cast higgledy-piggledy in one glorious spill, — legs, arms, and heads intermingling with skirts, trousers, underwear (made from flour sacks), jackets (made from seamless grain sacks), boots, hats, mittens, — to the accompaniment of screams, laughter, and shrill cries.

'Well,' you gasp, 'they won't do that again!' But look! They are loading up once more, this time with Bena in the saddle. 'Gosh, it's fun!' yells everyone — except the old horse.

III

The only time we ever had a real political fight in our district was when I ran for the office of chairman of the school board on a platform of more salary for the teacher and a library for the children. The teacher was getting very little more than an ordinary cow hand. The library consisted of five long shelves, empty except for a very old edition of the dictionary and a small-child's book entitled *Charlie the Elephant.*

To leave the trail for a moment, this book of *Charlie the Elephant* was one of those 'educational' volumes intended to teach small readers the habits of personal cleanliness. There were fascinating pictures of Charlie washing his ears, brushing his hair, cleaning his teeth. The interest it held for me was that I had known the illustrator some ten years before while I was abroad,

and had seen his original drawings. Yet here was the book four thousand miles from the place where it had been published, in a thinly settled ranch country where the children may have heard of a toothbrush, but would certainly have been bewildered to know what to do with a pair of military hairbrushes.

Naturally enough, I launched my campaign among the women, for the men knew that my election would mean a small increase in the school levy. School affairs were the only matters upon which women were allowed to vote, and I made as much of that fact as I could. I rode the range, ate some rare dinners, and never failed to compliment the cooks. All in all, it was a fine, good-natured campaign, although it hardly seemed fair for me to be eating so much of a man's food and at the same time doing everything in my power to persuade his womenfolks to vote against him. For the sake of the children, however, I made up my mind to get elected by fair means or foul; so I kept at it, and almost ruined everything by coming down with the gout from eating such good meals.

On the day of election everyone assembled at the schoolhouse. When the votes were counted, it was found that there was a tie between the two tickets. What to do? Quick thinking on the part of Happy Frank, one of my punchers, saved the day. A Norwegian neighbor of ours had recently returned from a visit to the Old Country, and had brought a new wife over with him. She was at the meeting, but could n't understand a word that was said. Fortunately Mrs. Jenks was a countrywoman of hers, so I got her to translate for me, and the newcomer said she would vote for my ticket. To this the husband objected, and the retiring school board, in its last official act, sustained him, saying that she could n't vote because she was a foreigner. I contended that she took the same citizenship as her husband, and was therefore entitled to the franchise.

The opposition called for proof. The school clerk was a clever girl, and favored my ticket; so I asked her to look through the teacher's books and see if she could find anything bearing upon the vital point at issue. She searched and could find nothing, but, as I said, she was clever. Marking a paragraph in one imposing volume, she wrote something on a piece of paper and handed both the book and the note to me. The note read: 'I know you are right. Bluff the board. They can't read.' This was true; neither member of the board could read.

Knowing that a strong offensive movement is the best defense, I passed the book to the retiring chairman and requested him to read the marked paragraph to the assembled electors. He was a man of quick decisions, and replied that he was sorry but he did not have his glasses with him. Bill, the other member, to whom I next turned, frankly confessed that he could n't read. I then asked the clerk to read it. This was a pretty mean thing to do, and it served me right that she was taken with a violent fit of coughing, so that I had to read it myself. Clearing my throat, I improvised a high-sounding declaration in which the Government of the United States very graciously bestowed upon foreign-born wives of American citizens all the privileges of the ballot, warning them at the same time that they should not let themselves be influenced by the way their husbands voted, but should safeguard their independence by making up their own minds on all questions. This carried the day. The foreign element voted for me and my ticket was declared elected.

I may say in passing that I did not forget either plank in my platform when I assumed my new duties. This was the first and only time I ever held public office, and I have made it clear that I was elected by the usual method — that of fooling the voters. The only unusual feature about it was that my sin was not long in finding me out. The school clerk shared my guilty secret, but I knew that she was loyal and would not disclose it. Imagine my surprise, then, when I met Bill, the former member of the board, a short time after the election and was greeted with, 'How's the school coming, Slicker?'

'Slicker?'

'Yes, Slicker. I remembered the book and page you read from at the election, and yesterday I stopped at the schoolhouse and had the teacher read the whole thing to me. There's not a word about women voting. It's about wild birds — grouse — the kind we call fool-hens. I guess we were, all right. But let it slide. It's probably a good thing all around.'

Ever afterward, as long as I lived on that range, the neighbors' term of endearment for me was 'Slick.' And, to tell the truth, I was rather proud of it when the women would boast to outsiders about our school library and how well the children could read; but they always added: 'Of course, we don't expect they will ever do as well as Slick here. He can even read what is n't in the book.'

I don't suppose the children at the Rim-Rock School really did get very much of the three R's, as they are commonly understood. But there were three others which the little teacher instilled into them: those were to know right, shun wrong, and be ready for whatever came their way. For the life to which these children were destined, the set they got was more useful, I suspect, than the set they missed.

THE PREACHING AND PRACTICE OF MR. BROADBACK

BY STUART CHASE

I

Mr. C. Emory Broadback, President of the National Cogwheel Company, is at his desk on a busy morning. Make it in 1929, if you wish. Mr. Broadback, as his untiring exertions in the sphere of after-dinner oratory and business conventions prove, is unalterably opposed to anything which smacks of socialism, collectivism, or government interference with industry. He is strangely, almost fanatically moved when, his dress shirt gleaming beneath a square, dependable jaw, he defends sturdy individualism, self-help, and private enterprise against the sinister encroachments of politicians, professors, long-haired visionaries, and their breed. His audience, too, is moved, and applauds his message as sincerely as he delivers it.

On this particular morning, two urgent decisions confront him. Ways and means must be found, and that quickly, to present to the proper Congressional subcommittees the dangers of the low tariff rates now obtaining on the importation of foreign cogwheels. Shall he leave his busy desk and head a delegation to Washington? He shall — indeed he must. 'Miss Graham, reserve a stateroom for next Thursday night on the Federal Limited.' That is that.

Secondly, what is to be done about this confounded Brisk and Company, openly defying the strict understandings of the American Cogwheel Founders Association — understandings that are almost sacredly strict? They have kicked over the apple cart, and are cutting prices on No. 2's and No. 5's. Jim Brisk is a man one simply cannot trust. This is the second time he has threatened a structure reared patiently, and with vast legal outlays, over the years . . . just as the Federal Trade Commission was beginning to see the light. Damn Brisk! The proper place for a price cutter is jail. Mr. Broadback reaches for the telephone and inaugurates the machinery which will either bring Brisk into line or throw him summarily out of the American Cogwheel Founders Association.

It appears that Mr. Broadback's honestly held evening opinions and his morning business behavior have little in common. He is an idealist after 6 P.M., but from 9 A.M. to 4.30 he has to decide real issues in a real world. His case is all too common. Mr. Broadback and his — shall we say? — breed are suffering from a serious attack of what anthropologists call cultural lag. Their ideas are a generation behind their tangible behavior. It makes for extraordinary confusion in Mr. Broadback's mind, and in the minds of millions of his fellow citizens. It makes the problem of clearing up the economic

mess infinitely harder. The purpose of this little essay is to try to untangle some of the confusion.

II

Not only is the current depression the most severe we have ever experienced, from many points of view, but never before has there been such general agreement that drastic steps must be taken to control the business cycle in the future. Men and women from all walks of life are willing and eager to promote such control. Millions who have never before cerebrated beyond their own front fences are now pathetically trying to grasp the essentials of national and international economics. Because of the cultural lag I have described, the only clear-cut economic philosophies presented to them are two: they can take their choice between Mr. Broadback's 8 P.M. pure competition and Mr. Redbonnet's pure state socialism. Private profit is the holy gunpowder which keeps mankind alert, inventing, progressing; the profit system must be destroyed before social progress or security is possible. The government must keep out of everything or we are doomed; the government must run everything or we are doomed.

In juxtaposition these philosophies sound absurd, and indeed are absurd, but the fact remains that both have deep, quasi-religious roots, and are capable of releasing immense stores of emotional energy. If you wantonly destroy a clay idol in the cornfield of a hill Indian in Mexico, he may do his best to kill you. We cannot sneer away these economic ideologies, these emotional symbols. But we can, without undue profanation, analyze them, and perhaps help certain agnostics who have never cherished either dogma and who are now trying terribly hard to find some economic gods in which to believe. First, let us state the opposing creeds as nakedly and briefly as possible.

Pure, free competition leaves the entire economic scene to the unfettered activity of the business man, tolerating no monopolies, no subsidies, no special privileges, no labor unions, no social legislation, no barriers whatever to the free exchange of goods. The only function of the government is to maintain order, enforce contracts, punish offenders, provide for the national defense. (Certain high priests, like Herbert Spencer, would make schools and libraries purely private enterprises.) Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, let supply and demand automatically regulate the flow of commodities from producer to consumer. Each entrepreneur working — always within the law — for the maximum profit for himself will, all unconsciously, prove a social benefactor. Private profit is a sacred thing, the engine which drives the whole community forward to freedom, happiness, and plenty.

Pure state socialism abolishes private profit altogether. It abolishes rent, interest, royalties, speculation, every form of unearned income. The government becomes the owner of the entire capital structure of the nation — land, buildings, equipment, transportation systems. It is the sole landowner, the sole employer of labor. It rents at cost and sells at cost, reserving only enough to finance necessary capital improvements. Everybody willing to work is guaranteed a job. Old age is provided for by pensions. The idle rich and the hobo pass out of the picture. Nobody is poor and nobody is wealthy. The entire product of industry passes back to those who have created it.

Pretty pictures both, and both woven of the stuff of dreams. Never

on land or sea has either obtained, and neither probably ever will obtain. If either does, the second is the better sporting chance. The Inca Empire came pretty near it once, and Russia is not a million miles away from it to-day. England between 1790 and the Reform Laws of 1832 provides us with the least remote approach to pure, free competition, and for a portrait of the happiness of that epoch I must refer you to J. L. and Barbara Hammond. It is one of the most horrendous periods through which poor old humanity has ever struggled.

No. The tangible economic facts have never fitted either of these pictures, and do not fit them by vast margins to-day, whether in the United States, Russia, Western Europe, or where you will.

What are the facts? If we can state them accurately and intelligently, it should help those not too far conditioned to understand the present crisis and thus lay the foundation for building a sounder economic future. To state them accurately and intelligently in any detail would require a considerable period of intensive research by a group of skilled social scientists. I shall attempt here only an outline of the more obvious facts, a kind of cruising survey. With your permission, I shall confine it primarily to the United States.

It is my contention that the country is broken up into great economic zones, in certain of which a corrupt competition flourishes, in others a collectivism of varying dilutions, and in still others a most unseemly hodgepodge of both. It is my contention, further, that the zones of collectivism are steadily gaining on the zones of competition. It is understood that both terms are employed in the impure sense as contrasted with the 100 per cent article described above.

III

Suppose we first run a chain and compass over the collective area. Let us define 'collectivism' as economic activity carried on, not by the entrepreneur, the private business man, but by a social group, to serve the collective ends of that group. Both governmental and non-governmental agencies are here contemplated. A farmers' coöperative association is obviously a form of collectivism, and frequently it has nothing to do with the government.

To begin with, there are two broad philosophic principles to lay down — though the first might better perhaps be called biological, and the second technological. Collectivism starts with one tremendous advantage over competition. Man is a social animal like the bee, and not a purely competitive animal like the tiger. So far as his history is known, he has always lived in groups — often small, to be sure, but genuine coöperative groups with a division of labor. He may, and does, war with other groups; individuals may, and do, compete within the group; but, failing the group, he ceases to be *Homo sapiens*. Spencer and Company sought to evade this fact, but with more enthusiasm than scientific accuracy.

Again, the terrific specialization of the machine age has greatly widened the geographic area of any given group. A handicraft village was often completely self-supporting. Without rubber, sugar, phosphates from overseas, the economic life of any town in the United States would be seriously jeopardized. Without millions of tons of foodstuffs from overseas, most of the population of England would shortly starve to death. Machine technology demands a price for the increase it brings in output per man hour. The price is technological tenuousness: what hurts one hurts all; no man can

act for himself alone; mass production demands mass consumption; a million delicate gears must mesh if food, shelter, and clothing are to be forthcoming. Only a collective supervision can keep them meshed. The machine has widened the zone of collectivism, both actually and potentially.

Now as to the specific collective zones. It was the *social legislation* of the Reform Laws which threw the first monkey wrench into the free-competition-plus-handicraft era in early Victorian England. That monkey wrench was shortly exported westward, and has been raising hob with American free competition ever since. The regulation of hours, minimum wages, child labor, the work of women in restaurants and factories, codes of safety, sanitation, occupational diseases, are not comprehended in pure, free competition at all. They constitute an unwarrantable interference with the 'natural rights' of the entrepreneur. Yet we have them by the bushel basket in every state in the Republic. All decent business men, furthermore, would be horrified if this social legislation were revoked — both humanly and in contemplation of what their less decent colleagues might do in the premises.

Social insurance, like social legislation, undermines the competitive ideal. The tendency in all countries is steadily onward, with Russia leading the procession. Workmen's compensation and accident insurance is now standard practice in the United States, universally accepted and admired. Old-age pension laws have been enacted in some fifteen states. Unemployment insurance is just around the corner; it is already operating on a voluntary basis in the men's clothing industry. Mr. Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, advocates a vast extension of this zone.

Government as employer. A great number of activities more or less economic in function are now carried on by the several governments — federal, state, and municipal. All lie completely outside the purview of pure, free competition. The bulk of them are accepted as legitimate and necessary by Mr. Broadback and everybody else. They include the carriage of mails and parcels; the public-school system, employing a million-odd teachers; public libraries, museums, galleries; public highways, bridges, ferries, airways; the operation of public lands, forests, oil reserves, parks, playgrounds; public hospitals, clinics, sanitariums, asylums, poor farms; the Alaska Railroad; the manufacture of helium; the development of waterways and the operation of tugs and barges thereon; Boulder Dam, the Hoover Dam, and the New York–St. Lawrence power project; the construction and operation of the Panama Canal; the United States Shipping Board; municipal ownership of public utilities: water supply, gas, street-car lines, subways, garbage-rendering plants, light and power companies, with excursions from time to time — not always happy, to be sure — into milk supply, Playlands, motor camps, hotels, band concerts, laundries, and even retail stores.

Government as economic regulator. In this zone, collectivism does not take the form of direct employment of labor, but lays down the rules for the business men who do the direct employing. Such a procedure is so unthinkable in a pure competition that it would make the founders of the Manchester School turn in their graves. The major rule-making bodies are the Interstate Commerce Commission; the Federal Trade Commission; the Pure Food and Drugs Division of the Department of Agriculture; the Federal Radio Commission; the Federal Power Commission;

the Federal Farm Board; the Federal Oil Conservation Board; the Federal Timber Conservation Board; the Public Health Service; state regulation of public utilities.

Government aids to business. Collectivism in this zone is well diluted, but traces are distinguishable. Pure competition scorns such activities — crutches would be, perhaps, a better term — as those of the Bureau of Standards and the untiring solicitations of the Department of Commerce in domestic and particularly in foreign fields. It would look with haughty suspicion on the avalanche of trade, market, industrial, financial statistics which the several government bureaus stand ready to release at an instant's notice to any inquiring business man. Yet thousands of business men to-day would be at a loss to carry on their enterprises without the guidance of these figures. Self-help, they have found to their cost in a complicated industrial structure, is not enough. What shall we say, too, of the policy of modern governments to protect — by armed force if need be — the private investments of their nationals abroad?

Government as banker. Into this sacred field of private enterprise the American people have inserted the Federal Reserve System, Farm Land Banks, Post Office Savings, and now propose sundry huge governmental institutions to take over, and hopefully warm up, frozen assets of all varieties. In a crisis, the government is confidently expected, by many of our leading bankers, to underwrite the private investor. This is utter heresy. According to the prophets of *laissez faire*, an economic crisis is a valuable purge which wipes out those foolish enough to invest in assets which may ultimately congeal. (I am not sure that here, at least, there is not something to be said for the Spencerian view.)

The *tariff* constitutes the most sublime example on record of public interference with private trade. Yet Mr. Broadback supports it unreservedly, and the higher the cogwheel schedules, the more cheery his countenance.

IV

So much for zones of collectivism now under government direction. Charles A. Beard has recently pointed very forcefully the paradox of some of these zones. Business men's opinion will be divided as to their usefulness, and the division will run strictly according to the usefulness in their own enterprises. Embattled groups stand solidly behind the tariff, child-labor laws, ship subsidies, the parcel post, regulation of power rates, highway construction, the public-school system, radio wave control, the Interstate Commerce Commission, or what you will. Yet the whole collection would have to be banned and ejected from a world of rugged individualism.

To their ejection most business men would demur. Perhaps one or two rare specimens can be found ready and willing to discard every vestige of the schedule. But are even these die-hards ready and willing to discard every vestige of the schedule now to follow? We pass to a consideration of non-governmental zones of collectivism.

The great corporation. This modern monster, evolved whether by internal growth (like the Ford Motor Company) or by external merging (like the General Motors Company), is an organism which transcends the contemplation of the Manchester School in at least three ways. In the first place, its sheer bulk is so vast that would-be competitors are desperately hard put to it to finance a rival organization. The free flow of new investment into those industries where profits exceed the so-

called normal becomes anything but free when half a billion dollars or so is required to establish an effective competing unit. In the second place, whatever it may be in law, the monster corporation often comes perilously close to a monopoly in fact, and thus is anathema to the theory of free competition. The United States Steel Corporation, the Aluminum Corporation of America, and the Radio Corporation, with its neat bundle of patents, may be cited as horrid examples. In the third place, the entrepreneur has been all but eliminated in favor of the absentee owners — a horde of stockholders who know nothing and care nothing about operating details, and a hired management which frequently has no personal interest in profits.

Thus the keystone of the competitive arch — the driving individual capitalist, at once owner and manager, and alert to every detail — has been thrown down. A few genuine entrepreneurs survive, but, generally speaking, such gentlemen are unknown in large-scale corporate enterprise. The transformation leads to a sad conclusion. If salaried employees can run a private power plant well, why — at the same salaries — cannot they run equally well a municipal power plant? Alas, the answer is that they can. At the present time the entrepreneur does less than 5 per cent of the manufacturing business of the country. In Illinois, individual owners employed 10 per cent of all wage earners in 1909, 7.9 per cent in 1914, 5.5 per cent in 1919. The net profits of all manufacturing corporations in 1928 were $5,280,000,000; while the profits of individual manufacturers were only $210,567,000 — about 4 per cent.

During the last decade we have heard much of the 'economy of high wages,' advanced not by reformers, but by officials of great corporations eager to promote a freer flow of purchasing power, and that mass consumption which is so vital to the smooth operation of mass production. Under strict *laissez faire* the idea of paying workmen more than the market minimum is abhorrent.

There are some seven thousand *trade associations* in the United States today, most of them busily at work undermining free competition. Mr. Broadback calls a price cutter a criminal, and then proceeds to a eulogy of 'constructive competition' — one of those ambiguous incantations so dear to the American business heart. Yet the right to cut prices is as implicit in a real competitive régime as the entrepreneur. Mr. Broadback would be nearer the truth if he termed his trade-association activity 'non-competitive competition.' To which John Stuart Mill could only cry Amen. Trade associations not only strive for price understandings, but often pool their cost-accounting practices, their industrial processes, their patents, their trade secrets, giving that aid and comfort to one another which sturdy self-help cannot allow. Service clubs, chambers of commerce, come under this head, tending to smooth over the harsher surfaces of ruthless competition.

Gentlemen's agreements. Where a formal trade association does not exist, the same collective ends are frequently served by Gary dinners, or other and less convivial forms through which minds may meet. Interlocking directorships also belong in this category.

Agreements as to restriction of output. It is difficult to pick up a newspaper without finding a story or two concerning the labors of the sugar men, the copper men, the rubber men, the petroleum men, to allocate schedules of production or markets, to the end that the impact of unrestricted competition may be rendered less destructive.

Labor unions. Some four million Americans hold union cards and endeavor, by means of their organizations, to enforce collective bargaining in respect to wages, hours, and working conditions. A labor union has no place in a competitive régime — a sentiment which will find ready echo in many business hearts, though not in all.

Producers' and consumers' coöperatives. There are some 11,000 coöperative marketing organizations among American farmers, and some 1700 coöperative societies, with a membership of 500,000, among American consumers. Here private profit has been banned in favor of mutual profit, further polluting pure competition. In Europe the movement has reached enormous proportions. Denmark, for instance, is practically a coöperative state. All signs point to a rapid development in this country during the next generation.

The above exhibits do not reflect pure collectivism, in that the several voluntary groups strive for mutual profit and welfare rather than total community welfare, but they deal sledge-hammer blows at rugged individualism and the natural rights of the entrepreneur. They occupy a point halfway on the road to socialization. Thus Mr. J. M. Keynes, the distinguished British economist, following Karl Marx, views the great corporation as an institution increasingly ripe for state control or outright ownership. He finds many parallels with the state trusts of Soviet Russia.

V

We turn now to those areas where competition is still vital and active, remembering always that cultures of collectivism are sprinkled more or less liberally over all the territory.

Competition is keen and reasonably destructive — according to the repeated testimony of the parties involved — between great *semi-collectivized commodity groups:* lumber versus bricks, candy versus cigarettes, railroads versus motor trucks, coal versus oil, natural ice versus electrical refrigeration. Meanwhile a bitter battle rages between the whole cluster of industries known as necessities and those known as luxuries — though the line which divides them is often difficult to draw. In Middletown, many families were found sacrificing warm clothing, adequate housing, even milk for the children, in favor of gasoline. This rivalry of leviathans has been called the New Competition, and is a mighty breeder of high-pressure salesmanship. It is a long distance from the tidy conceptions of Spencer, with his little factories and little stores all at each other's throats, but competition of a new and Gargantuan kind it certainly is. Nobody seems very fond of it, with the possible exception of advertising agencies.

There are some 750,000 *retail shops and stores* in the Republic, one to every thirty families, and here at last we find a zone of good Manchesterian competition. We also find an appalling death rate, and an almost astronomical rate of inefficiency and waste. Nor is the zone so pure as that which obtained before the chain store came charging into the arena, to be met by consolidation of independents into 'Naborhood Stores.' Here Herbert Spencer would perhaps heave a sigh or two, but he would at least know his way about. He would also recognize the competitive strata in the allied zone of the service trades — laundries, shoe-repair shops, tailoring shops, restaurants, hotels, filling stations, tourist houses, bootblacks, barber shops, beauty parlors, morticians.

In *wholesaling and jobbing,* competition tends to follow the old model when not too seriously diluted with trade

associations and gentlemen's agreements.

In the manufacture of *gadgets and new commodities*, rivalry tends to be more enthusiastic, more knock-down-and-drag-out, than in the manufacture of commodities more adult. Thus rayon and radio rioted through the last decade, while motor cars, after rioting a decade earlier, began to take on the merging and consolidating habits of industrial middle age. I understand that competition in the manufacture of miniature golf courses was unspeakable during the year the craze lasted — little fellows, knocking each other around. It would seem, however, that when anyone succeeds in getting real money invested in an enterprise, — say ten million dollars, — the urge in the direction of 'constructive competition' becomes well-nigh irrepressible, and mergers, trade associations, gentlemen's agreements, begin their ordered march.

Competition used to be lively among *newspapers*, but those happy days are all but gone. In many a city which once supported half a dozen dailies, — the word 'supported' may be overstrong, — the citizen now takes his choice between the *Examiner-Herald-News* or no newspaper at all. Even the book publishers, embittered individualists since time out of mind, have set up a trade association and taken to consolidation.

Banks compete after their fashion, but not to the extent they used to. Between the Federal Reserve System and the appalling growth in consolidations during the 1920's, collectivism gained by leaps and bounds. But perhaps not fast enough for the wayfaring depositor. In Canada, where banks are almost completely collectivized, no depositor, it is reported, has lost a penny through a bank failure in many years.

In the growing of *crops*, the building of *houses*, the production of *soft coal* and *petroleum*, the competitive zone is broad and strong. Yet if one were to judge the four sickest industries in the country, the winning medals would fall not far from these four breasts. Agriculture and coal have been in the dumps since the war; the Big Bull Market meant nothing to them. Last year the oil industry was so badly demoralized that 'Alfalfa Bill' Murray ordered out the state militia of Oklahoma summarily to halt free competition in the oil fields. He was acclaimed with the cheers of a grateful nation. The coal men are moving heaven and earth to amend the antitrust laws and allow the coördinated control of an industry which can produce 50 per cent more of its product than it can sell. Meanwhile empty skyscrapers, apartment houses, subdivisions, mock the fantastic optimism of those who built them. Indeed, the loudest roars for relief from overproduction and competition come from agriculture, coal, and oil, while federal subsidies are urged to bolster up frozen mortgages on real estate. In these industries competition is reasonably pure, and alarmingly unpopular.

In the learned *professions*, competition for clients is often keen, but a traditional collectivism, lodging in codes of ethics, bars upon advertising, strong professional associations, and in such terms as 'brother lawyer,' is still reasonably hardy.

VI

Thus in our preliminary survey we find that modern industrialism, because of its delicate specialization and interdependence, increasingly demands the collectivism of social control to keep its several parts from jamming. We find a government meeting that demand — unconsciously and clumsily, to be sure — by continually widening the collec-

tive sector through direct ownership, operation, and regulation of economic functions. We find industry, agriculture, and business meeting that demand by more and more schemes of voluntary collectivism — the merger, the coöperative enterprise, the trade association. We find labor meeting that demand by the trade-union — a movement static at the moment, but bound to march again. We find those zones where competition functions most freely vociferously praying for deliverance, with the exception, perhaps, of the time-honored area of the small retail store.

In brief, it is a scene to make the ghosts of Cobden, Bright, Mill, and Spencer walk at midnight. Yet one wonders whether so intelligent a man as John Stuart Mill, if he lived to-day, would not revise his philosophy to meet the demands of a new technology. The mechanical horsepower abroad in *his* world could hardly have exceeded fifty million. To-day the total stands upward of a billion and a half. One suspects that in 1932 he would renounce the doctrine which Mr. Broadback so piously and sincerely venerates.

It would be illuminating to cast up the accounts of the collective zone against the competitive; to estimate the percentage of each in terms of man power, invested capital, energy units, and share of the national income. Alas, no clean-cut line can be drawn because of the enormous amount of overlapping, and because both are so adulterated one with the other. A great retail chain obviously moves in the direction of collectivism, but any chain-store manager can tell you his competitive troubles for hours on end. I should make a wild guess, however, that at least one half of the economic activity of the country to-day is collectivized, on a very liberal definition.

During the current year, furthermore, the zone promises wide expansion through such agencies as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, government aids and subsidies to railroads, real estate, banks, public works. If there is a banker or a business man decrying the heresies of that two billions of collectivism known as the Reconstruction Corporation, I have not heard his voice. Yet heresy of the starkest variety it is. Let them go broke, says free competition, and let the fit survive.

I argue for a refinement of this preliminary survey, and a sharper etching of the zones, with edges bright enough that he who runs may read — sharp enough to give even Mr. Broadback pause above his empty demi-tasse. It is time we cured the cultural lag, ceased these silly nineteenth-century singsongs, recognized and faced the facts. Competition is doubtless a good thing — in its proper place. Where is its proper place? Collectivism is, beyond peradventure, on the march. Where is its upper limit of economic usefulness? Should we encourage voluntary collectivism or state? In what fields? Here are real problems, not a war of ghosts.

ON UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

SOME curious discoveries in what is quaintly called behavior are promised by famous research workers in mental science, both in Russia and in America. The two animals most concerned are Russian dogs and American children. Whatever the future may bring, the art of penetrating the minds of both these difficult but pleasing species has advanced a very long way within the last year or two. The rather unwholesome psychoanalysts from Austria are already left behind, though they made their own discoveries and enlarged the subject. But better results are obtained from studying upward, from the dog to the child to the man, than downward, from the perhaps oversexed adult of a corrupt aristocracy to the child and the lower mammal, or even the bird.

One attraction of this branch of science is that every dog owner and every human parent can take a part. Any of us who are in this class may help to elucidate the subject, as rediscovered by such workers as Professor Pavlov in Russia and Dr. Watson in America, without presuming to enter seriously or very philosophically into their peculiar field. Conversely, the professor can help us to see the more abstruse significance of the quaint incidents and records — from both nursery and kennel — which we delight to note and remember. All those sayings we have laughed at or admired in little children, all those symptoms of intelligence we have found (or thought we have found) in our dogs, are as lines of little lights blazing the trail to the highest and remotest peaks of animal intelligence.

To summarize, the dog piles up his knowledge almost wholly by association of ideas, especially pleasurable associations; and this comes very near to a perception of cause and effect. He can learn up to about one hundred words. He can acquire a strong artistic sense — that is, can tell fine shades of black and gray, and distinguish a very round ellipse from a circle. He can distinguish both separate notes and ranges of notes. His brain matter behaves very much as a child's, especially in shutting off attention from things that bore him by their unintelligibility, and can so concentrate on things that interest him that all the rest of his mind, and indeed his other senses, are shut down. The study of the dog's actual brain has given concrete evidence of how like it is to the mind of the child. Though soon the human mind climbs to heights that tower over the dog's attainment, its loss is permanent if it misses the perceptions proper to its doglike infancy.

A small boy, just under two years old, stood by a famous musician as he played a number of pieces, most of them from German masters, on the piano. The performance was repeated

many times on successive evenings, and the small boy was always all eyes and ears. Presently it was discovered that as the first bars were played he could give the name of the piece, though he quaintly murdered the tough German names. One day someone asked the musician what he was going to play, and before he could reply the child made answer for him — quite accurately, save for the pronunciation. It thus became apparent that though he could not read, and could scarcely speak in any full sense, he could tell by a glance at the music what notes would proceed. In this sense, and in this sense only, he could read the music. The boy was no genius in music or letters, but he possessed one gift of extreme youth in high power. He had seen a certain thing and heard a certain thing at the same time and in association; and thereafter the two were bound together. When he saw the one he heard the other; when he heard the one he saw the other.

The gift is called by philosophers the association of ideas; and on it is founded the science of memory, so far as memory has any claims to science. It is stated thus: when two things have been known together, perception of one at once suggests the other. It is a law with many little reservations, as in a delightful example given to his pupils by an old lecturer: 'When Tobias's mother sees Tobias's dog, she at once thinks of Tobias; but when Tobias's mother sees Tobias, she does not think of his dog.' The lesser, or the less interesting, is more likely to suggest the greater than the greater the less. However this may be, this law works much more promptly and effectively with children, whose associations are few, than with their muddle-headed elders, who have had traffic with the hurly-burly. May it not be that the superiority of the child in this gift, and some others like it, suggests right ways of dealing with the mind of the child, and — if children and dogs will forgive the coupling of their names — with the half-witted or those regarded as half-witted, and with various animals classed as lower.

Indeed, some of the behaviorists go as far as to affirm that even among lunatics and half-wits a great proportion are manufactured, not born. If the proper associations and juxtapositions had been made in their childhood, they would not have suffered that paralysis, or inhibition, of parts of their mind which has cut off half their wits. Most people have plenty of wits, but it is decided at an early age what proportion they will use.

II

How far do the experiences of each of us, in our own childhood or our children's childhood, fit in with the behaviorist's conclusions? For example: Two small children were staying in London in a long street where all the houses were as nearly as may be identical. Their nurse, for mere amusement, tried again and again to make them pass their proper doorway, but always in vain. They were asked how they knew which was the right door; but they looked blank at the question, and the only definite answer ever evoked was this: 'We know our little yellow beds are upstairs.' This is pure instinct — the thing that animals possess, from homing dogs to migrant birds. The swallow knows its homely eaves are just there, even when it is three thousand miles away; and the abandoned dog makes straight across country to the picture of its basket in the inglenook. (I have known a dog to travel twenty unknown miles at full speed.)

Doubtless this power springs from

accurate subtleties of observation. The little twin girls saw something or other that suggested the neighborhood of the little yellow beds. The swallow over all his miles of flight is aware of something giving him direction toward the particular muddy nest. The dog has observed the lie of the land, the points of the compass. But none of them is aware of the process, whatever it is. The inferences are instinctive, — that is, immediate, — and the end is reached without distracting thoughts about the means. Neither the child nor the dog nor the swallow knows why or how it knows.

Now this sort of instinctive power is perceptible in many of the capabilities of the young. It was the experience of a mathematical master in one of the naval colleges, to which boys are admitted at the age of thirteen, that quite a fair number could do advanced problems, though they showed no particular merit in the workaday processes of what Lewis Carroll calls 'distraction.' They could solve abstruse questions when they could not divide without errors. The boys lost this gift a little later. At a greater age they knew more, but could do less. They could divide accurately, but only arrived at the solution of a difficult problem after slow labor.

In face of such facts it is obviously our duty to inquire whether this change is natural or whether the childish power is killed by the prosaic slaving at such menial tasks as addition and division, and the higher spirit quenched, never again to be illumined. Occasionally an elder person keeps such an instinctive grasp of mathematical truth. There was a manager of one of the big daily papers who could give instantly the answer to problems that needed much working out by the most highly trained specialists. One of these greater mathematicians tested the manager, a man who had not been ruined by education, and never found his power to fail, but never discovered how the process worked. He had met with like gifts before, and came to the conclusion that you find them only among the uneducated.

In the common affairs of life we are continually coming across examples of the superior skill of the unintellectual or undeveloped mind. A well-known keeper of stock found that men of the type of 'the village idiot,' dull, half-witted loons, were often supreme in the tendance of animals. They know by a sort of instinct when any animal is the least unwell; and the animals much prefer the ministrations of the fool. It happens so frequently as to be almost the rule that an understanding of animals and a love of them appear most strongly in the least intellectual and are least strong in the most intellectual member of a family. And who shall say that this understanding in the fool is not as true a gift as that intellectuality in the highbrow?

The child's gift appears even in one domain of letters. Recent experiments in some British schools for the very young indicate that skill and pleasure in the making of rhythmic and rhymed verses are general among very small children. They write verse with considerable ease and real pleasure, and many reveal an unexpected perception of natural beauty. It is not perhaps altogether fanciful to compare this faculty with a well-established fact in animal biology. The colors and to some extent the behavior of infant animals, as well as their appearance in the embryo, are exactly those that were characteristic of their remote ancestors. The cycle of changes that their race has undergone through æons is repeated in the baby of to-day. You can trace the evolution of their race in the study of a small portion of

any single life. For example, the embryo of nearly every mammal possesses gills, quite apparent on the neck, and this is taken as plain evidence of the evolutionary maxim that the origin of life was in the water.

So again 'the modern horse recapitulates his evolution' — which means that in the embryo at one stage it shows three toes, which we know to be the characteristic of the primeval horse. Again, the color of the first hair or wool of many wild animals is the same as the adult color of their remote ancestors, though it does not survive the first month or two of life. There is no desire to labor the point. It is here recalled merely as a sort of metaphor to indicate and illustrate how far back into the nature of the human race the mind of the child may take us.

As we can trace in the infant beast the qualities of its far ancestor, so we may dimly perceive in the child, in each baby as it grows up, the evolution of the human race in intelligence, and in the chief vehicle of intelligence — literary production. Verse, as we know, came before prose, if we use the word in its full sense. A Sir Thomas Browne, a Swift, or, may one say, a Wister, comes later in time than a Homer or the author of the Book of Job. So if you compare the standard of merit in these children's verses and in their prose, the superiority is overwhelmingly on the side of the verse. Incidentally the experience at once condemns that Philistine view of poetry that it is an artificial product which sets itself all sorts of unnecessary barriers in the way of its expression of a particular meaning. The first use of language is a rhythmic exercise. Poetry is a sister of music, though it is much beside; and in its final development it may express certain classes of ideas with at least as finely chiseled precision as any prose, especially in description.

Bosomed high in tufted trees . . .

Did ever prose condense a picture more tightly? And, as for the classics, Horace could and did say in ten words what took Cicero several hundred.

The love of musical rhythm and a number of still obscure intuitions are to children what instinct is to other animals. We recognize those instincts in the dog, but forget the less observable gifts of the young whose reason has not yet taken their place, as it never completely does.

III

Many of us fail to understand dogs because we cannot realize how they read the world through scent and their still unexplained sense of orientation. It is the sense of smell — not to put too fine a point on things — that makes the dog necessarily and invariably courteous to the bitch, and it is probably the reason why any dog will bear the roughest treatment from children without rebellion. The world of birds is similarly conditioned by sight, and of insects by a sense of scent that is even acuter, and by a large margin, than the dog's. We fail to understand children (and the half-witted) for just the same reason. The senses are super-acute and the mind has not grown. We have to remember that most of the human race becomes deaf, if not blind, by the age of thirty-five, and progressively loses the power of smelling with any acuteness. It is perhaps a sign of our contempt of the senses which we cease to possess that there is no word in the language for those who cannot smell or taste, or are without a real sense of direction.

Little accidents of experience will reveal to us how infinitely superior are the senses of children. Some of them can hear a fly walk along a windowpane. I was watching a beekeeper one

day taking the honey from one of my hives, and he had brought his small son (who had a wonderful way with bees) to help him — perhaps to teach him as well as to learn from him. The boy was talking to me and had his back to his father when he said, interrupting our talk, 'Why, Father, you've been stung!' And this was the case. The boy quite certainly, as he explained when asked, had smelled the poison of the sting just as the bees quite obviously smell it. He wondered that we too had not smelled it. 'The proper study of mankind' is not 'man,' but child. The child comes 'trailing clouds of glory'; perhaps spiritual glory, but certainly the glory that is common to the whole race of living things — the glory of delighted perceptions.

It is, of course, right and proper that certain childish possessions should be dropped as the brain grows. Most plants begin with seed leaves; and, as soon as the leaves proper develop, the original seed leaves disappear and the plant is all the better for the loss. But it would be all the worse if we picked them off before they were inclined to fall; yet we are continually picking off young capacities, most of them belonging to the acute senses of childhood, in order to encourage a sort of growth that is not yet due. The great sculptor Rodin once persuaded a number of schoolmasters to discover what picture was suggested to children when the word 'boat' — to quote one of many examples — was mentioned. It was found that the word suggested to quite a large number merely the letters *b-o-a-t* — that and little more; and of those who visualized the thing, 'boat,' hardly one saw it in depth. Their powers of visualization, killed by too much reading, could do no more than evoke the picture of a flat thing of a boatlike outline.

It is possible — and a miserable thing to contemplate — that civilization, or the form of education favored by civilization, is in fact killing all sorts of artistic capacities, just as Rodin held it has half killed the sculptor. There is a deal of corroborative evidence to buttress the assertion that music is correlated with barbarism, or rather that in real musical capacity the higher civilizations of Europe and America cannot compare with aborigines — for example, the natives of South Africa. Premature and misapplied education has maimed a natural gift. The primeval hunter, as you may see in early cave and bone drawings, had a surprising gift of catching attitude. This artistic sense of his and the native's musical sense were of course developed, both in essence and in technique, till the great works were produced; and this growth in technique can never be destroyed and will be further perfected, but its soul may vanish if the native ear and eye for the true harmonies lose their intuitive nicety and insight, and that is a possibility which must be faced.

The art of printing, in a famous passage of Victor Hugo, was said by the priest of Notre Dame to have killed architecture. The arts of writing and reading, the compulsion to use reason instead of instinct, may destroy the impulse to art throughout a community. It is arguable that the cult of the discord and the jargon of the cubist are not the issue of an extended art, but the signs of lack of natural instinctive harmony. You may damage even the art of letters in this way. There is something of autobiography in almost all the best work; and again and again we discover that the best writers owe their peculiar quality to the vividness of their memory of early childhood. Now early childhood should be filled with sense impressions, and the greatest of all gifts to a grown

person is the print of those sights and sounds that belong to eyes and ears undimmed and unblurred by years and experience.

A nurse was telling some children about the early days when she was a child, and was interrupted by the youngest, who looked up and asked, 'What was the color of the floor of your nursery?' It is, of course, of vast importance to a child, who is near the ground, that this should be agreeable both in color and in texture. The floor is the foundation of his artistic training. To him it is a virtue, not a vice, to be a groundling. To color the floor agreeably is possibly a much more important influence than any abstract instruction, intellectual or even moral!

IV

In bird, dog, and child the senses matter supremely. They must visualize before they can understand. You perceive this in every act of the dog, every word of the child. A small child had been instructed by a too scientific parent in the meaning of the law of gravity, and soon after one lesson was heard talking to himself while he went downstairs laboriously. As each foot was lowered, he muttered, 'Kind gravity does that.' The professor was perhaps a little upset to hear such an adjective applied — surely for the first time! — to so stern a universal law; but a modern psychologist would be pleased. Personification is a necessary mode of thought for the very young. Every word has a quite concrete meaning with child as with dog. My terrier knows the words 'walk, mat, heel, gently, fetch, go,' and perhaps a dozen more. A child who is using a host of words is using all the more abstract terms in his own sense. He means something quite different from what his elders think he means. Ask a child what is the meaning of 'wise.' He will answer after the idiom of the small boy who explained to a smaller sister that it meant 'keeping covered up in bed.' 'Brave' means shooing a strange dog out of the garden. 'Obstinate' means, 'I could n't say what I was told to say.' 'Obedient' means 'doing what Father says when he talks loud.' The child is such an excellent parrot, since his ears are good, —

> As if his whole vocation
> Were endless imitation, —

that we fail to notice how very little he understands of what is said to him.

Infant ears are beset with a tiresome jargon not only on duty, on religion, and such wide abstractions, but on simpler forms such as goodness and naughtiness, greediness, unselfishness, and the rest of the alleged sins and virtues. A small boy who had been given two chocolates, one to consume, one to carry upstairs to his sister, was heard to say as he swallowed the second, 'Poor Pamela!' Only an older person can see the humor of the sympathetic interjection, because only he contrasts (and contrast is often the essence of humor) the virtue of the pity with the sin of the greed. The small boy really was sorry for Pamela, — she would have enjoyed her chocolate like anything, — but his own selfishness was not a concept he was as yet capable of appreciating — or regretting. If he had been punished for it, from the point of view of his own sin, he would not have understood, though emphasis on Pamela's loss might have reduced him to dust and ashes. The boy was a little like the lady in the siege of Paris (as invented by Mr. Labouchère), who, when she had finished a meal on her pet dog, swept the bones to the side of the plate and said with tears in her voice, 'How poor Fido would have enjoyed them!'

V

Many children caught in this tangle of mysterious obligations and abstractions, and feeling

> . . . the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,

suffer, in some cases to a considerable degree, from what the Austrians call repressions and complexes. The repressions are not sexual and the complexes are not terrors. Dr. Watson, the great behaviorist (if the grim word must be used), has done no greater service than in proving — for proof it is — that the human child is as nearly as may be fearless. In his babyhood he has scarcely any instinctive fear. He must be taught fear, and his first lesson in fear is usually some moral 'don't' which scares him as a savage is scared by an eclipse. Positively any accidentally inspired fear can be cured merely by simple associations, as when Dr. Watson's child, who was afraid of goldfish, came soon to like them because they were put within sight at pleasant mealtime. Almost all the repressions of which psychoanalysts have made much are caused (except in cases of sudden shock) by the infliction on delicate senses of things not understandable. The wife of an eminent British statesman was kept awake in childhood and seriously troubled for years because of the terror of the thought of the National Debt.

Few pictures of children are more pleasing than that evoked by Francis Thompson in one of his few quite simple poems, 'Ex ore infantium': —

> And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
> Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

The whole poem indicates how religion may be fitly imparted to the very young; but religious abstractions, the more deeply philosophic the worse, may do almost as much harm as the witch doctor's threats in a barbarian community. Nothing will prevent a child from visualizing and finding a concrete picture. 'Is that God?' whispered a small child to its mother as they entered a room where sat a reverend old man with white hair and a white beard. He was, in fact, a newspaper editor; and, though he perhaps deserved the implied compliment more than many, the awe he inspired was not good for the child.

An astonishing number of the stories parents record of their children are concerned in one way or another with their ludicrous reactions to untimely abstractions, especially in religion. Very earnestly, after the manner of children when they try to think, a small girl put this inquiry to her mother: 'Nature is a woman, is n't she? And God is a man? Are they a sort of husband and wife?' And when the children's hour was over and the elders were left to themselves, they first laughed and then began to discuss this very subject. Why muddle and retard the lively senses of the young with any abstractions, generalizations, concepts, and all this race of later sophistications, which drive them into troublesome thinking before their hour is come?

Very simple peasants never grow out of the childish mind in its passion for what it can see or touch. An old English laborer, waked up during a serious illness, looked round his cottage and, thinking that he had died, said with due deliberation: 'If this be Heaven, I don't think much of it, and if it's Hell it ain't so bad.' To talk theism to a mind still reliant on its sense impressions is to set up a pernicious conflict in the soul. This laborer probably did not use more than a thousand words; and real knowledge of words (those 'wise men's

counters') comes very late in the development of the individual. Words suggest to a child, as often to the peasant, a host of muddled and often frightening things; and the reading of many words by infant eyes, in alliance with the muddled and teasing ideas they convey, robs the child of its simple, instinctive perceptions and may help to destroy all sorts of powers, both of visualizing and of enjoying. Someone described education as 'the art of breaking a child's spirit.' If it is not that, it is very often the art of spoiling the spirit, slowing down 'the happy, prompt, instinctive way of youth' without substituting an equally good alternative.

VI

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? There never is a conclusion of the whole matter, but knowledge advances, and the new knowledge of rudimentary minds all goes to back up the sort of theory after which, at various dates in various countries, educational prophets have been feeling — Pestalozzi, Froebel, Montessori, Dalton, and the rest. The prime virtue of childhood is what Wordsworth called, recalling his own childhood, 'the deep power of joy,' founded almost wholly at first on the vivid harvest of the senses.

This vivid pleasure ought to color all the rest of life, providing the adult (however teased, worried, and beset) with a hearth of thought at which he may sit and warm his soul. We all know how a sound or a scent may help a vivifying fact to rise up, not necessarily in conscious memory of details: we feel again as we felt when young. Just as Pavlov's dogs welcomed the pain of a sharp prick of a needle because it was associated with the approach of a meal, we may delight in sounds that are themselves, you would think, irritating, such as church bells, or the 'damnable iteration' of the cuckoo, that immoral bird (not, like Keats's nightingale, an 'immortal bird') which filled old Wordsworth with pleasure as he stood in his wood among the Lakes:

> And I can listen to thee yet;
> Can lie upon the plain
> And listen, till I do beget
> The golden time again.
>
> O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
> Again appears to be
> An unsubstantial, faery place;
> That is fit home for Thee!

Most people perhaps lose this power to 'beget the golden time again' because it was originally golden for too brief a period. Instead of being encouraged to live the bright life of a brain which records sense impressions with delight, but is dulled and retarded by any abstraction, they are browbeaten with a number of stupid tasks that inflict a knowledge belonging to a later stage of development. Their mind, like the dog's, fights against what is foreign to it; and this fighting is actively destructive. It inhibits (blessed word!) whole sections of the brain; and may do them active damage. The act of inhibition does direct harm in itself, and at the same time narrows the proper zest of extreme youth.

No, the human seed leaves should be left on the human plant till they fall off of themselves. The whole of life should be illumined by the 'unimaginable light' in which the world is clothed for those children whose senses have free play, whose knowledge grows almost of itself by pleasant associations and attains the rhythm of a flying bird or a baby poet who 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' The prime enemy of youth may perhaps be described as prose abstractions. They probably do very much more harm than sex repressions.

WAKING OF A CITY

We fools who cannot sleep have heard it waken
So many times
We cannot count, a giant roughly shaken,
For whom no chimes
Make glad the housewife, send the man afield:
Its matin call
Is noise, the many-voiced and many-wheeled,
Where noise is all —

The growling dawn, and then the sullen roaring
From street to street,
Then human life within the hopper pouring
With hurried feet,
The crowded street cars, women hip to hip
With men unclean,
Crushed in the nauseating fellowship
Of day's machine.

Oh, I have seen the dawn above a mountain
That floods the plain,
Where life wells up, like water from a fountain,
All sweet again,
Have seen the world awaken like a child
With eyes of blue,
That stretched its arms, breathed deeply then, and smiled
That night was through.

But cities have no peaks, they have but valleys,
No verdant breast,
From restless sleep crawl out of darkened alleys
To day's unrest.
On streets stone-curbed the first gray shadows break,
And lives stone-curbed,
For at the dawning cities do not wake —
They are disturbed.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE WAR THAT IS NOT WAR

Letters from the Manchurian Border

BY NORA WALN

TIENTSIN, *Saturday, November* 14, 1931. — This is the fifty-seventh night since Japan ungloved the mailed fist in Manchuria, and the sixth since the initial outburst of guns at Tientsin. Except for infrequent sniper fire and the occasional rumble of cannon to the northwest, the night has been quiet.

As I settled into my seat at the Tientsin Gayety Theatre at nine-thirty, I found the concert hall but sparsely peopled. I knew that the seats had all been sold. Yet, in view of the barbed wire, sandbags, earth dugouts, concealed trenches, machine guns, tanks, and steel-helmeted sentries with bayonet rifles, placed not only by China and Japan, but by all the Western nations permitted by treaty to have soldiers in China, across the thoroughfares and passageways to challenge, in the name of martial law, the right of civilians to move from one place to another — in view of all this, we who succeeded in getting to the concert were a goodly number. Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians, Russians, both White and Red, Italians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Swiss, Chinese, Japanese — our cosmopolitan community was represented in the audience, with no nationality predominant. We were mostly feminine, also mostly middle-aged. Youth has faith to wait for easier conditions to attend concerts. We who have seen more of life take things as they come. Our men, for the most part, were elsewhere, their attentions entirely occupied with what was described, not as war, but as 'a delicate situation.'

Life in the Far East is social in its most formal sense. When a woman with a husband of any possible international importance comes to live in a new place, the women in residence call upon her within the first fifteen days. Custom demands that these calls be repaid promptly. Then we lunch, tea, dine, ride, swim, skate, play tennis, golf, bowls, badminton, bridge, mah jongg, and dance at each other's invitation with rotary frequence. Consequently, as I looked about me at the theatre, I knew every woman present and her husband's location on the chessboard of international relations in China. And every other woman knew the same about me and the rest of us.

We were taut with waiting for the crisis, which is harder than meeting it directly; fatigued by caring for the wounded and by duty in refugee soup kitchens; too experienced in war to have any illusions about the power of battle to settle the dispute; too well read in treaties to have any faith in the power of the League of Nations; too versed in economics to believe that disinterested idealism could now enter the arena of world politics. In short, we were an audience of women whose

national suspicion of one another was concealed behind courteous bows and smiles.

The auditorium lights went out; the stage lights went on. Jascha Heifetz walked forward. He lifted his violin and settled it with care. He raised his bow. The first number listed on the programme was the *Allegro molto ed appassionato* of Grieg's sonata for the piano and violin in C minor. My ears strained for the opening note, but it did not come. Heifetz had sensed the unnatural tension that gripped his audience. He lifted his head and stood for a moment like some startled, sensitive creature of the woods. He put down his instrument, stepped back, and half turned to Isidor Achron at the piano. After a long pause he advanced resolutely to the footlights again and began to play — not the advertised programme, but a divine idealism which he seemed to summon forth, not from the strings of his violin, but from our own taut nerves.

Hour after hour far into the night, without rest and without applause, he flung his spirit out to succor us. When the stage lights went off and the auditorium lights went on again, we were no longer scattered over the hall. We had crept in close together. We were women with wet eyes, clinging to each other's hands. We could not answer him, so we slipped away. My exit was blocked by two neighbors who stood in my aisle — one Chinese, one Japanese, both the wives of generals. They were staring into each other's faces. Tears ran unheeded over the careful make-up of each countenance.

I made my two miles home through passages empty except for the tools of war and other women who, like me, were scuttling home from the concert. I was challenged at frequent intervals by sentries . . . sentries with pointed bayonets stationed twelve abreast across what was formerly Kaiser Wilhelm Street and is now called Woodrow Wilson Street . . . sentries of different nationalities, most of them courteous, many quite young, each somebody's husband or sweetheart or son. All looked so tired and cold that every time I met one I wished I had a magic pot of hot coffee so that I could give him a warming drink. Dawn was painting the sky as I pounded for admittance on the stout barred gates set in the high stone wall around my residence.

Lui the Elder, our gateman, let me in. He said: 'Guns have roared in the direction where the South Horse Road runs northwest of the Japanese Concession. Cook sat with me until an hour ago. Then he went to rescue his grandmother. I know that the master ordered that none of our household should go outside the home wall, but you went to the concert. Cook had been alarmed about this neighborhood for many weeks; too many officials live near here to make it safe for his grandmother. So this morning he took her to the house of his maternal aunt, up the South Horse Road. Now some are certainly dead and others cruelly injured there. Cook knows that he made a mistake in sending her to that quarter, but it is difficult to choose a safe location, because, although the wind has fallen, the waves have not yet settled.'

TIENTSIN, *November* 15. — Long before my serving woman, Bald-the-third, brought my morning coffee I heard my daughter telephoning. She dialed number after number in steady succession, reassuring herself in English, French, German, or Chinese that her friends had come safely through the night.

'Everyone in my world is splendid to-day,' she said later as she perched on my bed, ready to pilfer sugar from my

tray; and I did not tell her that Cook and his grandmother were outside the home wall.

She chattered away merrily, telling me all the news she had gleaned from her telephone conversations. 'Yvonne was so comic about the antics of their grumpy fat cook, who is compelled to make breakfast on charcoal braziers because a shell cut their kitchen stove to bits last night. . . . Another shell went through the west wall of Mr. Jannings's office, but Gunrun says that although it whizzed right over the head of their night watchman, Ling, who is still in a panic, it did not even scratch the picture of her Uncle Emil, hanging on the north wall. . . . Bullets danced in the garden of the Methodist Mission last night, but did no damage except to plough up the surface of a tennis court. . . . Yueh Mai-lei wants me to come to her home this morning. I may go, may n't I? Daddy could drop me there; he has to go to his office, so Chang told me. Oh, thanks, Muggles. I'm so glad that you are n't a stupid. Mai-lei's Family Elder is *such* a stupid. He has said that she may not visit anyone until all the guns are muzzled and all the soldiers of all nationalities have gone away. She is bored to death.'

Chang, our house steward, came into the room accompanied by Bald-the-third. He carried before him a dull green lacquer bowl filled with gorgeous single-petaled red roses. Bald helped him to place and arrange them beside my pillows. I knew by these tactics that they had agreed to cajole me into doing something. My daughter's presence kept them from making any request, but I guessed that they were hatching some scheme for getting Cook and his grandmother home. I was certain of this when my daughter asked about Cook, who is one of her favorites, and Chang replied: 'Certainly, Small Girl, I will give your greetings to Cook. He is in the kitchen now, preparing a good breakfast.' To the Chinese conscience, it is worse to hurt a child than to tell a lie.

Below my window the morning hot-cake vendor strolled along the Tung-chow Road, balancing his griddle stove on a bamboo pole over his left shoulder and chanting a falsetto that floated up to me over my home wall: —

'Eat good cakes!
Wear a warm coat!
Possess ten dollars!

'I bake nice cakes.
Japan gives to each Chinese rebel
a long, warm coat and a rifle.
Mayor Chang Hsueh-ming promises
to men who surrender the rifle
pardon and ten silver dollars.

'Eat good cakes!
Wear a warm coat!
Jingle ten moon dollars!'

My husband came to say good-morning, saw the roses, and said, 'Do try to keep out of mischief!' When he had driven off, taking Small Girl to the Yueh homestead on the way to his office, Bald-the-third told me that Cook had telephoned from the pawnshop-with-the-green-glass-windows-on-the-South-Horse-Road, fifteen li to the northwest. He had his grandmother safe, but was unable to get back with her through the barricades which he had passed alone in the night. Bald-the-third has been my mentor all my days in China, dating back before my marriage; she suggested that the way to get them home was for me to drive out in a car and fetch them, since I could get through where nobody else could. I responded to this flattery by agreeing to try.

When I came downstairs, my 'house helpers,' with their wives and children, were grouped in the entrance hall as their etiquette requires. The doors

were open, and my car stood ready in the driveway. But before I could pass out I had to wait until each person had kotowed three times and they had said in unison, *'Ch'u ju p'ing an!'* (May you go and return to us in peace!)

There is a Chinese proverb which says, 'If one makes one's self friendly wherever one travels, where can one travel and not find a friend?' Although it took time, my zigzag across the First Special Area of Tientsin and up the South Horse Road to the pawnshop was not arduous. In front of the Mayor's residence, where an important conference was in session, I was halted by four tall men in smart police uniforms of black and white. But as soon as I made them understand that I was en route to rescue Chou, their friend and my cook, and Grandmother Chou, they apologized for delaying me and sent me forward with 'May the star of good luck shine on your errand!'

American soldiers of the Fifteenth Infantry, assigned by Colonel Taylor to help keep peace in the First Special Area, were encamped in brown tents in the woods by the River Road. A delicious odor of baking beans came from the canteen wagon, and around it was gathered an assembly of Chinese, American, and German boys.

At the entrance to the British Concession, Chinese in luxurious automobiles, in hired taxis, in horse carriages, in rickshas, and on foot, with their cherished possessions in trucks, wagons, and packs carried by servants or on their own backs, waited for permission to be admitted and dwell under British protection. Similar refugees petitioned for entry at the border of the French Concession. A Chinese friend, whom I met at the foot of the International Bridge, informed me that across the river on the borders of the Italian Concession every road of approach was blocked by queues of country folk a mile long, all frightened to remain in their homes in Chinese territory. At the barricades of the Japanese Concession bewildered refugees were petitioning to get in, and others, equally bewildered, were clamoring to get out.

Through the Japanese Concession I had to drive with extreme caution. Innumerable trucks loaded with coils of barbed wire, machine guns, sandbags, and soldiers tore through the streets like fire engines, except that they did not sound any horns. I saw no other wheeled traffic. On the sidewalks there were a few pedestrians, both Chinese and Japanese, and all the shops were open. The Japanese soldiers in the outer barricades on the Chinese border were very friendly. They showed me their dugout under a wall of sandbags. It was well designed and quite comfortable. It was furnished with a table and some books, and tacked to the canvas sacking with which the dugout was neatly lined there was a lovely picture of a robin nesting in the branch of a blossoming cherry tree.

Martial law was lifted in the Chinese city from ten until one o'clock that day so that people could go out and buy food. Consequently I had no difficulty in my passage through the streets of the native quarter. The pawnshop-with-the-green-glass-windows is well known, and kindly people helped me to find it. I arrived just before twelve — to discover that Cook and his grandmother had gone. The pawnshop keeper was sympathetic. He said that they had been there waiting for me and had disappeared only a few minutes before my arrival; perhaps they had gone out to buy food and would soon return. He made fresh tea for me, and insisted that I looked tired and must eat some noodles with it.

After half an hour I telephoned home.

Chang had spoken with Cook at eleven o'clock. He said that at that time Cook had certainly intended to wait for me, but had been anxious concerning my whereabouts and worried because martial law would close down again at one. I waited until ten minutes to one, when I felt compelled to set out on the return journey. The pawnshop keeper ran after me by short-cut passages and, climbing on to my running board, whispered that Cook, when last seen, was wearing a postman's uniform.

The wait had made me nervous about the Japanese army trucks, so I went home by a devious route, which took me over some dirt roads and across some fields. I came through without incident.

There was no one on duty at my home gates, but I was able to unbar the Honan Road gate from the outside. There was no one in the garden, no one at the garage. I entered my house quietly through the kitchen court. The cook-room door stood open. There, his back to me, was Cook, making pastry. He was dressed in his usual spick-and-span grass-cloth overalls and cap. His little grandmother was enthroned in her own cushioned chair by the west window. She had been carried home, as I learned later, in a mail bag. Her sleek appearance betrayed no signs of her discomforting journey. Her hair was brushed to a glossy black shine, and she wore a tight bouquet of winter violets in her nape-knot. There she sat in her trimly tailored coat and trousers of blue nankeen and her three-inch satin slippers embroidered with lavender and gold butterflies. About her, sitting cross-legged on tables, chairs, and on the floor, were assembled as many people as could crowd into the spacious kitchen. There were my daughter, the household helpers with their wives and children, the gateman, the gardener, the night watchman, together with *their* wives and children, Mayor Chang Hsueh-ming's cook and his son, two policemen off duty, a hot-bath vendor, and an itinerant tinker. To this company the little grandmother was relating the epic of her night on the battle front.

TIENTSIN, *November* 20. — To-day I witnessed a 'long winter coat' incident. Ever since the beginning of trouble here the Rotarians and the Chambers of Commerce have been trying to convince the military authorities that martial law not only was imposing terrible hardships on the populace but was also bankrupting big business, so on the seventeenth it was announced that martial law would be lifted for five hours daily. To-day I took advantage of the new edict to go shopping in the southwestern part of the Chinese city, at Hsi Kung Kai. The writing-paper shopkeeper was just bidding me the usual courteous farewell in his doorway when he suddenly whispered, 'Look to the north!'

Twenty men in long new winter coats filed solemnly out of an alley into the crowded street. They held rifles at arm's length above their heads and shot them off into the sky. There was an immediate panic and the police started shooting. On the pavement near us two pedestrians — a woman and a child — fell with blood staining their clothes. They were carried into the shop, where I helped to dress their wounds. The news spread that we knew how to stop blood, and a policeman with a bullet in his leg was brought to us. The capable wife of the shopkeeper supplied cloth for bandages, kept the clerks boiling water, made beds on the counters for the wounded, and with cups of green tea quieted the frightened folk who crowded in for safety.

The disturbance occurred just after

noon. Martial law was immediately declared, the streets cleared, traffic closed. We could not move until three o'clock, when police criers announced that martial law would be lifted for one hour to permit people to get to their proper places.

At Peking, two young Chinese captured wearing long new winter coats and possessing Japanese rifles made a public confession that they were of a party of fifty hired at one dollar a day just to shoot off guns into the air to start riots similar to those which have been almost a daily occurrence at Tientsin. They were beheaded at the Temple of Heaven. At Tientsin, executions of the same kind were staged publicly each morning after the first five nights of disturbances. The Bund was selected as the place at which the example would be visible to the largest number of people, and on each occasion from nine to twelve men in long winter coats were beheaded with a large sword. Blood soaked into the paving stones and left a dull red scar.

Neither the newspapers nor the regular posters for government edicts have published any notice that Mayor Chang Hsueh-ming would pardon men who surrendered Japanese rifles, permit them to keep their winter coats, and reward them with ten dollars. But vendors, minstrels, ricksha runners, men hitched to carts, and strolling street actors chant the news on every hand. And in shops I have frequently met folk spending what they said was 'the Mayor's reward.'

Nightly, and sometimes during the day, I continue to hear the snap-snap of rifle fire, followed by the explosion of trench mortars and lighter artillery. Usually it comes from the point where the Japanese Concession borders on the Chinese city. Each day the press reports fresh incidents begun by the 'long coats.' When shells have exploded in the French, British, and Italian Concessions, the Occidental soldiers have not responded; but when they have fallen in the Japanese Concession the Japanese have replied with fifteen minutes or half an hour of bombardment directed against the Chinese city.

One night the Japanese shells riddled the Public Safety Office and other buildings of the Chinese local government, so that since then all Chinese government business has had to be conducted at the Mayor's private residence. Scores of people were killed and injured. The Empress of Japan sent bandages made by her own hands for the Japanese wounded. The Chinese Red Cross Society nursed and doctored the Chinese wounded. Hundreds of the populace, unable to gain admittance to the Occidental Concessions, have left their homes and shops, and are now camped far out in the fields despite the bitter weather.

The National Government at Nanking has lodged a protest with the Japanese Minister blaming the Japanese for the disturbances at Tientsin. The Japanese Minister has lodged a protest with the National Government at Nanking blaming the Chinese for the disturbances at Tientsin.

TIENTSIN, *December* 1. — Notices written in Chinese and signed 'Lieutenant-General Kashii, Commander in Chief of the Japanese Troops at Tientsin,' have been tacked up at frequent intervals on the outer side of the barricades embracing the Japanese Concession. The notices read: 'The Chinese, without expressing any thankfulness for our cordial friendship and not listening to our kindly advice, have been shooting at us day and night. Our answer is that we hereby declare our Tientsin Concession a district of siege by Martial Law.'

The Japanese Consulate has also suggested to the consuls of Western

nations that they will be wise to bring all their Christian missionaries in from Chinese territory.

December 2. — Tientsin is quiet. Following a conference with the Japanese Commander, Mayor Chang Hsueh-ming has issued a proclamation stating that the menace of the 'long winter coats' has been suppressed, and urging the merchants, the populace, and the gentry to resume their normal activities.

December 13. — President Chiang Kai-shek has announced his retirement in a circular telegram in which he states that during the years since he first assumed the Chairmanship of the National Government he has striven to carry out the teachings of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, but has met with such failure, as a result of repeated party disloyalty and civil war, that he has come to the conclusion that he is incapable of uniting his country. Unless he has unity behind him, he says, he knows of no means by which to resist foreign aggression, and foreign aggression is fast making China a vassal state. So, since the Canton leaders, especially Hu Han-Min, think they can do better, he is finished, and will only wait at Nanking until the next President comes forward to take the seal.

December 24. — A party of twenty-four Japanese soldiers and three officers toured the city and the suburbs of Tientsin to-day, starting at seven-thirty in the morning and continuing until nine in the evening. They were followed through their investigation by another party of ten soldiers, two officers, and three civilians on bicycles, who asked even more questions and peered into more doorways than the advance group. Housewives in three sections threw scalding water out at them. Both expeditions gave special attention to the Manshih district, the Hei Wen Academy, and the Nankai Girls' Middle School. The Mayor protested to the Japanese Consulate, which replied that the tour was entirely educational and no offense was intended.

December 29. — Ever since the first of the month, when the Commander in Chief of Japanese troops at Tientsin posted the notice declaring the Japanese Concession a district of siege, from twenty to thirty Japanese men in civilian garb have arrived each day by passenger trains from beyond the Great Wall. I sent a servant to meet each train and count them. Soon there were so many photographing life at Tientsin and writing in little notebooks that I could not take a five-minute walk in any direction without encountering one of them. They are very polite. They have evidently tried to avoid disturbing the Chinese people, but their very presence is a source of constant irritation.

Yesterday the Japanese Commander and the Japanese Consul separately informed the Mayor of Tientsin that, beginning to-day, Japanese troops will undertake sham battles daily for a week. The streets are deserted to-day, all homestead gates closed. There are no curious Chinese out to observe the Japanese in sham battle.

NANKING, *January* 4, 1932. — Just after New Year's Day my daughter and I came to visit friends at Nanking. We traveled from Tientsin by the *wagon-lits* carriage on the Pukow express. Chinese soldiers, wearing the colors of three different military governors, boarded the train and searched many passengers at several stops during our two-day journey, but we were not bothered. The soldiers ran their hands down over the bodies of the men, women, and children whom they chose to examine, and ripped luggage open with their bayonets if the owners were at all slow in untying covers or turning

locks. Any weapons discovered were taken — nothing else.

We found Nanking as quiet as a city of the dead. The change of government had given rise to tension and fear. Both the common people and the gentry in China are docile under any government as soon as they know the regulations; in times of uncertainty they withdraw behind their homestead walls and barricade their gates. The roads, the markets, the parks, and the temples were empty. Shops were shuttered. In ordinary times, even if homestead gates are closed, children's voices, folk songs, and the occasional sound of shrill family squabbles drift over the walls. But now Nanking is hushed and silent.

I had one walk along the top of the city wall and took my child to see the tomb of Sun Yat-sen, but my friends were apprehensive, saying that it was dangerous to venture outside their gate. At Sun Yat-sen's tomb on Purple Mountain the silver wreath presented by the Japanese Emperor in 1928 had been removed.

SHANGHAI, *January* 7. — My Chinese friends in this city speak more often about the empty government offices at Nanking than about Japan. Those whom I know among the deposed officials and their wives keep themselves occupied reading the classics or modern novels, attending to commercial business, embroidering slippers, teaching the poor to read and count, playing mah jongg and bridge, shopping and dancing and riding. The newly appointed government officials are doing the same.

The Yangtze is filling up with the warships of Western nations. In Occidental homes I hear the fear expressed that Japan will next strike at China through Shanghai, but in Chinese homes I am scoffed at whenever I mention such a possibility. 'Japan has no concern with this part of China,' they say. The Chinese show no signs of making defensive preparations against such a move by Japan.

YOKOHAMA, *January* 2. — Four days ago we came to Japan en route to America. As always, I was surprised anew by the unbelievable storybook charm of this country, the exquisite arrangement of every detail in town and countryside, the restrained use of bright splashes of color; and I was reenchanted by the people.

In contrast to Shanghai, I find that in Kobe, in Tokyo, in Yokohama, it is commonly believed that China and Japan are on the eve of open war. In every home where I have visited, a father, a husband, or a son has been notified to be ready to go forth to right Japan's wrongs. Much as it is regretted, the opinion is all but universal here that if the anti-Japanese boycott is to be stopped, if decent treatment for Japanese people residing in China is to be secured, if China is to be brought to fulfill her treaty obligations, Japan will have to secure the attention of the Chinese National officials by striking at that country through Shanghai, its strategic economic centre. Everywhere I see women knitting and stitching with sad courage to make their men ready.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 17. — We arrived here yesterday after stopping off at Denver on our way East. I found two letters waiting for me. One is from Tokyo, the other from Shanghai. Both are from dear friends whom I have loved since girlhood. All three of us were married in the same month. Each letter contains but one sentence: 'My husband fell at Chapei.' Both men were educated in the United States. Each took honors in political economy at one of our universities.

SWEETS FOR SQUIRRELS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

THE sap knows nothing of depression. Our March weather, warm while the sun is up, freezing hard at night, is ideal for its run, and some of my neighbors who make syrup are busy. But nobody taps my trees except the red squirrels and an occasional sapsucker. The sapsucker is a greedy fellow, who gets positively drunk on maple juice. I have seen one on a large sugar tree in such a befuddled condition that the best he could do was to cling to the bark and crawl around and around the trunk, while I pursued him till I was even dizzier than he and had to give up the attempt to lay hands on him. But the squirrels carry their liquor better.

I have a considerable sugar bush, some of it consisting of small saplings growing thickly along the edge of a swamp. To-day I walked through this stand and noted the great number of squirrel marks on the young trees. In every case there were two small, triangular bits of the tender outer bark lifted from the apex, but not disengaged at the base. The two bases faced each other, about a third of an inch apart, and of course the tiny triangles were on a horizontal. In every case one nip (whether made with the upper or lower jaw I cannot say, as I have n't yet caught a squirrel in the act close enough to observe) is shallow, and does not bleed. The other cuts deep enough to penetrate the cambium layer and bring forth a small flow of sap. The animal must taste a drop and then move on, for there were hundreds of teeth marks in my little trees, though the number of squirrels is small. In some cases there would be half a dozen nips on one sapling, starting a couple of feet from the ground and recurring every foot or so. I examined a great many saplings, and found innumerable scars from previous years. Of course, after the tree attains some size and its bark ridges, they disappear.

In the larger trees the squirrels run out on horizontal limbs till the diameter is small enough to enable them to nip, and then they bite, on the top side. As I walked toward the house I noticed one large maple which glistened between me and the low afternoon sun like a crystal chandelier. Its outer branches were festooned with little icicles four or five inches long, each one, of course, made by the slow drip of sap from a squirrel bite. It had not been warm enough to-day to melt them off; indeed, it was even now freezing. But the March sun kept enough sap running to build them larger by the hour.

Reaching up, I broke off one of these icicles, first bending down the branch to make sure of its origin. I put it in my mouth and sucked it. It was smooth and cold and faintly sweet, but had no particular flavor of maple. What taste it had was of bark. It cer-

tainly would not satisfy a human with what our parents called 'a sweet tooth.' But to the squirrels it is evidently a greatly relished luxury.

The woodchucks had been out to-day, also. Since my dog died, they have become a nuisance, for I lack his persistence in pursuit of them. They had worked themselves out of their burrows, though the ground is frozen, and in some cases had actually made fresh holes. And they had gone from door to door of their house systems over the lingering snow, making little packed paths yellowed with the dirt from their feet and bellies. Some of them had wandered off, too, perhaps in search of a bit of spring green, leaving paw marks on the snow. Here and there they had nibbled at the bark of small trees, and of course had picked out, in every case, trees I wished to preserve. They are perverse beasts. One with a passion for violets got into my rock garden last year. He troubled nothing else, but, as fast as a violet plant developed buds, off he sheared them as with a pair of scissors. However, I felt rather sorry for the chucks to-day. Here they have been snugly asleep all winter, and they wake up at the appointed time to find that the season is foolishly belated. They emerge, hungry, into a frozen world, and find only snow where there should be tender grass spears or clover tips poking from the ground.

II

But I did not go out into the sugar bush intentionally to observe either squirrels or woodchucks. I went out to work on a trail I am building, along a series of limestone ledges which constitute my natural rock garden. Two of my friends, apparently unaffected by the depression, are in Bermuda playing golf. Another is at Virginia Hot Springs indulging in the same pastime. They don't like our Northern March storms and mud, and they do like golf. I like golf myself. I had watched them depart with some wistfulness, and smiled crookedly at their entreaties to 'come along.'

But as I worked on my ledges to-day my thoughts took quite another turn. Here is a steep incline of mossy limestone, perhaps eight feet high, and below it a very steep bank plunging down to an old stone wall and open pasture. It is shadowed by large maples and white ash trees. Down from the top hung festoons of wild grape and bittersweet, which also climbed to the tops of the trees and were choking the leaders to death. On the bank below grew a tangle of vines and chokecherries. Probably nobody had paid any attention to this rough corner of the farm for fifty years. But the slab of mossy limestone was literally covered with walking fern, the lovely plants, with their starfish forms, still palely green after the winter, and making a hundred dainty patterns. I worked steadily, in the solitude, pulling the vines off the rock and down out of the trees. (Did you ever try to pull a fifty-foot wild grape out of a tree? It clings with the thousand-fingered persistence of an octopus.) Then I hacked away at the chokecherries which obstructed the bank and half hid the ferns from view. Finally I hewed out the frozen earth just below the ledge with a mattock, and toiled down and up, down and up, fetching rocks from the old wall, till I had made a narrow but level footpath on the transverse of the bank below my rock garden, so in future I can walk comfortably along it and survey the ferns.

And as I toiled my mind was functioning in that half-aimless fashion the mind always follows when the hands are busy. Golf — Bermuda — Virginia Hot Springs — men in locker rooms

drinking and swapping alibis for a missed putt or a sliced drive — evening clothes — bridge — 'What shall we do to-morrow?' — presently a considerable bill to pay. Golf — a silly game, really. Well, where does it get you? Over and over the same piece of ground, which has been tortured by excavations out of all semblance to a landscape, hitting a ball. The ball leaves no track in the air, no trace on the ground. When you have hit it from seventy-five to one hundred and ten times, according to your skill, you go into the locker room and talk about it. If you are on a vacation, you probably talk about it most of the evening. But the shell-shot land over which you have been tramping is no different; you have added nothing to it, subtracted nothing from it. The sea winds whistle over it, or the shadows come down from the Blue Ridge, while it awaits the morrow's pursuit of phantoms by these strange forked radishes in trousers.

I tugged viciously at a grapevine which was strangling a young maple. The tree bent, I strained; suddenly the tendrils loosed their hold, and I sat abruptly down, coiled in red-brown tentacles. The tree snapped upright again, and its freed top pointed triumphantly skyward. I looked at it, and then at the opening above it, toward which it aspired. In ten years, twenty years, it will reach up forty, sixty feet, and spread its green top to fill that opening! I had given it life by that lusty tug. My vision saw it a forest-straight and green-topped thing of beauty, shadowing my fern garden. And I knew I was better employed than if I had been playing golf.

Presently I walked along the little trail I had built at the base of the ledge. Not all of the ledge is draped with walking fern. Much of it, indeed, bears only moss and lichens. I studied it for pockets. Yes, there were many, little cracks or water pits which can be filled with earth and have in each a maidenhair or ebony spleenwort planted. There are tiny ledges, too, for nodding columbine and bluebells. Larger ferns can be planted along my foot trail and against the base of the ledge. Woodland shrubs and flowers can be set in where I removed the chokecherry. I shall have to keep right after the chokecherry and the bittersweet and the wild grape for two or three years, probably, before I discourage them. But in time I shall have here, on this steep ledge overhung with the shadow of great trees, a natural rock garden of dainty charm, a spot of secluded loveliness.

I looked out through the naked trees, across the field and the road, and up the wall of the mountain where the birches were stippled in gray and lavender on the steep white wall — for in the mountain woods the snow still lies deep. A man, I thought, would be captious indeed who asked for a fairer prospect. The sky, to be sure, was gray and cold. There was no Caribbean blue, no turquoise sea. But we shall have blue skies, as blue as any, and pink apple blossoms, soon. Which reminded me that I must, before dark, bring in a few apple logs from the old tree which blew down this winter, for the evening fires. There will be no bridge while they blaze, and no hotel orchestra blaring jazz. Talk, plans for the garden, maybe a little Mozart on the piano, or Sullivan, or Bach, a book, work.

III

It was at this point that I saw the crystal-spangled tree, and tasted the faintly sweet icicle. As such old, familiar sensations will, this one brought back my boyhood. I thought of a pleasant Yankee land without motor cars, when it was an adventure

to go to the next town. And the next town was not like your town. It had an individuality of its own. If you took a ten-mile walk, you had traveled in foreign parts. There was no radio. You took your tooth powder on faith, and Father played 'The Mikado' on the piano while you and the neighbors' children stood in a half circle around him and bellowed lustily of the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la. Life had certain grim realities, too, one of which was a bucksaw. So many sticks to buck up, or you could n't go coasting! And you made your 'double-runner' (now called a bobsled, and degraded to international competition) yourself, for most households then were manual-training schools, to the great benefit of the younger generation and the tax rate.

I found no pathos in this distance. They were happy days, and happy to remember. The squirrel runs out on a maple twig and satisfies his desire for sweets by a nip of the teeth. We boys wanted sweets, and we bored a hole in the tree and boiled the sap on the stove; or we wanted adventure and we ran logs on the mill pond or hiked to the next town through the woods; or we wanted sport and we cut hockey sticks out of bent hickory saplings or built a double-runner. Shall I bemoan the fate of the poor little sons of the erstwhile rich, whose fathers have suddenly lost their incomes and can no longer be drawn upon *ad libitum* for runabouts, outboard motors, imported skis, and tuxedos? Or shall I pity the fathers who (like me) cannot get to Bermuda for their March golf? Is it to be superior to the squirrel to have habits and desires only satisfied by a great expenditure of money and a complicated organization of society which requires hundreds to work for us? Is man so great if that is his superiority? The ants and bees can organize a complicated society, perhaps better than we. But neither ants nor bees nor squirrels can plant a tree deliberately to compose into a landscape; they cannot savor beauty, or create new forms of it out of their consciousness, or from their surroundings and from their spirit conjure pictures and ideas which bring happiness. How little income has to do with these things; how close they are to the physical simplicities of life; how little dependent on those artificial aids to living and to time killing which have become in latter years the gods of our idolatry!

There was a young man at the house the other day, a poet. He has published but one slender volume, and that dropped silently into the restless sea of new books, though it had the merits of delicate observation of Nature and genuine feeling. But this is a tough age for poets — 'hard-boiled' I think is the word. He had walked over to see me, a matter of ten miles. Once that would n't have surprised me in the least. I often walked twenty or thirty miles in a day, at his age. But now I found myself amazed. Of course, he has no car, and no money to buy one. But he is no more unhappy about that than about the public indifference to his poems.

He has bought a little strip of land up in the hills, and a tiny barn, or rather a shed. The shed he moved to this land, piece by piece, and reërected it, sheathing it against the weather. He installed a stove, a bed, a table, and a chair or two. He has a spring. Now and then he works on a wood job, or for a farmer who is short-handed, and earns enough to buy food, oil, what few clothes he needs, and plenty of white paper and a few books. Behind his house are the woods and mountains. He is quite content. He is n't imitating Thoreau. He is simply the same sort of solitary, drawing his nourishment from

the simplicities of Nature. When he sits in my study, and we talk of night sounds, and winter colors, and the long tramps the pheasants take, or discuss poetry, I am always a little ashamed of the litter of possessions which surround me — books, prints, tobacco jars, Dresden figures, overstuffed chairs, telephones, golf clubs, mirrors, goodness knows what all, accumulated to minister to the supposed needs of one unimportant human being who can hardly be considered an individual unless he can stand alone, free of such truck, and find his happiness in the creative power of his spirit, or, at the very least, of his own two hands.

'He lives in that little shack, and vegetates,' somebody said scornfully of this poet. 'He does n't ever work more than a week at a time.' They said the same of Thoreau. Our national creed, perhaps, has not greatly changed at bottom. 'Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind,' said Thoreau's most eminent neighbor, who also was a bit strange to his generation, though he lived normally, in a handsome house, and 'kept his fences up.' Until at last we announced it as our world destiny to provide all men with such material comforts as they had never known before, with motor cars and radios and tiled bathrooms and silk stockings and fur coats and drama shipped in cans and macadam highways to each door and 'hot dogs' procurable every fifty feet and stocks that would make you rich overnight and 'higher education,' and what have you, as the boys say. To be without all these things was to be almost a pariah. Not to want them was to be a freak. We organized ourselves into a vast society to produce them, entirely based for its stability on our desire and ability to consume them.

Then something went wrong.

I wish it were the desire to consume them which had suddenly vanished, but such is not the case. It is merely the ability to pay for them which has departed. And blithely we chirrup that all will be well again when that ability is restored. Why will it? Why shall we not begin the same old round again, moving toward the same conclusion? My poet does not work, except as necessity compels, and he is therefore looked upon with suspicion and contempt, as though there were some sin in possessing few physical desires and a strong spiritual desire only to be satisfied by leisure and contemplation.

A man who leases a piece of city ground, and subleases it at a large profit to somebody who erects a skyscraper thereon, is regarded as a busy and enterprising fellow. All he has done is to raise the rents of a thousand tenants. A stockbroker bellows in the Exchange as he buys and sells on margin, trying to make money for himself or others by the lottery route. He works hard. But to what end? He has created nothing. Life could conceivably go on exactly as well, or perhaps better, without him. A manufacturer 'puts out' something which nobody is conscious of particularly needing or even wanting, or which is no better or worse than a dozen other products of the same kind. So he advertises. He lines the highways with billboards; he sends forth sales talks on the ether, to boom into a million sitting rooms; he makes us 'conscious' of his product, and thus creates a demand. As the demand for his product generally has to mean the slackening of demand for somebody else's product, the final gain to the community is somewhat difficult for the ordinary mind to discover. But he unquestionably works. Therefore he is admirable. It is the creed. If his product is a novelty, he has, of course, added one more physical 'necessity' to complicate our desires; one

more Thing has climbed into the saddle. Such a novelty was the automobile. The resultant complications in our life are staggering.

IV

Is there no way out of our dilemma but to emulate the squirrel, or the poet, and be content with simple sweets? At least it is a way which has its rewards. To rediscover the world of simplicities, the joy of creating with one's own hands, the profound satisfactions of expressing an inner sense of beauty through the manipulation of visible forms, — trees, plants, paints, notes of music, or what not, — the relief of a slackened quest for Things, is to rediscover, perhaps, one's self. Barring, of course, a condition of definite physical privation and lack of the means of sustenance, which no civilized society can long tolerate, it is impossible for some of us to look with any profound grief on depression, even our own, on the condition of people who have to give up their chauffeur, or cannot turn in the old car for a new one, or have to forgo the usual trip to White Sulphur, or reduce movie-going to once a week, or wear woolens instead of fur. I cannot weep for the schoolboy who cries in vain for a coonskin coat, or for the wife who is forced to forgo bridge for domestic science.

It is too obvious that our boasted standard of living has meant largely the possession of Things, in the Emersonian sense, which in themselves are of no real value, and in the uses to which we have put them have added little or nothing to the sum total of rational human progress. Rather have they got in the way of the spirit, and stifled man's spiritual self-expression. So if depression, after an adjustment which gives to the toiling millions (who never, after all, reached very deep down into this grab bag of material blessings) a chance for self-support, leaves us less enthusiastic to scramble for possessions, less hag-ridden by Things, a little shaken in our conviction that simple leisure is abominable *per se*, and work, *per se*, always admirable, I for one shall rejoice.

But I'm not overly hopeful.

To-night the sun set behind the mountain without display. A cool green lay around the horizon, save in the north, where dark clouds of gunmetal color piled up and threatened wind. The lacy branches of the maples dissolved against the darkening sky, and the gnarled, powerful trunks of the old apple trees, black in the orchard, were tortured giants frozen to immobility during some struggle — like Laocoön's, perhaps. But down somewhere in their hollow limbs a little screech owl was whimpering softly, a note of pleasant melancholy. The day died quietly, coolly, in gray and green. But gray and green are lovely colors. Must I sigh always for Caribbean blue? Must I think life has passed me by because I cannot chase a golf ball in the resorts of fashion? Do I dare indulge any self-pity, who have this bit of lovely land to call my own, and hands to work it, and vision to see it yet more fair? I shall go in and see if I can balance the budget to permit the purchase of a few dozen plants for my rock garden. They are cheaper than golf balls, and far more enduring.

And to-morrow I shall go out again where the squirrels seek their sweets, and seek mine in the toil of my hands and the vision of a garden. If that does not bring a richer satisfaction than 'material prosperity,' then the squirrel is my superior — which I have suspected all along.

GOD HELPS THE POOR MAN

BY LOUIS REED

Across the passageway that divides the jail house from the courtroom, the jailbirds can see Judge Thomas holding his court. The Judge is old and bald, with a hooked nose like the beak of a buzzard, but he is a kindly soul. He always smiles and speaks words of encouragement when he sentences a man, and never inflicts a heavy penalty if he can help it. Most of the jailbirds know from personal experience where the Judge's heart is.

They are trying an automobile accident over there in the courtroom, and it looks like a bad case. The prisoner is a young fellow with fuzz on his lip where the beard will grow some day, but the State says he was drunk at the time of the accident. The Judge looks sad and a little worried.

Watching the witnesses take and leave the witness stand, old Sam Johnson says, 'Funny things happen in automobile accidents sometimes. Do I ever tell you about Banty McGinnis?'

'Not that I recollect of,' says Phil Allen. 'Is it worth listenin' to?'

'It ain't so bad,' says Sam Johnson. 'Listen.'

I

A good many years ago, I'm a mule driver for Joe Taylor, like I tell you about before now, and in them days Joe Taylor's men is not only handy with their guns, but also with their fists. It's a rule in the outfit that differences between members of the gang has to be settled without weapons, so when I have a run-in with Big Jim Lanham it's an affair of the knuckles.

It so happens in this mix-up that Jim Lanham gives me a powerful beatin', and by that I mean Big Jim is a wheel horse of a man and then some. He stands six feet six in his stockin' feet, weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and there ain't an ounce of fat on him. The fight takes place in a saloon over at Brownstown.

This is the first time I get stretched out in a fist fight, and it hurts. I'm off in a side room afterwards, rubbin' myself with liniment and feelin' like the world is against me, when the door opens and a feller sidles up to me like his feet weigh about a ton apiece. I notice him before out in the barroom, and think to myself then that here is undoubtedly the most serious-minded man in the world. He stands undecided-like for a minute or two, shiftin' from one foot to the other. Then he says, 'I see the fight inside there, and what I want to know is, what'll you give me to whip him?'

He says it slow and easy like I'm tellin' you, so for a minute I think he is kiddin'. That makes me mad till I take another look at him, and see he means business. A man with that face never kidded nobody in his life.

He is a little feller about five feet two inches tall and medium weight at that, but he's got the biggest head on him I ever see on a human bein'. His

head looks like it is carved out of rock and about that thick, and his lower jaw sticks out like an English bulldog. Lookin' at him, I think it's plain to see he don't take any prizes for beauty and even less for brains, but he sure does have the map of a scrapper. Even so, I can't see him holdin' his own with Big Jim, and the thought of what Big Jim will do to him makes me laugh. So I say, 'That will be worth quite a bit to me, podner. How much do you want?'

'Two dollars and a half,' says he.

That makes me laugh some more, so I say, 'If you whip Jim Lanham, I'll double the money.'

I won't do this, you understand, if I think there is a chance of Big Jim and this feller fightin', for it ain't my way to hire substitutes in these matters. The whole thing sounds like a big joke to me. So we go back in the barroom where Big Jim is standin' up at the bar, and I say, 'Well, Jim, you got the best of me that time, but I've brought along my side-kick to help me.'

'Where?' says Jim, lookin' ferocious.

'Right here,' says I, bringin' the little guy to the front, 'and furthermore I promised him five dollars to whip you.'

Jim sees it's a joke, so he says, 'Well, little feller, I admire your nerve, but there ain't no use of us mixin' it to-day. Fightin' is a thing that's mighty hard on the eyes, and I always avoid it when possible. Have a drink?'

'Maybe I'll drink with you,' says the little guy, 'and maybe I won't. We'll see about that after the fight. For my part, I'm all ready.'

Jim is still good-natured, and he says, 'Listen, little feller, anybody can see you ain't got no business with me. If you won't drink, run along to your mamma. She's waitin' for you.'

'If she is,' says the little guy, 'she can wait.'

With that he walks over and smacks Big Jim Lanham in the nose.

Well, men, you may talk about your seventy-five-round prize fights if you want to, but they ain't nothin'. I don't mean to say the little guy steps in and makes it hot for Jim right from the beginnin', for it ain't in the nature of things he can do it. As a matter of fact, the first time Jim hits him I think maybe we will have a funeral, because Jim can knock a mule down with his fist, and he puts out all he's got. But the little guy comes back again, and that ain't the last time. The more Jim knocks him down, the more he comes back, and pretty soon it gets to be a game of roly-poly.

When the little guy goes down about a hundred times and still comes up with the fight in him, the crowd is for him and I hear them say, 'Boy, that bird is tough. You can't hurt him with a broadaxe.'

Big Jim hears it, too, and gets worried. He is one of these fighters that stakes everything on the first rush, and his stayin' powers are only medium. Knockin' this guy down is plenty exercise in itself, and in the end Big Jim gets the blind staggers. He hangs on then with his nerve for a half hour, but his knees give way finally and the little guy stretches his six foot six on the barroom floor. It's the only case I know of where a man wears himself out knockin' another one down.

II

I tell you fellers all this because that is my first introduction to Banty McGinnis and the story is about Banty. After this I get to know him pretty well, and whenever we come to Brownstown he always comes to see me. He is a man that don't make many friends, but when he makes one he sticks to him, and he says I'm his

friend because that five dollars I give him for whippin' Jim Lanham helps him make the down payment on his farm. He keeps after me to come over and visit him at his place, and so one day I tell him I will come on a certain day.

Banty's farm is located over on the head of Lick Creek, and from the way he talks about it I suppose he has a mighty fine establishment. But when I get there and find him settin' in his front yard under a sycamore tree I can't hardly believe it's the place, for it's the sorriest-lookin' shack and the sorriest-lookin' farm in the neighborhood. The only farmin' I can see is a garden patch and a field of new ground on the mountain side, and the fastest-growin' things around there is weeds and babies.

I don't really know him very well before this, for I see now he is one of them men that works hard all their lives and gets nowhere. But of course I don't say nothin' about that to him. Instead, I say, 'Well, Banty, here I am. How are you?'

'Tol'able,' says he. 'Have a seat.'

He has one of the kids bring me out a green willow rocker, and then I take a look at his family. There is babies peekin' out of every corner. His woman scrubs the little fellers inside and makes them tidy for company, but the older ones takes to the garden and the outhouses and watches from a distance. Tryin' to make conversation, I tell him it must be great to be a family man.

'I'm always a great one for children,' says he, 'and that's why I buy me a place of my own where they can roam the hills all they want to. Of course, it's a hard row payin' for it, but when that's done a man will have somethin' to look back on.'

'How much you pay for this place?' says I.

'Five dollars,' says he; 'the five you give me.'

I know he don't buy a farm for five dollars, for even in them days there ain't no five-dollar farms I hear of. What he means is, he says, he buys this place for two hundred dollars, which, considerin' the coal is sold, is a good price for it, and he makes a down payment of five dollars.

'I buy it from Perry Kirk,' says he, 'on a contract to pay five dollars a year and the taxes. When I make the last payment I get the deed.'

'At five dollars a year it will take you forty years to pay for it.'

'Reckon that's right,' says he. 'In forty years the place is mine.'

That sounds to me like a funny way to buy a farm, but it's his business and I say, 'Well, I know you are a great one for hangin' on, and I wish you luck. Let's hope you live that long.'

He says he figures he'll live to be a hundred, and we change the subject.

In the meantime the kids is comin' out of their hidin' places, and one of them has a banjo. You fellers know my weakness when a banjo's around, and it ain't long till the whole family is out in the yard listenin' to me play and sing the old-time favorites like 'I Take My Gal to the Circus' and 'Lord, I'm Blind,' and some others. You would think I am the world's greatest musician by the way they stand around without makin' a noise, and pretty soon the spell of the music, and the bigger spell of bein' alive in a world where music is always around you, is upon us.

Maybe you notice how music affects people that way. Take a crowd of people where everybody is strangers, and they will look at each other suspicious-like and say nothin'. But let somebody start playin' and singin' to a banjo, and the first thing you know

they are thinkin' the same thoughts and feel mighty friendly.

That's the way it is at Banty's house, and now that I see his wife and his babies close at hand I know they are a happy family. Happiness is the thing we all hunt for, I suppose, but if there is any permanent rest and contentment in this world it must be in the homes of men like Banty McGinnis. That thought, I remember, is runnin' through my head while I play and sing that old funeral song that is mighty sad in a way, and yet sweet and full of hope.

'He served his Lord
Near fifty years.
Gone to rest!
Gone to rest!
Where he is now
There are no tears.
Gone to rest!
Gone to rest!'

That makes us all kind of sad-like, and before long I put down the banjo and go back to Brownstown. I promise Banty when I leave that I will come back again, but it so happens that is one of the last trips Joe Taylor's men ever makes through Brownstown, and I never do. Lots of times I think about the pleasant time I spent under the sycamore with him and his wife and his babies, but I ain't cut out for domestic happiness personally, and for twenty-eight years after that evenin' I never set eyes on him. The next time I see him things has changed a whole lot, both with regards to the country and to myself.

III

I don't need to tell you fellers what happens to me, for you know already. Somehow or other I can't leave liquor alone, and after a while I don't care. While other men marries and settles down to be good citizens, I wed myself to a whiskey bottle, and hardly a year passes but I serve a term or two in the jail house. It's home, sweet home to me now, the only place in the whole wide world where I'm sure of a bed and some vittles. Well, I'm sittin' here in the bull pen seven years ago this summer when the jailer brings me a visitor. It ain't often anybody comes to see me personally, and I get a real surprise this time, for it's Banty McGinnis himself.

He has n't changed much either since the first time I see him. His jaws has flattened out a little and a crease has come on each side of his upper lip, but otherwise he's the same little, lean, hard-headed man I see in the barroom at Brownstown. This time, though, his face is more serious than ever, and there is a look in his eyes like he faces the Day of Judgment.

'I come to see you, Sam,' says he, 'because I don't know who else to go to.'

'What's the matter?' says I.

Then he tells me a long story about how they are cheatin' him out of his farm. It seems like he still lives at the same place and makes his five-dollar payments every year for twenty-eight years. He has eighteen children born there and naturally figures the place is his own. But they strike gas over in his country and this Perry Kirk that sells him the farm wants it back. He offers Banty what is already paid if Banty will move, and when Banty refuses he up and sells the farm to a feller named Bob Steele, and Steele gives Banty notice to vacate. Banty ain't got no deed and they tell him his contract to buy, bein' oral, is bad because it's in the Statute of Frauds. He wants to know what to do about it.

Of course, I ain't no lawyer, but I see there is somethin' wrong with this country if they can take his property like that, and I tell him to go down and see Lawyer Williams. That's the Wil-

liams in the State Senate to-day. He is just startin' then, but he is a square-shooter and I'll trust him farther than the others.

Banty does as I tell him and Williams takes the case. Of course, the thing is tied up in the courts for a long time, but Williams fights it like he is gettin' a big fee, when I know from Banty himself that ten dollars is all he can scrape together, and finally Banty wins. At least they tell him he wins, though the judge enters a decree that puts Banty in pretty near as tough a spot as if he don't win at all. The judge says he can have the property all right on account of livin' on it for twenty-eight years and makin' the payments, while Steele ain't no innocent purchaser; but in the interests of justice Banty has got to pay the balance on the purchase price in thirty days. In other words, Banty has got thirty days to raise sixty dollars, and that is more money than he ever sees at one time in his life.

IV

You will think that with gas over in that country, and the farm worth more than he pays for it, somebody will loan Banty sixty dollars. But they don't. His neighbors is all good people and they will let him have fifty cents or a dollar whenever he needs it, but above that his credit ain't good. He's got too many children and is always too near the line of starvation. The big trouble is that, while Banty McGinnis is the most serious-minded man in the world, people thinks he is a joke. He looks like a joke, the way he manages his affairs is a joke, and there ain't but few people in this world will risk sixty dollars on a joke. His children, of course, will help him all they can, but they are about as bad off as he is, and there ain't sixty dollars among them.

This is enough to make an ordinary man feel discouraged, and I suppose Banty feels down in the mouth about it. But there is somethin' in that hard old nut of his that keeps him from backin' down and out. He may look like a joke and his judgment ain't always the highest, but he don't know when he's licked, and that's somethin'.

He explains it this way: 'Somewhere in this county,' says he, 'is a man with sixty dollars. I aim to find him. I don't know where he is, but if I go over this county from house to house lookin' for him I'll find him. I've got thirty days to do it in and that gives me time to cover the county.'

The idee is as good as any other I think of, and I tell him to go to it. So he starts out, canvassin' the county as thorough as any candidate on the ticket, doin' the job brown. He ain't got a car, or even a horse, for that matter, but the walkin' ain't crowded and day after day it's surprisin' how much territory a man will cover on foot. Any day of the week, includin' Sundays, you will see him trudgin' along the highways, and every man he meets he will ask for sixty dollars. He's got to have it, he says, to pay for his farm; and when the man says he can't spare that amount just now Banty won't argue with him. They part company then and there, and Banty goes on to the next one.

It ain't quite the usual thing for a man to go around solicitin' sixty dollars to pay for his farm, and Banty's errand goes faster than he does. People are on the lookout for him. He's a harmless old feller even if he ain't quite right in the upper story, and they treat him nice. On the road people will give him a lift in their automobiles, and lots of them make him take nickels and dimes so he won't be hungry. People are funny that way, if you notice it. Hardly a man in the world

will refuse another man somethin' to eat, but the only ones that can borrow money are them that don't need it.

Of course, he's wastin' time, even though he does the best he knows how, and the thirty days is pretty near up when he covers the county. He comes to see me then, feelin' pretty blue, and it happens that I get out the very next mornin'.

I do some tall thinkin' myself in the meantime tryin' to help him, and I figure there is one more chance. So I say, 'I've got an idee stickin' in the top of my dome that may be worth somethin' and may not. Anyhow, it's worth tryin'. To-morrow mornin' I get out of here, and I want you to meet me in Sandy Bridge to-morrow afternoon. Can you get there?'

Banty says he will try to bum a ride up the river, and after he goes I start layin' my plans for doin' the thing right. There is a bootlegger in Sandy Bridge that I spend many a dollar with, and I know he's got the money. Whether he will put up sixty dollars on this proposition is somethin' else, but he's a friend of mine and he can't more than say no.

So the next mornin' when they turn me loose I hustle up to Sandy Bridge to see him. He's friendly, same as usual, but when I tell him what I want he turns sour, and says, 'If he's a friend of yours, Sam, I'm sorry. Times is bad, you know, and I can't afford it. If a man helps out every case of that kind these days he will soon be in the poorhouse.'

That ends that, and there ain't nothin' left to do but wait till Banty shows up and tell him. It's one of the few times when I wish I lead a virtuous life so I can help the poor devil, but wishin' don't help then. Nothin' is ahead that I can see except that Banty is goin' to lose his farm, and it seems like nothin' can be done about it.

V

I walk down the street thinkin' this over, and when I get in front of Brill Brothers' Garage at the corner of the main street I see a fellow drive up in a car from down river like he's right much excited. He pulls up in front of Brills' gasoline tanks, and then in a loud voice says, 'For God's sake, get the wrecker and an ambulance. A car goes over Sandy Gorge five minutes ago.'

When he says this, people begin to gather round, and he says, 'It's a Chevrolet coop from Point Pleasant. The feller drivin' is hittin' the moonshine, but he jumps when the car starts over and ain't hurt. The only one in the car is a crazy old feller that goes round the country tryin' to borrow money.'

'Banty McGinnis!' says I. 'Is it Banty McGinnis?'

'Reckon that's him,' says he. 'He's two hundred feet over the gorge.'

In the meantime Charley Brill is backin' out the wreck truck, and I jump up beside him. While we're shootin' down to the gorge at the head of a string of automobiles I do a lot of thinkin' about poor old Banty. It's his luck to go over Sandy Gorge, where no man yet comes out alive, while the drunken fool that sends him there comes off without a scratch. I think of his wife and his babies, and how I sing them that song one time called 'Gone to Rest,' and then we reach the gorge.

The feller that jumps on the edge is sittin' on the bank lookin' mighty sober by this time. His car crashes through the guard rail at the place where it's a straight drop to the rocks below.

'I don't suppose it's any use goin' down,' says Charley Brill, 'so far as helpin' him is concerned, for what that feller needs is an undertaker. But somebody will have to go over on the

ropes anyhow and we're the first on the job.'

I tell him I will go down with him, since this feller is a friend of mine, so we fix up the ropes and the basket. In a way I ain't at all sure old Banty is dead, for I remember that fight with Jim Lanham and I know he's tough. In a couple of minutes we're over the gorge, and sure enough there is Banty sittin' on the edge of a rock all cut up from flyin' glass and bloody as a stuck pig, but alive and plenty of fight in him.

'I begin to think I won't get out of this place,' says he, 'on account of the water makes so much noise nobody can hear me. But I says, "O God, I have to get up to Sandy Bridge to see Sam Johnson," and here you are.'

I can't tell him then I don't get the sixty dollars, so I let on like I still have to see the party, and we put him in the basket. A doctor is up at the top by this time and he says he don't see how a man can get a fall like that without breakin' every bone in his body, but so far as he can see none of them ain't broken. There are some bad cuts, however, and it is a bad shock, so he says to take Banty home and put him to bed. Some feller says he will take him in his car, and I say I will go along with them, but Banty won't listen to that.

'You see this feller up at Sandy Bridge,' says he, 'and come out to my place to-morrow mornin'. Otherwise, I'm goin' to Sandy Bridge with you.'

I know he will do it, even if he dies on the way, so I tell him all right and promise to come to see him the next mornin'. As soon as he's out of sight I bum a ride down to the jail house, and the next mornin' hitch-hike over to Lick Creek.

What I'm goin' to tell him when I get there I don't know. If he ain't hurt too bad I aim to tell the truth, but if he's in bad shape I figure a little lie is all to the good, for, after all, livin' is more important than any farm I know of.

VI

I make good time to the mouth of Lick Creek and then I only walk half a mile till a couple of strangers come along and pick me up. They are city fellers from Charleston probably, and pretty soon one of them says, 'Do you know a feller named Banty McGinnis?'

The way he says it makes me think twice before I answer, and then I say, 'Only by hearsay. They tell me he is right bad hurt yesterday.'

The feller gives me a sharp look, and says, 'If you're a stranger around here, maybe you can help us. We're insurance adjusters from the company that has this car insured that the old man gets hurt in. What we want to know is, how bad is he hurt?'

'Well, I only know from hearsay,' says I, 'but you know what that Sandy Gorge is. He's the only man ever come out of there alive. They tell me he's in bad shape.'

The feller thinks awhile and then looks at the other one.

'It looks to me,' he says, 'like this is a five-thousand-dollar case. It might even pay us to go seventy-five hundred.'

'Same here,' says the other guy. 'Get off as cheap as you can.'

About this time we get to Banty's place and I make a bee line to the house so I can tell Banty what's comin' and to say seventy-five hundred dollars. But when I get there the house is full of people, and they won't let me see him.

'The doctor is with him,' says a big guy, blockin' the doorway, 'and he says not to let nobody in.'

Of course I won't let that stop me, only I don't know how bad Banty is

and maybe a rough-house will kill him. So I says, 'Listen here. The insurance men are here and I want to tell him how much to ask for.'

'You hear me,' says the big guy. 'The doctor says nothin' doin'.'

Just then the insurance men come in, and because they are city fellers and look prosperous everybody is nice as pie. This big palooka blockin' the doorway tells them he will ask the doctor about seein' Banty, and about thirty seconds later he sticks his head out and says everything is O.K. Naturally I do a little silent cussin' under my breath, but it's too late now.

In about fifteen minutes they come out again lookin' mighty pleased with themselves, and I tell the big stiff at the door I am goin' to see Banty if I have to throw him out in the yard. I will do it, too, in about a minute, only I hear Banty callin' all of a sudden, and he says, 'Oh, Sam! Is that Sam Johnson? Let him in.'

They let me by then, and I find Banty layin' on the bed and covered with bandages from his toes to the top of his head. The only part of his face showin' is his eyes and his nose, and his mouth is stickin' out of the bandages, but that much of his face looks happy, and I see he is pretty near smilin' for the first time in his life.

'Come over here, Sam,' says he. 'I got somethin' to tell you. You see them fellers that just left? They're insurance men, and it seems like they insured the car I got hurt in.'

Of course that ain't news to me, so I say, 'How much did you settle with them for?'

'That's what I want to tell you about,' says he. 'All night long I lie here and say over and over, "O God, I'm a poor man and I got to raise sixty dollars before to-morrow evenin'. You got to help me, God, for there ain't nobody else I can turn to." I say this over and over all night long, and now I get the answer to my prayer. No matter what happens in this life, you'll always find God looks out for the poor man. Look at this.'

He hands me a piece of paper that I look at and turn wheezy. I know then that a man's heart may be of gold and his courage as strong as a lion, but if God don't provide him with brains it's a pity. The check is for sixty dollars.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SAGEBRUSH STATES

BY B. H. KIZER

WHEN King David, from the roof of his house in Jerusalem, first beheld Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the desire that burned in his breast doubtless seemed to him so entirely natural and right that he did not stay to question what he should do. Uriah should be set in the forefront of the hottest battle, and his comrades should retire from him so that he might be smitten and die. And as the king ordered, so it was.

When, soon afterward, King David fetched Bathsheba to his house and she became his wife, we may infer that David still thought his possession of Bathsheba no more than his due, the just spoil of his exalted position. True enough, when Nathan, the prophet, told his story of the rich man who had exceeding many flocks and herds, but who robbed the poor man of his one ewe lamb, David had a brief season of discomfort. But David did not, on that account, give up Bathsheba. He eased his heart in an eloquent psalm of repentance, and kept Bathsheba as his favorite wife until the end of his days.

I

In the March *Atlantic*, Mr. Bernhard Knollenberg of New York, in an article entitled 'Sagebrush Rule,' expresses a desire to possess for his great and populous East certain small beginnings of a transcontinental highway system in our Rocky Mountain states which recalls King David's celebrated temptation. Mr. Knollenberg recently journeyed from the king's mansion in New York City out into the far and lonely sagebrush spaces of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Oregon. 'Surely,' you will say, 'there is no Bathsheba hidden in those desert stretches, that a New Yorker should desire her.' But you do not know Mr. Knollenberg. He has a keen eye for a Bathsheba, and he will find her in the most unlikely places.

As his swiftly moving motor car sped safely along the main highway connecting these states, Mr. Knollenberg observed, first, that the road lacked somewhat of the density of traffic for which Broadway and Fifth Avenue are justly admired, and, second, that the highway was surprisingly good — when you consider what these 'sagebrush states' are. In Mr. Knollenberg's eyes they are guilty not only of having more sagebrush than population, but of being no better than 'rotten boroughs.' How they could afford the good things of life, such as a good highway, was naturally a matter of wonder. A word of inquiry developed the interesting answer from his host that the money which built this particular link in the national highway system came 'largely' from the Federal treasury. Accordingly, Mr. Knollenberg 'wondered why this money had not been spent in the populous East.'

When one realizes how inadequate the roads of most of these 'sagebrush

states' are to the needs of their people, how strenuously their people sacrifice and how valiantly they tax themselves to build better roads, and then contrasts their small beginnings with the thousands of miles of splendidly and expensively built highways of Mr. Knollenberg's home state, we can but wonder how anyone could begrudge to these Far Western states their small beginnings.

In spite of their slender resources, these states have one interstate highway connecting Idaho with Oregon and Wyoming, known as the 'Oregon Trail,' of which they are proud; undoubtedly it is the highway that Mr. Knollenberg envies them. On this highway, since it is their 'show window' to all their thousands of visitors, they have lavished a disproportionate share of their comparatively small road funds, helped substantially by Federal aid.

For the use of their visitors from other states, as well as for their own use, this Oregon Trail has been laid out to connect with the great National Parks of the Rockies and the Cascades, such as Yellowstone and Glacier to the north, Crater Lake and Rainier to the west, and the beautiful park areas of Colorado and Utah to the south. Over this national highway travel motor cars carrying annually hundreds of thousands of visitors from every state in the Union to these picturesque regions. If there were no other justification for Federal aid to such highways, surely this generous national use of them might well plead in their defense.

The people of Idaho have strained their resources to fit this highway to meet the demands for comfortable travel of their Eastern guests, to whom, with Western hospitality, they desire to give of their best. Their reward is, from this visitor, to be greeted with his disdainful wonder why they should not be required to give it up to the more populous East, as a trifling addition to Eastern abundance.

II

Just how well supplied with paved roads of excellence is the East, and how inadequately the West, is perhaps better shown if we enlarge our inquiry beyond the scope of the roads over which the author of 'Sagebrush Rule' happened to travel to the entire road system of some one of these states, when compared with that of typical Eastern states. Idaho is here selected because the writer, though it is not his fortune to incur the reproach of living within any one of these 'rotten boroughs,' does live closest to Idaho, and is more familiar with her energetic efforts to build up her highway system.

From the latest official publication covering highway costs for the year 1929 (*U. S. Statistical Abstract*, 1931), we learn that in that year Idaho raised from her own people and spent for road purposes alone $9,434,000, or in excess of twenty-one dollars for every man, woman, and child within her borders.

If the reader of 'Sagebrush Rule' gained the impression that these 'rotten boroughs' rely 'largely' on Federal aid for their roads, it will come as a surprise to learn that to this sum the Federal Government added $478,000, or five cents for every dollar that Idaho herself spent. One might also be excused if he supposed, from reading that article, that New York and her sister states of the East had no Federal aid for their highways, while these unworthy sons of the sagebrush, who, according to Mr. Knollenberg, rule the more populous states of the East, took it all!

When we are looking for an effective contrast with Idaho's Federal aid, let

us not stop until we have gone *east* of New York. The State of Vermont, with its population of 360,000, is fairly comparable with Idaho, which has just under 450,000. In this same year of 1929, Vermont received from Federal aid for her roads the sum of $2,041,000, or more than four times as much as did Idaho, with its greater population and its vastly greater area. While Idaho was receiving in Federal aid five cents for every dollar that she spent on roads, Vermont was receiving seventeen cents for every dollar that she spent.

Perhaps there are exceptional reasons why Vermont does so well. Possibly her close association with the great and powerful State of New York has something to do with it. But, if this be not the case, if such a result follows from 'sagebrush rule,' then the people of Vermont, at least, ought to be content, however sad and sorry Mr. Knollenberg may be.

Naturally the comparison of Idaho's meagre tax income resources with the wealthiest of our states will be most to Idaho's disadvantage. Just how does Federal aid treat New York State? From the same authority we learn that in 1929 New York spent on her roads the sum of $111,034,000, and received in addition as Federal aid for that purpose the sum of $3,630,000, or nearly eight times as much as did Idaho, although Idaho is nearly twice the size of New York.

The huge sum thus annually spent by New York on her roads does indeed dwarf the $9,434,000 per annum that Idaho can afford to spend. But so rich and populous is New York that it is enabled to raise this sum with only a two-cent gasoline tax, and without borrowing a dollar. To raise its $9,434,000, Idaho was obliged to impose a five-cent gasoline tax, and to borrow nearly a million dollars.

If New York so acutely needs more good roads that any citizen of hers must deplore the few crumbs of Federal aid that go to the roads of Idaho, would it not be in order for New York, in consideration of her great wealth, to come a little nearer to Idaho's road-tax burdens? An extra cent on New York's gas tax would annually give her many times the total of Federal aid for Idaho or any of her sister 'sagebrush states.'

To the Westerner who observes the scanty population of Idaho struggling so manfully with the huge and manifold problems involved in the development of a new country that has not had time to inherit from earlier generations, as New York State does, a rich supply of educational institutions, public buildings, and improvements, it is a matter of wonder that anyone can be found to look with a critical eye upon their scanty Federal aid. To justify such an attitude, New York must indeed need very badly Idaho's 'one ewe lamb.'

That raises the question: Just how badly off is New York for good roads when compared with Idaho and her sisters of the 'sagebrush'? Again, our Federal statistician has the answer. From this source we learn that New York's state highway system comprises some 14,000 miles, and of this not less than five sixths is constructed of macadam or better, of which over 5000 miles is of the best and most expensive type of pavement.

Although Idaho must cover with her state highway system nearly twice New York's territory, she is as yet able to include in that system only a third as much mileage, and of this so inadequate mileage only 225 miles are macadam or better. Nor is Idaho, among the 'sagebrush states,' peculiar in this lack of paved highways. Montana has but 47 miles of macadam or better, and Wyoming but 35 miles. In short, New York has fifty times as much paved

highway as Idaho, two hundred times as much as Montana, and three hundred times as much as Wyoming.

After one has said so much about the lack of paved highways in these states, it is a pleasure to acknowledge that Idaho and her three or four sister states in the aggregate have hundreds of miles of connecting, interstate highways whose smooth and dustless surfaces might well create the illusion that they are such highways as would give New York satisfaction. These Far Western states, unable to afford the costly paved roads of the East, have been obliged to improvise an ingenious oil treatment of the surface of their gravel roads which, with their light volume of traffic, serves as a fair substitute for paved roads. Unfortunately, however, the life of such highways is short and the upkeep expensive, which will compel these states to burden unduly their future taxable road income with these repairs and replacement costs, thus forestalling a large measure of the further development of the intrastate roads they need so badly.

If Mr. Knollenberg had been able to put one of these 'magnificent highways' in his pocket and take it back East with him as a present to his home state, it cannot be doubted that New York's highway engineers would smile indulgently upon his, to him, important gift, much as parents do when their children bring home to them badly faded wild flowers. 'Why,' they would inquire of each other when the giver had departed, 'should we trouble our people with this inferior substitute, good only for the "sagebrush states," when we can afford permanent highways?'

III

True, Mr. Knollenberg offers what, to his mind, is a convincing reason why unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even the little that he hath. The real reason why Mr. Knollenberg can afford to depend on roadside information for his statistics concerning Federal aid is found in his statement that the great State of New York, in the last taxable period, paid to the Federal Government in income tax alone the sum of $614,000,000, while these twelve 'sagebrush states' paid only $34,000,000. Clearly, if Federal aid is to be distributed, as Mr. Knollenberg implies, on the basis of the amounts respectively paid as income tax, then whatever the 'sagebrush states' get is too much, and, however much New York gets, it is too little.

But Mr. Knollenberg is here entertaining us with the shiny surfaces of facts, without probing them for their true significance. If it were really the fact that the distribution of wealth was so lopsided that these twelve 'sagebrush states' could pay only one twentieth as much of the national income tax as the State of New York, the tepid liberalism of our 'agricultural bloc' would be far more militant than it is.

The people of the 'sagebrush states' may not know as much or have as much as the astute gentlemen in New York who take credit to themselves for the payment of the whole of $614,000,000 of annual income tax, but they know better than to suppose that New York actually pays the whole or the major part of that amount. Whenever the citizens of these 'rotten boroughs' pay for telephones, telegrams, electric lights, gas, railway or express service, insurance premiums, or for any other of the great national utilities that extend themselves all over the nation, they realize that they are paying their fair share of that $614,000,000 of income tax reported from New York. Whenever they pay for

purchases in any of the various national chain stores that tend more and more to monopolize the field of merchandising, again they realize that they are contributing their fair share of that more than six hundred millions of income tax. And when they see the vast mineral wealth of their mountains and much of their other great national resources gathered in to the profit of corporations whose home offices are in New York, they realize that their section is once more contributing to that six hundred million.

These great national corporations whose headquarters are in New York, and who therefore report their income tax from that state, make their profits in every part of this nation, and it is on these profits thus earned that the income tax imposes its burden.

But if we were to ignore the incidence of the tax, and were to assume that only those who pay the tax in the last instance, instead of those who contribute to it in the first instance, are burdened by it, Mr. Knollenberg's imposing total of tax paid from New York would still be highly deceptive; for, quite generally, the ownership of the securities of those great corporations is almost as widely scattered throughout the nation as are their profit-earning agencies.

The truth of it is that the myriad strands of our vast economic fabric of national wealth are so interwoven that it would be impossible, if it were important, to ascertain what amount is paid by any section or state. But it would be in the highest degree unwise and unjust to undertake, even if it were known, to measure Federal aid for roads by the amount of taxes received by the Federal Government from each state or section. To New York, in particular, as the receiving point for the wealth and commerce of the whole nation, it is especially important that the country's highway system in all its sections should be so developed that traffic can move over it at low costs to the nation's metropolis, there to pay its share of tribute.

Poor roads are expensive to use. Such roads lay heavy burdens on trade and commerce. The bad roads of the sparsely settled sections hinder the development of those regions to the cost of the rest of the nation. By imposing unnecessarily heavy costs of transportation on their products, there is levied a waste tax upon the consumers of those products, which means the people of every part of the nation.

We do not escape the cost of good roads by refusing to build them. By such refusal we pay heavily for them, yet do not have them. That is why the people of the 'sagebrush states' tax themselves gallantly, almost unbearably, to build these roads. And that, too, is the reason why majorities of both houses of Congress have again and again seen fit to deal more liberally with the more sparsely settled states in the matter of road money than with the older, more thickly settled states which are already so much better supplied with road facilities.

The motorist who drives for recreation is also deeply interested in a nation-wide programme of road building that will raise the road standards of our thinly settled mountain regions. Texas, of all our states the fifth in population, is separated from California, which is sixth, by Arizona and New Mexico, respectively forty-fourth and forty-fifth in population. Many thousands of cars annually travel back and forth between Texas and California. How would these motorists fare if they were obliged to depend exclusively on such poor roads through long, hot, dusty desert stretches as New Mexico and Arizona could afford? Hundreds of thousands of cars annu-

ally travel from east of the Mississippi into the National Parks of the Rockies, and thence on to the Pacific Coast. Are not their drivers deeply interested in seeing interstate highways built better by Federal aid, that these otherwise perilous high mountain stretches may be made safe and convenient? These states of least population have the costliest highways to build through the mountains. Is it fair to expect them alone to bear the burden, when the residents of other states so largely profit by these highways?

IV

We need to remember that we are something more than sovereign communities, bound only by political ties. We are not merely citizens of New York, or of Nevada. First and foremost, we are citizens of a great nation. If we choose, we can build up local feeling to a point where it rivals the destructive jealousies of the nations of Europe. But our nation has not grown great by that route. It is regrettably true that many of the members of both houses of Congress spend more time than they should in fighting for local advantages when their duty is rather to labor for the welfare of the nation as a whole. But not even the author of 'Sagebrush Rule' will contend that this is peculiar to the Senators of the 'sagebrush states.' Emphatically, the answer to localism wherever it appears is not more emphasis upon our division into localities, but rather upon the unity and the welfare of the whole.

Nor is the author of 'Sagebrush Rule' particularly happy in his comparison of these twelve 'sagebrush states,' the 'rotten boroughs of our own national government,' to 'Old Sarum and the other "rotten" boroughs of England.' At the time of the Reform Act of 1832, Old Sarum had not one house in it, while these twelve states, young, vigorous, and with a great future before them, have an average population of more than 600,000 apiece. If Mr. Knollenberg had not been journeying thousands of miles away from New York, he might have discovered at his own doorstep five states (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Delaware) whose average of population is at least 100,000 under that of the 'sagebrush states.' If Nebraska with its 1,400,000, Colorado with its 1,000,000, and Oregon with its 950,000 inhabitants are to be stigmatized as 'rotten boroughs,' by what more opprobrious epithet should he denounce Delaware with 240,000 and Vermont with 360,000?

Furthermore, these five 'rotten boroughs' of the Atlantic Seaboard are far more compactly at one in economic and political interest than are the twelve 'sagebrush states,' which are united only in Mr. Knollenberg's awkward gerrymander of them. It makes a Westerner smile to see him include from the far Southwest the mountains, mines, and irrigation ditches of Arizona and Nevada, while omitting their California neighbor only because her six millions of population would upset his figures, and then observe him, on a far journey across the Rockies to the Canadian border and thence down into the Mississippi Valley, arbitrarily yoke with them the Dakotas and Nebraska. These last states are far more at one in economic interest with their next-door neighbors, Minnesota and Iowa, than they are with Arizona and Nevada, but, unfortunately for Mr. Knollenberg's purposes, Minnesota and Iowa, like California, are too far up in the scale of population to fit into his gerrymander, so the Dakotas and Nebraska are 'sagebrush,' and their neighbors are something else again.

V

Mr. Knollenberg finds a new menace in the fact that 'twenty-five states containing only one fifth of the total population elect fifty out of the Senate's ninety-six members, and thus, in final analysis, have power to control our Federal government.' Remembering that this list of twenty-five states comprises most of the New England states as well as several Southern and Western states, is anyone so credulous as to suppose that New Hampshire and Vermont will unite with Wyoming and Montana, merely because the four have substantially equal population, to defeat New York and Pennsylvania? Or that the two Dakotas will unite with Delaware and Rhode Island against Minnesota and Wisconsin, merely because these last are numbered among the first eighteen of our states in population?

The fact is that these twenty-five states are well scattered throughout the nation; and, while it is true that the West has a few more of them than the East and South, this is only because the West is much younger, with a great future in front of it instead of a glorious past behind it. Give the West but a few more decades, and the last Easterner will be more than glad to forget this epithet of 'rotten boroughs.'

But if ever these twenty-five lesser states, in a moment of anger at the great, were to unite their fifty Senators 'to control our Federal government,' what could they accomplish? If we read our Constitution aright, the Senate may harass and annoy by investigations, speeches, and other like vanities, but it can do little toward control without the free assent of both the President and the House of Representatives, and it can do nothing in that direction without the concurrence of at least one of them.

It is well to remember that this representation by states in the Senate was given primarily for protection to the smaller states, to allay the genuine fear that the greater states might use their power to oppress their weaker sisters. And when we of the West see how much is sometimes claimed by the unconscious arrogance of certain of the residents of these great states, absorbed in their own highly important affairs and often ignorant of the interests of the smaller states, we can only be grateful that these smaller states are not altogether helpless. Mr. Knollenberg, with his modest proposal to take back to New York with him the good road he found in the West because he has persuaded himself that New York pays such huge sums into the Federal treasury, is typical of an attitude the West has found more than once in the East.

But we have teased Mr. Knollenberg long enough. Let us close with the inquiry as to how Mr. Knollenberg, doubtless with the best of intentions, came to go so far astray. Dazzled by the splendor of what he has too credulously assumed to be New York's magnificent contribution to the national treasury, and viewing rather slightingly the much smaller contributions of the less populous Western states, Mr. Knollenberg has apparently come to the conclusion that these 'sagebrush states' are greedy and unprofitable servants who deserve chastisement. Any club will do to punish them, and he has grasped at the first that offered. Unfortunately for him, it turns out to be that rather peculiar sort of club known as the boomerang, which when thrown, if it misses its aim, returns to the unwary thrower and smites him on the nose.

'PREPARE, PREPARE, PREPARE!'

BY WALTER MILLIS

'GENERALLY speaking, the more money the Navy can get, the more happy it is.'—Testimony of Secretary Charles Francis Adams before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee

IT is a curious fact that, after some thirty or forty years of almost incessant debate over the great problems of national defense, the simple principle enunciated by the Secretary of the Navy remains about the only practical, intelligible explanation of American naval policy discoverable by the lay mind. The 'naval needs' of the United States have held the headlines at least since the beginnings of our modern navy in 1883. By the slow accretion of time there have been amassed since then unnumbered volumes of expert testimony and violent disputation, all presuming to show why we have required a navy, and how big a one, from time to time, we should maintain. The net result has been to bring us from a point at which we were perfectly happy with practically no navy whatever to a point at which we spend from $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 a year on maritime defense, and accept, as if it were an unassailable law of nature, the 'necessity' for maintaining a naval establishment equal to that of Great Britain and larger by 60 per cent than that of Japan.

Yet the factual data from which this law has been deduced remain strangely obscure. In the great mass of literature upon the subject it is really very difficult to find any rational or convincing explanation of why the present policy has been adopted or of what, in practical fact, it is designed to achieve. The naval expert is commonly very severe upon the 'abysmal ignorance' of the layman; but if the layman (who, though ignorant, is after all supposed to foot the bills) seeks enlightenment upon such obvious questions as these, he gets singularly little help from the experts. He will hear a great deal of dogma about 'naval needs' or the 'defense of national interests.' He will wallow in technical profundities about tons and guns. But when it comes down to just what he is to get for his money and why he should get it, the argument dissolves into an unsatisfactory vagueness. 'Look through the whole hearings,' a Congressional critic of a big navy bill once exclaimed, 'and the advice from these experts does not show, when you work it out as a lawyer works out a case, that we need a single thing to defend ourselves against an attack reasonably to be expected from any power.' That was some fifteen years ago, but still, as year by year the naval appropriations bills roll round, the same strange difficulty persists.

It is too bad. It is bad for the navy; it is bad for the taxpayer; it is bad for the true requirements of national security. It is particularly unfortunate at a time of universal near-bankruptcy, when the American people, with a

disarmament delegation at Geneva and a destroyer squadron in the Yangtze, seem about to be called upon for some pretty fundamental decisions in naval policy. To make them properly requires some understanding of the way in which our naval policies have actually developed, of the real bases upon which they rest. More than that, it requires some broad idea of the true uses and limitations of modern navalism as a practical factor in the lives of peoples. Yet it is upon precisely these larger and essential questions that the naval expert is ordinarily silent. It is the layman's license for exploring a field that is quite as fascinating as it is important.

I

Though Admiral Mahan was able to discern the influence of sea power as far back in history as the Phœnicians, the influence of modern navalism, which is not quite the same thing, actually dates only from about 1880. Its seeds had been sown some twenty years earlier, when the first experiments with iron side armor and turret mountings, as well as with steam propulsion, had definitely introduced the machine age into the time-honored methods of maritime war. By 1880 the seed had sprouted; the extravagances of the experimental period were over and the modern navy — a relatively elaborate, costly, and technically intricate weapon, difficult to build and operate and therefore always on a near-war footing — had begun to take shape. By the early eighties, too, American interest in the new toys (it had flagged almost completely after the Civil War) had been reawakened. Naval defense became an active issue. The new and powerful fleets being built abroad aroused our fascinated attention, and in 1883 we laid down the first installment of the 'new navy.'

It was, however, a very modest one. There was no serious thought of disputing the 'dominion of the seas' with the great armadas of Europe; indeed, Admiral Mahan had yet to rationalize naval history and so add the concept of 'sea power' to our mental equipment, and it was a long time before Congress could be educated out of a distressing tendency to authorize battleships for 'coast defense' only. Moreover, the growth of shipyards, armor-plate factories, and munitions works — the essential counterparts of the machine-age navy — was necessarily slow, so that the development of those economic interests which have proved so powerful an influence in modern naval expansion was slow likewise. As late as 1894 we were content to stand about sixth on the list of naval powers; we were spending only $30,000,000 a year on the navy, and the idea of 'parity' with the immense fleet of Great Britain would hardly have been advanced by the most ambitious of our experts.

Yet only ten years later the whole scene had been transformed. In 1894 we had felt secure enough in a naval position roughly analogous to that occupied by Italy to-day; in 1904 we had built or projected a fleet definitely surpassed only by that of Great Britain. The British were still in the lead by a safe margin; behind them, however, the American, the French, and the new German navies were now about on a level, with ours perhaps slightly the stronger. We were spending about four times as much on the navy as we had a decade before, while we had taken as our object a fleet 'second only to Great Britain's.'

Thus we not only had greatly enlarged our naval defense, but had committed ourselves to a standard that was definitely competitive. This was a development of the utmost im-

portance, for the new standard was itself to act as a first cause in subsequent policy. Strangely enough, however, it does not seem to have been deduced from any exact technical calculation of 'naval needs.' It is true that the Spanish-American War had given us Porto Rico and the Philippines, involving commitments which might reasonably have called for some expansion of naval power. It would be very difficult to prove, however, that they called for a fleet always second to the British, no more and no less. For a true explanation of the new standard one must turn, rather, to such emotional imponderables as the new desire to cut a figure on the world stage, the martial enthusiasms generated by the victory over Spain, and the big-navyism of Theodore Roosevelt and the statesmen grouped about him.

That this was the real basis for the effort seems the more probable from the fact that it was not to be maintained. When we made our big stride forward in the years around 1904, the financial burden was still not great; nevertheless, matters were already getting both complicated and expensive, and the British were almost immediately to complicate them even further. Alarmed by the growth of German navalism, they brought out in 1906 *H.M.S. Dreadnought*, the first all-big-gun battleship, designed to render obsolete at a stroke the painfully acquired tonnage of the Germans. The design succeeded; unfortunately, it also rendered obsolete the British navy and every other navy as well.

In effect, the whole thing had to be done over again. The great battleship fleet bequeathed to us by the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations was now only a second-string defense. The great preponderance of the British fleet had been removed; all the nations could now start at scratch in the new race for dreadnought tonnage, which had become the only thing that counted. The Germans were quick to seize this opportunity and to plunge into the disastrous 'battle of the shipyards' which was to end in their ruin. The American people refrained—again, less because of any scientific calculation of actual needs than because of an unscientific reluctance to repeat so soon, and upon so much costlier a scale, the great effort which they had just made. In the result, the Anglo-German race swept past us, leaving us a poor third.

By 1914, at the end of the next ten-year period, the British had built or authorized no less than forty-six dreadnought battleships and battle cruisers; the Germans had twenty-eight; and even the Japanese, who had been getting into the great game in earnest, had ten. The United States had only twelve. The 'second power' standard had been abandoned as irrationally as it had been undertaken. It had, however, served to instill the competitive idea into the popular psychology; and the memory of it, surviving, was to have a curious influence upon the course of naval history.

For ten years later the entire position had once more been revolutionized. Where in 1914 we had discerned no necessity for a fleet much superior to that of the French or the Russians, by 1924 we were asserting the right to a navy at least equal to that of the strongest power upon the seas and greater by one third than the next most powerful armada. How had it happened?

II

The answer is usually couched in terms of that convenient mysticism which so often enshrouds the discussion of international affairs. The new

naval policy, it is assumed, was simply a 'natural' consequence of our post-war trade expansion, of our 'wider national interests,' or of similar vague cosmic forces. National interests, however, have rarely been capable in themselves of computing ship tonnages or writing naval appropriations bills, and, though they no doubt had a great deal to do with it, the curious will still seek for a more exact and less transcendental explanation.

Once more it seems to have been the outcome less of technical calculation than of historical accident. The outbreak of the war in Europe, to say nothing of the excitements of the Vera Cruz landing and the Mexican border, had naturally reawakened an interest in the state of our own military machinery. President Wilson, however, had at first considered the subject with calm. 'A powerful Navy,' he declared in his annual message of December 1914, 'we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense. . . . But who shall tell us now what sort of a Navy to build?'

The question was not unreasonable. The European War promised to give, for almost the first time in the history of the machine-age navies, an adequate laboratory trial of their effectiveness. It was no idle supposition that the result might transform the whole design. It had happened, at any rate, with even the brief and inconclusive tests of the past. The Japanese at the Yalu had wrought great execution with their light-calibre 'quick firers' upon their heavily armed Chinese opponents, and immediately the navies of the world had sprouted with light-calibre guns. At Santiago, the Americans had succeeded in hitting rather better with their 8-inch than with their 12-inch batteries, and no doubt the world's heavy ships would have continued to mount the tactically unsound combination of two major calibres had not the 12-inch guns of the Japanese at Tsushima produced a more efficient slaughter than had our own seven years before. This restored tactical sanity; everybody rushed for the all-big-gun ship, and the elaborate navies constructed to refight the Battle of Santiago were rendered obsolete by those designed to repeat the Japanese victory over the Russians.

But after some four months of the greatest war the world had ever seen there had been no second Tsushima, and it seemed rather doubtful whether the immense fleets constructed to improve upon it would do any fighting at all. Though we had reason to look to our defenses, there was undoubtedly logic in Mr. Wilson's reluctance to plunge into a vast building programme on the eve of developments which might very probably render it obsolete long before its completion. The very horror of the Great War, however, exercised its own illogical fascination; with the year 1915 the diplomatic excitements began, and soon there was the first submarine campaign and the *Lusitania*. A wave of angry emotion swept the country; and under the human impulses alike of fear, of emulation, and of belligerence, the great campaign for 'preparedness' began to take form. It seemed less and less likely that logic would be the ruling factor in our defense policies.

Exactly what we were to prepare for, and how in consequence we should best go about it, were never very clear from the beginning. But as the emotional enthusiasms arose it did not seem to matter. General Wood was inaugurating his Plattsburg training camps, and the patriotic élite were flocking thither. Mr. Roosevelt was elevating his shrill but powerful voice, in speeches and magazine articles, for blood in general; while it is at least possible that more

material motives — entertained by gentlemen who saw that, wherever preparedness might lead, it was certain to involve the expenditure of a great deal of public money — also played a part. Stimulated by the diplomatic incidents with Great Britain and Germany, the movement gathered strength, and the naval bill for 1915 carried increased appropriations. It was not enough.

Ostensibly, the question was to find a correct technical solution for the strategic problem presented by the changed international situation. But apparently it was not only the international situation which counted. More and more, as 1916 and the Presidential election began to loom upon the horizon, were eminent Republicans to be heard belaboring the weak-kneed attitude of the Wilson administration on defense. It seems to have been a factor quite as important as the diplomatic difficulties in shaping the administration's programme for the navy. Upon what standard, however, could one calculate the amount of naval expenditure necessary for defense against the Republicans? This problem, which might otherwise have appeared insoluble, was now to find an answer ready prepared — the old 'second power' standard. Whatever its military virtues, it now offered the great political advantages that it was simple, sanctified by precedent, and was what the Republicans themselves had aimed at. Moreover, since it would involve a duplication of the German fleet, it would appear (without saying so) to equip us against the unpopular Germans.

III

By the fall of 1915, Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, had summoned the General Board to prepare, not simply an increased building project for the following year, but a full-dress, five-year programme designed to restore us to our traditional position. In October, Mr. Daniels's own Raleigh *News and Observer* explained the situation: —

> The plan of Secretary Daniels to increase the Navy for five years . . . has taken the wind out of the sails of the critics who say the Wilson administration is neglecting national defense. . . . President Wilson and Secretaries Daniels and Garrison have virtually destroyed the 'issue' of 'preparedness' thrust upon the United States by the European War and seized by certain desperate Republicans for the political capital they could make out of it.

This was a trifle optimistic; the issue had not quite been destroyed. But the programme which had been created — the celebrated 1916 programme — was to make history. President Wilson endorsed it, and when Congress reopened, in December 1915, the diplomatic tensions abroad and the patriotic furor at home had become so great that he devoted his entire annual message to the one subject of the national defense.

> I have spoken to you to-day, gentlemen [he declared in summary], upon a single theme, the thorough preparation of the nation to care for its own security and to make sure of entire freedom to play the impartial rôle in this hemisphere and in the world which we all believe to have been providentially assigned to it.

Here, at least, was a definite statement of what we were preparing for. But was the proposal to build a battle fleet just superior to the Germans' even remotely calculated, in view of the realities before us, to prepare for it? Were we promoting our 'security' with a five-year programme (requiring in all some eight years to complete) which could not be ready until long after the war which alone menaced us would

be over? Or was freedom to play an 'impartial rôle' in the post-war world to be assured by a fleet which, though perhaps superior to the Germans', would be far inferior to that of the Allies and very probably obsolete anyway? And what, in a world torn and exhausted by war, would be the real effect of this new essay in navalism? As a matter of fact, did the 1916 programme bear any relation whatever either to the military actualities or to those political ends which naval establishments are alone supposed to serve?

In the utterances of the statesmen during the ensuing months it is not easy to find any rational answers for such practical questions. The naval experts seem never even to have paused to ask them. When Admiral Knight, the President of the Naval War College, was asked when it would be 'advisable' for us to have on hand the largest fleet in the world, he simply replied: 'To-morrow.' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, perhaps the leading Republican exponent of the big navy, was equally unworried by technical detail. 'I shall try,' he was writing in February 1916, 'to get everything I possibly can for the Navy, and of course shall move all the increases I can think of over what the Secretary recommends.' That was simple enough, anyway; and, considering the incalculables involved, a policy of building everything one could think of may have been as valid as any other. But was it really as a naval, or more strictly as a political, expert that the Senator was thinking?

It was the President himself who was to give the next great extension to our mounting navalism. At the beginning of 1916 he had undertaken a speaking tour on behalf of preparedness and in defense of the nation against the Republicans. It ended at St. Louis on February 3. Speaking in the afternoon, Mr. Wilson had painted the horrors of the conflagration in Europe: —

> We must keep our resources and our strength and our thoughts untouched by that flame [he declared] in order that we may be in a condition to serve the restoration of the world, the healing processes. The world will not endure, I believe, another struggle like that which is going on now.

At the Coliseum in the evening, however, his subject was preparedness. The audience, at first rather hostile, warmed to him as he made a stronger and stronger plea for defense, until at last, perhaps carried away by the emotional response, he cried that the American navy 'ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the greatest navy in the world.'[1] Thus was the idea of the United States not simply as the second power of the McKinley and Roosevelt days, but as the supreme naval nation, definitely introduced into the purview of our policy. And yet it was advanced as a fit way of keeping our 'thoughts untouched' by war and as enabling us to assist in the 'healing processes' of an age in which 'another struggle like that which is going on now' would not be possible. Whatever this was, it was certainly not realism.

IV

The economical House, in the meanwhile, had been devising what looked like a technical compromise between the claims of preparedness and of the taxpayer. The experts, it found, were in a great fervor for battle cruisers, a new type with us. Ignorantly suppos-

[1] So it was reported in the newspapers at the time, and generally understood. In later published versions the phrase has become 'incomparably the most adequate navy in the world,' though from the context the sense would still seem to be the same. — AUTHOR

ing that, since the experts were all clamoring for battle cruisers, battle cruisers were what we most required, the House cut the Daniels programme to five of these ships and let it go at that.

Strangely enough, this bill had not reached the upper chamber before the Battle of Jutland, in which three British ships of this class vanished instantaneously, with the 4000-odd lives of their crews, had indicated that perhaps the experts had been wrong about battle cruisers. It did not matter, however; we were to be saved from the House's ignorance, first by the Senate, more completely by history.

The Senate perceived that it was no time for half measures. Vast 'preparedness parades' were being organized in the major cities, in which hundreds of thousands of the citizenry were marching gloriously to the chant of 'Prepare, prepare, prepare.' *Defenseless America*, a truly extraordinary document from the pen of Hudson Maxim, brother of the Sir Hiram Maxim whose machine guns were being produced in enormous quantities for the impartial slaughter of all the belligerents, swept the country. 'The Battle Cry of Peace,' a spectacular film in which improperly prepared American troops sought to protect home and fireside from the brutal and licentious soldiery of an unnamed power (they were uniformed, strangely enough, in old felt hats cut to resemble the German helmets), was packing the movie houses. Topical stanzas were added to the popular song, 'You're a Dog-gone Dangerous Girl' (the reference was to Columbia), and these mixtures of art with policy were promising to be so effective that the Senate never even considered the paltering programme of the House.

Senator Lodge and Senator Swanson (to-day an ornament to our disarmament delegation at Geneva) simply went back to the naval General Board and took over the programme it had been delighted to prepare for Mr. Daniels. According to Mr. Lodge, Senator Swanson 'got the President and Daniels together and told them we were going to stand on the floor for eight capital ships . . . whereupon they fell into line.' Mr. Lodge then decided that the thing must be done in three, not five, years; again Mr. Daniels 'fell into line,' and so in the event it was ordered.

In its final form the 1916 programme did not authorize a navy 'incomparably the greatest in the world.' It did, however, seek to commit the nation to the undertaking within three years of 813,000 tons of naval vessels — considerably more than we had authorized in the entire preceding decade. Designed to fulfill the second-power standard, it called for ten dreadnought battleships and six battle cruisers, ten light cruisers, fifty destroyers, sixty-seven submarines, and some lesser types, the whole estimated to cost from $544,000,000 up. In the first year (for which alone actual appropriations could be made) it provided for four battleships, four battle cruisers, and four light cruisers, as well as for varying numbers of the lesser vessels.

To what purpose? In the complex of emotions amid which the 1916 programme was born one seems to distinguish two principal, though vaguely formulated, aims. Some wanted to protect our commerce from the wartime restrictions of the British or from the German submarine raids; the greater number, probably, were imagining that in case Germany should win she would attack us in order to recoup her war losses from our wealth. Yet as a technical solution for either

problem the 1916 programme was fantastic.

As to the first, a few half-finished hulls on our building ways could add nothing to the menace which a mere embargo on the export of munitions already held for the British, and even less could the Germans be frightened by battleships — a type of which the Allies already possessed a superiority so overwhelming as to be useless. As for the second problem, by 1916 it should have been patent to any sane naval technician that Germany could only win at the price of an exhaustion so complete as to put an attack upon the United States out of the question. The public may have believed in the German bogey; for the expert, a glance at that 3000-mile line of communications (flanked, of course, by embittered enemies) should have been enough.

Only upon a third calculation does the 1916 programme make sense. To some shrewd minds it may have occurred that now, while the great powers were locked in their fearful struggle, was the golden chance for the United States to seize world domination. Now, by playing upon the excitement of the moment, the American people could be launched on a great armaments programme and accustomed to bearing the huge military burdens necessary to such a rôle. There, at least, was a rational (if strangely Prussian) motive for the 1916 programme. Yet if some realistic statesmen actually entertained it, it was not avowed. The public would never have dreamed of supporting a naval building bill for such a purpose; the sole end which the programme might reasonably be expected to serve was an end which the American people at that time had no conscious desire to achieve.

The peculiar folly of the 1916 programme as a practical answer to the situation actually confronting us did not escape every mind. There was at least one recalcitrant Texas Congressman, Mr. Callaway, who was moved to the last stages of angry exasperation by what seemed to him the obvious and inexplicable absurdity of the whole business.

> There is no testimony in the hearings [he exclaimed] showing any reason whatever for a five-year programme. On the contrary, the hearings are replete with testimony like Admiral Badger's, which shows that no man can tell what the navies of the world will be at the conclusion of the foreign war; that at its conclusion will be the best time to bring about a general agreement for disarmament; that none of the building authorized by the five-year programme can, in all human probability, be completed for use either during or immediately on the conclusion of the war; and that the relative fighting value of the ships now built may be shown by the lessons of the war to be obsolete altogether; that all building material is 50 to 100 per cent higher now than ever before.

But it all fell upon deaf ears. The 1916 programme, it was calculated, would restore us to the position of 'second power'; it would give us a mathematical 'superiority' over the dreaded Germans — or more precisely over what the Germans would have had without the war. For what the Germans were actually building, what losses might be suffered in action, and in what way the peace treaties might, through requiring the surrender of ships, augment the fleets of one power or diminish those of another, were alike incalculable.

To make the computation at all, in other words, it was necessary first to disregard the fact that there was a war in progress. It is upon such hard realism that naval programmes are constructed.

V

Almost at once history was to succeed where Mr. Callaway had failed. In a bare eight months after the President had signed the measure which was to prepare us for eventualities, war with Germany, the most probable of the eventualities, had come. And the 1916 programme had been junked completely.

Under the swift test of reality it was perceived — it should have been apparent from the first — that as far as the World War went the 1916 programme was as useful as a project to build so many Nelsonian three-deckers would have been. What was required to fight the Germans was not battleships, battle cruisers, or the impressive paraphernalia of peace-time 'supremacy'; it was merchant ships to carry food and light men-of-war capable of dropping depth bombs on submarines. Of the eight leviathans which were to have been commenced by July 1917, we actually laid down just one. But the destroyer programme, which had called for a modest twenty of these vessels in the first year, was trebled and then trebled again. When Senator Lodge's three-year period finally expired in the middle of 1919 we had undertaken some five times as many destroyers as had been authorized for the whole 1916 programme. Of the ten battleships, however, we had barely got started on two; we had laid down only two of the ten light cruisers, and of the six majestic battle cruisers we had actually laid down not a single one.

It was a sufficient demonstration of the wisdom of the 1916 programme as a technical solution for the real problems of 1916. The sequel, however, was to prove that those shrewder minds who had supported it as an essay in *Machtpolitik* (that activity so abhorrent in Germans) had known what they were doing. If there were also (as Representative Callaway had charged) those among the war industrialists who had supported it as a cushion against the moment when peace would abolish their markets, they too were to be justified. Peace ultimately arrived; the markets vanished, but the vast war-materials machine could not simply be stopped dead. It was a crisis; in the midst of it, however, there stood the 1916 programme, complete in practically all its original perfection, duly authorized by Congress and much of it already contracted for. It is true that the whole world had been transformed, the whole defense problem altered, since the authorization had been made. It was of no consequence; amid the wild chaos of 1919 people were far too preoccupied to notice what went on in the shipyards, and it proved a simple matter to resume the programme just as if nothing had happened.

The second of the 1916 battleships was laid down in 1919, and in that year and the next, as the war-time destroyer and submarine orders finally ran out, we made a start upon the other eight. In 1920 the remaining eight light cruisers were also begun, as well as the first of the battle cruisers. In 1921 we continued all these and got started on the last five battle cruisers. This constituted a very considerable renewal of navalism; such were the beauties of the 1916 programme, however, that the American Government could undertake it with scarcely one in a hundred of the pacific American people even realizing what was going on. Yet the programme itself had actually carried a rider ordering the President, as soon as the war was over, to call an international conference to consider peace and disarmament!

The thing was wonderful. It bordered upon the miraculous. Not only was the 1916 programme working just as well as if the necessity for fighting a war had not intervened; it was actually working far better. Its authors had modestly calculated it to make us 'second power,' and perhaps that is all it would have done had we begun it on schedule. By waiting until 1919 we had all the lessons of the war at our disposal, and as a result the new ships were to be so much more powerful than the earlier dreadnoughts as entirely to outclass them. In the meantime, moreover, the German navy had disappeared, while the construction of more battleships was the last thing in the minds of the British or French. In December 1920, the *Washington Post* made a startling and happy discovery:—

> Within three years the United States will hold supremacy on the seas. After three hundred years of undisputed supremacy, the British navy will take second place and the Stars and Stripes will float over a fleet stronger than the two fleets that fought the Battle of Jutland.

Automatically, as it were, and certainly without any clear public intention, the policy of 'incomparable' superiority which President Wilson had incautiously proclaimed five years before was approaching its realization. A programme adopted by the American people in order to make us the second power was in fact about to make us supreme. The result was as natural as it was illogical. Instead of cutting the programme to fit the purpose, the purpose was enlarged to fit the programme.

Forgotten were those lengthy arguments in which the proponents of the 1916 programme had proved that equality with Great Britain was wholly unnecessary. Few paused to ask what, in view of the politico-naval realities of the post-war world, our building policy should be; because the ships were already on the ways they simply became our policy. Thus Mr. Daniels could exclaim that unless we joined the League we should have to maintain the greatest navy, and though Mr. Daniels intended it as an argument for joining the League it was more generally accepted as an argument for naval supremacy. By the time the Republican administration arrived in the spring of 1921, there was little question about it; and Mr. Denby, the new Secretary of the Navy, seems to have thought that he was stating only an established aim when he declared for a navy second to none, and added no proviso. Mr. Wilson by that time had many bitterer things to think of than naval policy, but if his mind did turn to the subject one wonders with what emotions he regarded this outcome.

VI

The happy vision of the navalists, however, was soon to be overcast. Though they had launched us upon this great naval effort, there was still no military reason for it, to overcome the pains of footing the bill. No longer, moreover, were people reading *Defenseless America*, or parading our chief cities to the chant of 'Prepare, prepare, prepare.' The intoxication had worn off; the headache had arrived, and in the cold, gray light of the post-war world it threatened to be severe. Mr. Denby's innocent pronunciamentos called down an unexpectedly violent outburst from eminent gentlemen in Congress. When the naval appropriations bill came up in the late spring they scrutinized it with care. The 1916 programme, they discovered, was in reality only a beginning; though the individual ship designs had been mod-

ernized, the programme as a whole now represented an obsolete conception of the navy (just as Mr. Callaway had predicted) and new demands were being made to bring it up to date. Senator King resorted to pad and pencil, emerging with a disquieting result. The estimated cost of the original programme, he pointed out, had been $544,000,000.

> There has already been expended toward its completion substantially that amount, and it will involve the expenditure of at least $500,000,000 more before it is finished. But with its completion we will not have a modern or an efficient navy . . . and the bill now before us seeks to supplement the programme by carrying stupendous amounts for airplanes and airplane carriers.

Nor was this all. Calculations like that of the *Washington Post* rested on the assumption that our new building would bring no answer from abroad, and that we could plunge into a project for supremacy without arousing other people's navalists. The assumption was unwarranted. Speaking in the House of Commons on March 17, 1921, Lieutenant-Colonel Archer-Shee explained to his compatriots: —

> By 1925 this great nation overseas will have built a fleet which will practically make obsolete all of the battleships of our fleet with the exception of the *Hood*. . . . To meet this situation the government proposes to lay down four ships only this year.

But the four, it was said, would go to 50,000 tons apiece and would mount 18-inch rifles. The 'superdreadnoughts' which we were constructing would then be retired by these 'super-superdreadnoughts,' and beyond that the vistas of naval competition stretched toward heights of folly and of expense calculated to give pause even to the navalist.

It was doubtful whether the British taxpayer could stand the financial strain; it was even more doubtful whether the American taxpayer would stand it. In its technical aspects, moreover, the whole thing was getting out of hand. A development so rapid that every new programme of one power threatened to upset everything that had been done by another introduced an extreme of instability into the whole structure of navalism. Modern navalism had been founded upon the idea of competitive building. Its driving force had been such arithmetical standards as the 'two power' or the 'second power' or the 'second to none' policy implied. Such standards were becoming unworkable, such comparisons difficult. Navalism as a whole, it might almost be said, was threatening to commit suicide. It seems to have occurred to some navalists on both sides of the water that there was a better way.

On November 11, 1921, the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments convened; and a few months later Senator Lodge, a principal author of the 1916 programme, was defending before the Senate the treaty whereby that programme was annulled, and some of its proudest ships were scrapped unfinished on the ways. Many American naval experts, too dull to see farther than those imposing hulls, have ever since denounced an agreement whereby we 'surrendered' so much to the British. They never even realized what it was all about. The truth was that our navalists, having brought their taxpayers to a policy of supremacy by accident more than anything else, were standing upon an extremely uncertain pinnacle which might collapse at any moment, and at best could not support them in a naval race of such monstrous illogicality as that which had loomed ahead. In a rare act of naval (no less than of political) realism, a momentary and

paper supremacy had been traded for a permanent and genuine advantage. It had been used to purchase from the British a treaty which would supply the one thing that American navalism, throughout its variegated history, had most lacked — a simple, positive, absolute standard of naval building.

To navalism, the great dogma of 'parity' was worth, certainly, all the hulls we had ever projected. Once enshrined in a treaty as an allowed maximum, it became, as a simple matter of psychology, the irreducible minimum. As such it was the greatest lever ever put into the hands of the American navalist for windlassing appropriations out of the reluctant taxpayer. There was no technical reason for this standard. No naval expert could show just what military results it would achieve, or indicate in what way national policy would have to be modified if we went so many thousand tons below or above what the British possessed. He did not have to. 'Parity' was never rooted in the sands of naval technology, but in the far firmer soil of mass emotion. The retreat to parity was one of the strategic retreats of history.

Just how useful it was is indicated by the unhappy history of the sister service. The army, too, had evolved a 1916 programme; the army, too, had ended the war with bright hopes of future greatness. They were, indeed, embodied in the 1920 revision of the National Defense Act. But for the army there could be no appeal to 'parity'; and the grandiose structure had scarcely been completed before a heartless and economical Congress began cutting the appropriations for it right and left. Who can doubt that without parity — so simple, so dogmatic, so well calculated to arouse a ready prejudice, and so insusceptible to reasoned argument — a similar misfortune would have befallen the navy? Even the navy was to have a harder struggle with its taxpayers than it had anticipated, and that dream of an automatic building standard which would overcome Congress's inconvenient right of control through the purse strings was not fully to be realized. The value of the principle, however, is demonstrated by the fact that from the Washington Conference onward the navalists never appealed to any other.

They eschewed all complex considerations of what we really needed to defend or of what technically would be the best method of defending it. They took their stand upon the rock of parity, which, being totally unintelligible, was completely unassailable. Why should we build fifteen light cruisers of an unproved design, of doubtful usefulness, and for an uncertain mission? Twenty years before, the answer would have been a flood of questionable technicalities. Now it was simple: because Great Britain had them. They were necessary for parity. Thus parity had placed the whole subject on a plane of complete and convenient unreality; it had brought a comfortable order and stability into that strange fictional world which the naval expert had created, and it permitted him to retire there to compute his tonnages and gun calibres undisturbed by any practical problems from the far more complicated real world of men and women. By a temporary alliance between the shrewdest members of two naval groups the position had been stabilized, the publics reconciled to their burdens, and navalism saved for democracy.

VII

The way in which it worked can readily be understood from the subsequent history. The next chapter had

its beginnings, oddly enough, in a tactical slip made by the British at Washington.

The stabilization of types had been an aim quite as important as the stabilization of tonnage totals, and the British, failing to secure a limitation on cruiser tonnage, had been quick to recommend a limit upon the size and armament of individual cruisers. It was here they made their mistake. In the war navies the typical light cruiser was a small vessel of about 4000 tons mounting 6-inch rifles, and most of the great British cruiser fleet was composed of vessels of this class. In 1916, however, the British had laid down four more or less experimental ships of 9750 tons mounting 7.5-inch rifles, and in order to save these handsome units they proposed a limit of 10,000 tons and 8-inch guns. Forgetting their own experience with the *Dreadnought*, the British were risking the substance to save the shadow. In 1921 no other country had actually laid down a cruiser of such power, and the British might have been able to establish a lower limit. As it was, the 10,000-ton 'treaty' cruiser instantly became, not the maximum, but the minimum; and the way was open for any power which wished to build such vessels to throw into the shade the enormous existing preponderance of the British in cruiser types.

The United States at first neglected this chance; while for the British to keep pace with the few 10,000-tonners laid down elsewhere required only a modest programme, not difficult to extract from Parliament and admirable for keeping up employment (as well as earnings) in the shipyards. Unsuspecting, they laid down in 1924 their first five 'treaty' cruisers. If the American public, however, had overlooked its 'opportunity,' the American General Board had not. As early as December 1922, it had prepared and Secretary Denby had signed a statement of 'United States Naval Policy.' Ostensibly a revision of policy to accord with the treaty limitations, its real purpose seems rather to have been to consolidate the psychological gains of Washington. Its first aim was: —

> To create, maintain and operate a Navy second to none, and in conformity with the ratios for capital ships established by the treaty. . . . To make strength of the Navy for battle of primary importance.

Thus was parity transferred from the capital ships, to which it officially applied, to the lesser types to which it did not. This much, however, was fairly implied in the policy established by the civil government at the conference. The same can hardly be said for what followed: —

> To make strength of the Navy for exercising ocean-wide economic pressure next in importance.

Throughout the naval debates of many years, the idea of exercising 'ocean-wide economic pressure' had never seriously been advanced. The theory upon which Secretary Hughes had based our policy at Washington was that the cruiser was simply a battle-fleet auxiliary. The General Board itself, in devising the 1916 programme, had provided for only ten of these ships and had designated them, significantly, as 'scout' cruisers. There had been no thought of a great independent cruiser fleet to attack commerce far from the battle lines. Only on the auxiliary theory was it reasonable to extend battleship ratios to cruisers; indeed, if cruisers were an independent arm, it would have been necessary under the principles adopted at Washington to confirm the great superiority that the British then enjoyed. For the foundation of the

Hughes plan was the acceptance of existing strengths as a measure of naval needs, and our programme had made no pretense, even, of duplicating the huge light-cruiser squadrons of the British.

Having been educated to believe in parity, however, the American public would now believe in parity of cruisers as readily as in parity of any other type. This being so, the General Board had found a technical reason for demanding what it had not even thought of in 1916. In addition to a battle fleet capable of repelling British attack, we would now go in for a commerce-destroying fleet capable of menacing the absolutely vital British lines of communications. Then followed the next step. The section on 'building policy' laid down the aim: —

> To complete ten light cruisers [the ex-'scout' cruisers of the 1916 programme] now building. To replace all old cruisers by building sixteen modern cruisers of 10,000 tons displacement carrying 8-inch guns, and in addition to lay down and build cruiser tonnage at a rate that will maintain in cruiser strength the capital ship ratios. To build no more small cruisers.

Parity combined with the high treaty limit on individual ships would produce a fleet as large as the British in tonnage, but overwhelmingly superior in fact. To meet such a threat the British would have to replace a very large proportion of their existing light-cruiser tonnage, all of which was still entirely serviceable, with the heavier 8-inch-gun ship. American naval men, as more than one of them was later frankly to intimate, did not believe that the Admiralty could squeeze the money for it out of their overburdened people. The pleasant prospect loomed, not simply of parity, but of superiority, — on paper, at any rate, — in at least one branch of navalism. However, the General Board had been rather too optimistic of its own taxpayers, and for several years the scheme was to remain in distressful abeyance. Not until 1926 were the experts (aided by the new sound of riveting in British shipyards) able to stir Congress from its lethargy and breathe the first signs of life into the new programme. Then the British experts realized what they were about to be let in for.

At once they rallied, to repair the breach which they had themselves left in the Washington treaty structure and to save their great accumulation of light-cruiser tonnage from an untimely senescence. In the modern naval vessel, it is important to remember, old age is a phenomenon having little to do with the physical deterioration of hull, engines, or armament. It is a condition induced not by the passage of time, which is calculable, but by the other fellow's building something better — which can be neither anticipated nor, without treaty limitation, prevented. The British rose to the emergency. With great ingenuity they set out to disparage the 'treaty' cruiser. They invented bad names for it — the 'suicide class,' the 'tinclads,' the 'ten-second ships.' They pointed out that it was a technically faulty design, combining great offensive power with an almost complete absence of protection, and thus repeating in exaggerated form the precise defect in the older battle-cruiser type which had been revealed so tragically at Jutland. It was also, they added, expensive to build; and they proposed that the cruiser limit should be reduced to about 6000 tons and 6-inch guns.

Actually, the technical criticism was sound enough, while the proposal, though it would involve the surrender of a paper advantage to the British, was by no means unreasonable if disarmament and economy were the real aims. The American naval experts

saw this only too well. To the insidious propaganda of the Briton, therefore, they at once opposed an American campaign of education. As rapidly as the British thought up bad names for the 10,000-tonners, the Americans thought up new reasons for retaining them. They made the interesting, but curiously sudden, discovery that the 10,000-tonners were peculiarly 'suited to our needs'; though why they had not known this when they saddled the American taxpayer with the ten 6-inch cruisers of the 1916 programme (eight of which had not even been laid down until after the war) they never explained. Instead, they ranged the field of naval technology for new proofs of an American 'need' for large ships as opposed to the British 'need' for small ones.

The whole process, in fact, was more than a little reminiscent of that whereby General Greatauk, of the Penguin Island army, proved the guilt of Pyrot. Like that celebrated military man, the more our experts thought of it the more convinced did they become; while the technical arguments to which they appealed, if never entirely intelligible, had the great merit that they were beyond lay criticism. The one fact that was simple, obvious, and intelligible — that we needed 10,000-tonners primarily because the British fleet was largely made up of 6000-tonners — was never stressed by either side. To do so might have been fatal to both positions; it would almost certainly have been fatal to the American. Our people believed in parity, but they cared little about the 'exercise of ocean-wide economic pressure' and nothing at all for an expensive naval race.

In such bad odor, indeed, was the idea of competitive building that our naval men devised a pleasanter synonym for the form of it upon which they were engaged. 'Competition,' Admiral Jones once gravely explained, 'exists when two nations start to build against each other, — to try to seek superiority, — whereas relativity is merely when two nations agree upon a tonnage beyond which they agree not to build.' Competing with the British by building a greater tonnage, in other words, was 'competition'; but competing by building more powerful individual ships within a limit was simply 'relativity.'

But the British, perverse men, never appreciated the impartial beauties of relativity, and from Geneva to London the great war was waged, ending finally in the compromise which was of course the only possible solution. The experts on each side had appeared to imagine that if they only invented enough technical 'reasons' the other side would sign a treaty of surrender. In the end it took the civil power of both governments to rescue them from their world of fantasy. Admiral Pratt almost alone among the American experts had sense enough to see that a treaty was possible only through concession, and the further sense to see that in any long view of navalism and national policy a compromise and a treaty were worth immeasurably more than any paper 'right' to build this or that type of cruiser. His reward, in ordinary naval opinion, was to be excoriated as a traitor to the cause.

VIII

This seems to suggest a glaring deficiency, if not, indeed, an 'abysmal ignorance,' in the naval experts. They spend their lives in the study of navies, but they seem rarely to pause for the study of navalism as a whole, in all its aspects — social, political, and economic, as well as military. Naval men know all about ships; they seldom

appear to realize that the ships are only the relatively unimportant tools or counters in an intricate human process. Of the ultimate nature of this process, over which they presume to minister, they apparently know little and care less.

The result is that they imagine their professional duty to have ended when they know how to fight a naval war and have done everything in their power to argue or cajole their people into supporting an 'adequate' navy. The trouble is that the practical question of what constitutes adequacy is precisely the question which they are never prepared to face. Yet this is the central question which the expert adviser is supposed to advise upon. In theory, the desired national policy is outlined to him by the civil power, and it is then his function to report whether it is technically possible of achievement, and, if so, what are the technical means necessary to achieve it. Actually, the naval expert has preferred to reverse this, to use the authority of his special knowledge to secure the maximum of means, and to let them determine the policy. Admiral Rodgers, a former member of the General Board, once revealed how completely and how dangerously they have done so: —

> For many years the national platforms of both parties in this country have mentioned an adequate Navy. They have not said 'adequate to what,' so that the General Board, which has been charged since its inception with the general characteristics and size of the Navy, has been obliged to find out what the Navy is to be adequate to. In the Navy policy sheet it has been defined to carry out the policies of the United States.

Such a conclusion might be well enough in an ensign just out of Annapolis, but to a layman it does seem as though the most authoritative experts in the United States could do better than that. 'To carry out the policies of the United States' is meaningless; or, rather, it means that in the considered view of the General Board the sky is the only limit.

Now, if the half century of modern navalism indicates anything, it indicates that adequacy on that basis is a political, social, and psychological impossibility — and perhaps a technical impossibility as well. It simply cannot be done. Theoretically, one might be able to maintain a navy sufficient 'to carry out the policies of the United States' by computing the total military power of every other nation in the world and then constructing a navy large enough to beat them all at once, though even in theory the thing is by no means certain. In practice, such an aim is totally impossible of realization. Reality imposes upon the naval expert the harder task of calculating what he can and cannot defend with means which there is some political and economic possibility of maintaining, and then of telling his people what, with a given naval establishment, they can reasonably expect to do and what it would be technically dangerous for them to hope to do.

A wider view of his own profession should, it seems to the writer, equip a naval expert to discuss his subject in such hard and realistic terms as these. His failure to do so is bad for the navy and bad for the nation. On the one hand, because it provides no sound and historic basis for naval policy, it exposes the navy to precisely that treatment at the hands of politicians which the navy so often denounces as destructive to its own efficiency. On the other hand, it leaves the nation with no safe and satisfactory guides in a matter of absolutely vital importance both to ourselves and to our neighbors. For the truth is that the experts

and the admirals are seeing only the minor tactics of their subject, not its broad and essential strategy.

It is a barren business. It is like taking a trench and losing the war; it is like the wisdom of the British in making themselves so absolutely supreme in 'command of the sea' that the submarine nearly starved them to death. It is to forget human reality for technical fictions. The consequence is the focusing of naval eyes upon paper comparisons, upon 'parity' or 'ratios' instead of upon the actual ends which navies are capable of serving. It is the concoction of such grotesqueries as the 1916 programme. It is the devotion of immense energies to such footling issues as whether the Japanese have a 10–6 or a 10–7 ratio in cruisers, to the exclusion of the basic fact that whether it were 10–6 or 10–7 we could no more 'defend' our Far Eastern trade from the Japanese than the Japanese could 'defend' their American trade from us. Finally, it is to leave the American people in the catastrophic belief that it is militarily possible for them to do anything they please anywhere, when all experience shows the reverse to be the truth.

For in the end the whole naval debate of the past ten years has revolved not around real politico-naval facts but around an adding machine. What we have been listening to is not a discussion of the national defense; it is a discussion of paper figures, tabular 'supremacy,' arithmetical dominion of the seas, and that mystical sort of prestige discoverable only in the pages of *Jane's Fighting Ships* or similar manuals. Only remotely are these things connected with genuine security, national needs, or actual war. It is for this last, however, that the taxpayer imagines that navies and navalism are providing. The taxpayer, who puts up the money, has to be a realist. It is a misfortune that the naval expert does not feel himself under the same necessity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Funeral of Ellen Terry

The present interest in the letters of Ellen Terry and G. B. Shaw reminds me of an exquisite experience and of the letter which follows, which I wrote to a friend on the occasion of Ellen Terry's funeral at Small Hythe in Kent.

The White Lion Inn
Tenterden, *July* 24, 1928

I have just come from Dame Ellen Terry's funeral and must write you about it while the mood is on, though I despair of doing it justice. Nothing like it could have happened outside of England, or a story-book. I count it as one of the exquisite experiences of my life.

I came on a char-à-bancs early this morning through this beautiful bit of Kent — a fresh garden, in a sort of glimmering morning atmosphere that you find only in England, before the sun comes out strong. Tenterden alone is worth a letter, but I must get on to Small Hythe, a tiny village of slumbering Tudor farmhouses, only about six in all, and a church, and a tollhouse over the Rother, opposite which is Ellen Terry's house.

We stood in the road outside the church — just a handful of people — no crowd at all, and no chattering, you may be sure. A few motor cars in a field were the only sign of modern stir; but presently the camera men arrived and a car full of reporters, and we all chatted in subdued tones. At eleven o'clock the little church bell began to ring cheerfully — not toll, and the vicar and surpliced choir (about five in all) came out to the door, where they stood waiting. The country folk and neighbors and a few distinguished persons wandered into the church or stood in the little lane leading up to the door. Then Dame Ellen's farmers and haymakers and shepherds lined up on each side of the path. They were in smocks, and carried their rakes, scythes, and shepherd's crooks at 'Shoulder Arms.' Such fine old English faces! One shepherd was a picture out of the National Gallery, with far-gazing blue eyes that had looked into 'the heart of many thousand mists.' Two enormous and noble sheep dogs stood by their masters at attention also — Dame Ellen's dogs, much beloved by her, they told me in the village.

The church is about as big as your apartment, and it was fragrant with lavender and garden flowers. The floor of the aisle was strewn with laurel and bay leaves, and only two simple bouquets stood on each side of the entrance. On the altar were a few lilies and in the homely glass bottles on the window ledges were bunches of sweet peas. Six tall candles indicated the position of the bier. I asked hesitatingly of the verger if I might come in, and he invited me very simply and kindly to do so; but I decided to wait outside until the cortège arrived.

The lane winds from the cottage to the church, and presently along came two tall policemen; then the simple procession, walking slowly up the green path sweet with roses and hay from the fields adjoining. The honorary pallbearers were Gordon Craig (Ellen Terry's son), the son of Forbes-Robertson (who lives near by), and others I do not know about. Bernard Shaw was not there. The coffin was of unpainted pine boards and was covered with a pall of cloth of gold made from one of her old costumes. Her daughter and friends and the neighboring farmers all followed, the women in light dresses and bright hats — and no tears! Such fine faces among them! Several, I felt sure, were old actors. One dignified and somewhat jaunty but shabby old man looked like nothing so much as one of that immortal company in *Nicholas Nickleby* that stormed the Kentish provinces.

The church service was as simple as could be — just the beautiful prayer-book

ritual, and an anthem, 'Alleluia,' sung by Lady Maud Warrender, who, they tell me, is a very famous person indeed. She wore a red hat and a bright dress too. After a hymn, 'On the Resurrection Morning,' they all came quietly out, placed the casket with its few garden flowers in a waiting carriage, the villagers coming up with little bouquets and laying them along the sides, with a few tears but not much weeping, and in about ten minutes the whole thing was over. On the casket lay only one little wreath of laurel and roses — no profusion of hot-house flowers anywhere about.

I wandered down the lane to her house, a wonderful, ancient-timbered Tudor building of Henry VII's time, covered with climbing roses and surrounded by a lovely simple garden and bordered by hayfields and meadows full of sheep. At the gate stood the housekeeper to answer any questions, very courteous and quiet. All the windows stood open, and in each was a bowl of garden flowers. I could see everything within the rooms — old, homely, and simple things, the furniture shining from many polishings. On the outside of the garden gate was a card bearing this message, found in Ellen Terry's copy of *The Imitation of Christ:* —

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazing, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness;
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness;
Yours still — you mine. Remember all the best
Of our past memories. Forget the rest,
And so to where I wait, come gently on.

The vicar in his surplice stood about talking to the lingering country folk; the bent old toll keeper opened the bridge gates across the Rother for the few cars. I spoke to his daughter, who took the toll. She was weeping. She said, 'I'll always feel she's abate here; she was a wonderful friend to me.' I came down to Tenterden in the bus next to a woman in a long purple veil who I felt was interesting. She was indeed — an old actress, much reduced, I fancied, who had known Ellen Terry in her youth and adored her. This was an added bit of picturesqueness, and we walked about together and rode back with a polite youth who picked us up in his car for a shilling.

I forgot to tell a lovely thing that we discussed on the way back. The sun had not come out until the little funeral procession rounded the lane to the church. Just then it broke gloriously through the clouds, and everyone drew a long breath. 'It is just as she'd have wanted it to be,' they said. As I write this, the bells across the way at the church of Tenterden have been pealing — not tolling — for almost half an hour in honor of their illustrious neighbor. It has all been so joyous and sweet! A hay wagon came up the lane as we started back, and I recognized one of the men who had stood at attention outside the church; they lost no time in getting to work again.

I said to the landlord of this old inn, 'I must write home about Ellen Terry's funeral while the impression is fresh.' 'Oh, quite!' was the inevitable reply, as he hustled me out this paper and pen. So now I'll send it off at the post office opposite, after I have had a cup of tea, and get the next bus for Hastings through the drowsy afternoon in these dreaming Kent and Sussex lanes.

P. S. I copied a few directions from a card posted just inside the door of the little church: —

Hints to those who worship God:

Be in time.
Go straight into the church.
Kneel down on your knees.
Do not look around every time the door opens.
Stand up directly the hymns are given out.
Do not whisper to your neighbor.
Keep your thoughts fixed.
Bow your head at the Most Holy Name of Jesus Christ.
If you have children, see that they kneel too.

Hearts of oak! No one will ever conquer 'these English.' They are too deeply rooted in the essentials of living and the conduct of life.

KATHERINE MORSE

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

IT will now and again happen to almost any man in moderate circumstances to be reminded by his wife that something must be done in or about the house. And there are

some, no doubt, who leap to the occasion — and do something at once. The bathtub faucet, for example, is almost suddenly provided with a new washer; a trap is set for the mouse that has got into the cellar and will soon be running all over the house, the mouse murdered, and the corpus delicti unostentatiously disposed of; a step-ladder is carried upstairs, mounted, balanced upon, the spare-room window shade taken off, its roller shrewdly examined, the spring tightened, the stepladder descended and again hidden away.

The condition, however, is often one that a philosopher would put up with, content to sit in meditation under his Bo Tree and reflect, when reminded, that no Bo Tree is perfect. The faucet (he will subconsciously argue) drips into the tub; mice come and mice go; it will be time enough to do something about the window shade when a guest is expected. Such a man will agree pleasantly that something must be done — but without getting up. Or again, in the case of an active and willing man whose intention to do something is indisputable, unless he does it at once he will do something else first. So performance lags behind intention. So many other affairs, tasks, duties, concerns, and so forth, seemingly of more immediate insistence, intervene that he forgets the reminder. The faucet will continue to drip; the mouse will presently be running all over the house; the unexpected guest will be embarrassed by having to turn off the light and undress in the dark.

For some time past there had been no question but that something must be done about the lock on my kitchen door. A lock, if anything, should be obedient to its key; but none could any longer say whether this lock would respond with alacrity or would have to be coaxed. Then one gently jiggled the key, violently shook the door, thinking regretfully of Acadia, where

> Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
> But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.

Usually the lock coyly responded in a few minutes; but once it had had to be coaxed, off and on, for several days. The door being unlocked, I had then contrived what is called a 'button,' fastening it securely from the inside and practically answering all purposes, for the house could still be locked up externally with the front-door key. But one had to remember to use the button, and sooner or later something must undoubtedly be done about the kitchen-door lock.

Wherever situated, a lock is symbolic of the evolution of man from his early home in a cave to his present home in a suburb. It became, in some form, a necessity as soon as he gave up living in a tree, and — except briefly in Acadia — has so continued, constantly urging and encouraging his ingenuity both to make it and to break it.

'To primitive man, living in a favorable climate,' wrote Professor Julius Lippert in his *Evolution of Culture*, 'the chief desideratum of his abode must have been protection from dangerous animals. This was easily provided by blocking up the entrance of a cave.' Professor Lippert, I think, should have tried blocking up the entrance of a cave himself. With a good-sized entrance this must have been a regular sunset job for the whole family, the primitive man, his primitive wife (if one may so call her), and his primitive little ones. Every morning they would have had to unblock the entrance; and sometimes, during the day, whoever happened to be at home or had returned in haste would have had to block it up in a hurry. The will to live, so important in evolution, would have kept them at it; but the will to live with the least possible labor, equally important, would have kept them dissatisfied. *They would not have agreed with Professor Lippert.* The feeling that something must be done about the entrance of the cave, working from one millennium to another, would at last have resulted in something being done.

Thus we see the dawn of domestic architecture, for the patiently budding architect must have made some sort of house before he could make some sort of door, and some sort of door before he could fasten it against dangerous animals with some sort of button. The family took their lives with them when they went out, and, except for the dangerous animal, it was all quite simple and Acadian. But, as possessions multiplied, the desirability — much as one hates

to admit it — of locking up the house when away from home became more and more exigent. Something must be done about the button; and so at last was invented the lock. The key, no doubt, was cumbersome, but it was a great improvement, as I think Professor Lippert would have admitted, over blocking up the entrance of a cave.

But these thoughts about the past do nothing about the present.

As anybody knows who has ever looked, the lock on a kitchen door is cleverly concealed in the woodwork and there held in place by two screws. Nothing is easier, after a man has found his screwdriver, than to remove such a lock, thus leaving to be admired a neat cavity of exactly corresponding proportions. Keyholes in the door coincide so nicely with keyholes in the lock that anybody who will stoop to this method can look through the door. But the inner anatomy of the lock, its physiology and psychology, is still further concealed and protected by a metal body held together by yet another screw. *And sometimes a screw sticks.* One must unscrew this screw, pressing the screwdriver inexorably against the screw and at the same time twisting it irresistibly in a direction opposite to that followed by the hands of his watch; and until that screw is unscrewed it will remain impossible for one to examine the anatomy of that lock. When I held it up to the light and tried to look in through the keyhole, I saw the house across the street and my neighbor sweeping down her front steps, a pretty spectacle that did nothing whatever but sweep down the front steps. One can, of course, put the lock back in the door; but this, too, really does nothing about it. One merely wastes time trying to find the screws. I laid the lock down on the kitchen table, and threw the screwdriver in the coal hod.

'The thing to do about this lock,' I said to my wife, 'is to scrap it. Now that I have got it out, I will run down to the hardware store —'

My wife looked alarmed.

'Do you think,' she said, 'that you will have time to run down to the hardware store before lunch?'

I looked at my watch and about the kitchen. The groceryman had that morning left a half peck of potatoes in a paper bag. I expeditiously dumped out the potatoes, put the lock in the bag, and the bag in my pocket. I reassured my wife.

'Allowing ten minutes to go,' I said, 'five minutes in the store to exchange this interesting specimen of junk for a new lock, ten minutes to come back, and five minutes to put the new lock in the door, there will be just enough time.'

'I hope so,' said my wife. 'You're not forgetting the key?'

'No,' I said. 'I am not forgetting the key.'

I found the key and put it in the paper bag with the lock.

It was the noon hour in our village, and only one clerk — an intellectual-looking young man, as such clerks are apt to be — was in the hardware store. He adjusted his spectacles, looked at the exterior of the lock and at me through the keyholes. He tried the key, and for once I was glad that it stuck.

'I guess we'll have to open her up,' he said. 'I have n't got another lock of this make in stock, so I'd have to send for it. Maybe all she needs is a drop of oil.'

'I tried that through the keyhole,' I said. 'It did n't seem to do any good.'

'It would n't,' he said. 'Not through the keyhole. Wait a minute till I get a screwdriver.'

In a hardware store it ought not to take very long to find a screwdriver. Yet I presently began to wonder whether he was not out of screwdrivers and having to send for one. I looked at my watch, and was surprised to see that he had been gone less than two minutes. He came back with a screwdriver, whistling a little tune as he came, and nonchalantly tackled the screw. Then he stopped whistling and tackled the screw seriously. The screw passively resisted, and I found myself betting on it. Finally he put the lock on the floor, stood on it with both feet, grasped the screwdriver with both hands, bent over at the waist, and again tackled the screw. Watching him anxiously, I could not but think that here at last was the man who never neglects his morning exercises. This time the screw yielded reluctantly.

'Wait a minute,' he said, wiping his forehead and the palms of his hands with his pocket handkerchief, 'till I get some oil.'

A lock, as I have since read in my encyclopædia, is 'an arrangement or contrivance for fastening doors, lids, boards, plates, etc., by means of an enclosed bolt which is shot back and forth by means of a key or other device to engage with some form of staple, plate, or box. The enclosed bolt is usually guarded by an obstacle which must be overcome by the action of the key.' While he was gone for the oil I examined, but without touching, these now exposed mysteries of the lock. But this soon palled; and I began pacing back and forth — six steps one way and six steps another, like a dangerous animal in front of a primitive dwelling — as a man will when he is waiting for somebody to keep an appointment. He came back with an oil can, skillfully applied a drop here and a drop there, closed her up, tightened the screw, inserted the key, shot the enclosed bolt out, was unable to shoot it in, removed the key, and opened her up.

'It's funny,' he said, 'how interested you get in a job of this kind. Wait a minute till I get a rag.'

So he got a rag and began cleaning all the inner parts of the lock.

When one man is doing his best to help another is no time for the other to exhibit impatience. He must govern himself. He must neither pace back and forth like a dangerous animal nor keep tabs on the time like a harmless lad who has but just been given his first watch. As Burton long ago wrote in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 'Hope and patience are the sovereign remedies for all, the surest reposals.' Oh, repose on them! Content yourself with teetering gracefully from one foot to the other like a person in no particular hurry. He cleaned all the parts and examined them carefully with eye and forefinger.

'Wait a minute,' he said, 'till I get a file.'

By this time life had resumed in the hardware store. Well-fed clerks had returned from lunch. Customers came and went. Automobiles passed in the street. Somebody had turned on the radio, and somewhere the Better Biscuit String Ensemble was playing a Brahms Hungarian dance. He came back, dancing (it seemed to me) like a young Hungarian, and began to file the parts of the lock. When he had filed one part he put that part aside and filed another part. It was not astonishing, if the lock needed so much filing, that it had ceased to work properly. As he had said, it was funny, in the colloquial sense, how interested a man could get in that kind of job. So, I thought, patient prisoners file away by night at the bars of their prisons while guards pace ramparts. I remembered Acadia, where

> Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
> But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.

The Better Biscuits seemed to be playing it in Hungarian. He filed while I paced. *But at last he escaped!* He wiped his face with the oily rag, put it in his pocket, reassembled the parts of the lock, closed her up, tightened the screw as if tightening it forever, and inserted the key.

'If she won't work *now*,' he said, 'it is my opinion that she never will.'

He turned the key easily back and forth, but the enclosed bolt never budged. I suspect now, after consulting the encyclopædia, that he had filed away the obstacle that must be overcome by the key or other device.

Since then he has sent me the new lock, and I should have already put it in the kitchen door except that something must be done about the door. The new lock fits nicely into the cavity, but the keyholes do not coincide with those in the door.

RALPH BERGENGREN

PAN AND THE PLUMBER

PAN and the Plumber, in a way,
  Are similar in type:
For while Pan gayly pipes a lay
  The Plumber lays a pipe.

With dancing feet, Pan, so we learn,
  Scampers across the map,
And as he lightly taps a turn
  The Plumber turns a tap.

And while the poets sing of Pan
  And bid us give him pathroom,
The Plumber makes, for us to scan,
  A poem of a bathroom.

BERTON BRALEY

Learn English Before You Go

At this season, when 49,217 Americans are on the point of sailing for the annual summer tour of England, it may not be ungracious to suggest to them the urgency of a preliminary study of the foreign language spoken over there. Confusion may often be avoided if a traveler knows the language of the country through which he is passing. The American language, to be sure, is partially understood in England, but the wise tourist, aware that this understanding is not universal, will take the precaution of learning at least a few words of the English vocabulary before he ventures into the unknown.

He will then never make the amusing blunder of asking to be directed to a drug store; he will inquire for a chemist's shop. If he is lost, he will look, not for a 'cop,' but for a 'bobby,' and will find him, not on the pavement, but in the road. When found, he will never tell you how many blocks it is to your destination. Rather, he will say: 'First turnin' right, second turnin' left, then strite ahead.' If the tourist drives an auto, — more properly called a motor, — he will have difficulty obtaining gasoline; but petrol is available.

A store, one should know, is merely a repository where property is stored, and should not be confused with a shop, which is a mercantile establishment for selling goods. There are no department stores, but there are general or multiple shops. In the ironmongery department one can purchase what Americans ignorantly call hardware; in the turnery department one looks for kitchen furniture. A shop or factory never caters to a special clientele, but may cater *for* it; one institution is never affiliated with another, but may be affiliated *to* it. A tenant is not the occupant, but the occupier of the building, and he does not rent his quarters — he hires them, or they are let to him. In all of London there are no four-story buildings, but there are a few eight-storey buildings. These do not have elevators, but their lifts serve the same purpose. The ground floor, by the way, is not the first floor; that is one stage higher. How strange that we Americans, with our extensive public-school system, should be the only people unable to count floors correctly!

Lacking street cars, the Londoner may take a tram. Or he may ride in the underground or tube, but obviously not in the subway, which is merely a passage for pedestrians under the street. There are no railroads in England, and the railway trains do not have engineers, brakemen, or conductors. They have engine drivers, of course, and guards to see that the numerous doors are closed before starting, and sometimes a ticket taker. There is no baggage car, but the luggage van suffices. In lieu of a check room or parcel room in the station, there is a left-luggage room. The attendant in charge is rarely a clerk; a clerk is what Americans call a bookkeeper, and his title rhymes with park. To ship freight, consult the goods office of the railway, or engage a motor lorry in place of a truck.

Since there are faster trains in Britain than here, and often longer nonstop runs, one should not be astonished to learn that there are no reduced round-trip rates. There may be, however, a cheap return, or a cheap circular tour if one is to come back by a different route. The tickets grant no stop-over privileges, but they sometimes permit you to break the journey. Tickets for a journey, a play, or an athletic contest are usually not purchased; they are booked at a booking office. One can also book hotel accommodations. An inn or hotel may not charge you for your room, but you will have to pay for bed, bath, and breakfast. The running water is not drawn from faucets, but from taps. A bellhop will never bring you a pitcher of ice water, but a page can usually fetch a jug of iced water.

In restaurants and tea rooms, desserts are often missing from the menus, being replaced by a list of sweets. Even cream may hide in that list. The true name of our American corn, one will learn, is maize (with *a* silent), and our wheat is corn.

In England it is better to post one's letters than to mail them. In fact, there are no mail boxes from which mail is collected. The lack of them is not a serious inconvenience since there are numerous letter boxes, which are cleared frequently. Envelopes are rarely sealed — that requires wax; instead, the flap is simply

stuck down. The orthography of English names is a real problem for Americans: Lester should be given its correct spelling of Leicester; Beauchamp should not be garbled into Beecham; nor should the Ministry of Labour be dishonored by omitting the *u*.

To the American, English slang is a language almost as foreign as correct English. To tick you off is to put you wise. To catch him up is to catch up with him. To queer his pitch is to upset his plans. To get told off is to receive advance information. To get one in a hat is to place him in an embarrassing situation. The frequent exclamations, 'Really!' and 'Quite!' are good English, signifying 'You don't say so!' and 'Just so!' On no account should they be rendered as 'Oh, yeah?' and 'Okeh, kid!'

The quaint incomprehensibility of the American mind — an inexhaustible puzzle to Britons — has been portrayed by Mr. Kipling; his explanation by means of the fourth dimension, be it remembered, antedated by some years Herr Einstein's introduction of that concept into theoretical mechanics. Imagine the bewilderment of our British cousins when we couple with our unpredictable behavior the strange syllables of an alien tongue. To be sure, the Englishman's sporting blood rises to the occasion, and he strives gallantly to guess at our meaning and make us feel at home. As well-mannered guests, it behooves us to spare him as much trouble as we can by learning a little English before going over.

FRANK LOXLEY GRIFFIN

A PERNICIOUS HABIT

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the late Dr. Spooner was, and still is, — for 'the evil that men do lives after them,' — a most dangerous canker in our social life.

In my own case, a chance remark concerning this famous man led me, when young, to experiment with the request that I should be allowed to play 'Damn Crumbo.' The well-merited rebuke conferred upon me by my Victorian aunt merely encouraged me to further efforts, until the process became almost automatic, and has, alas, persisted well into middle age. For example, the detested rice pudding of childhood is still 'puss riding,' and even sometimes 'cat on horseback.' Similarly, upon the postman's arrival, some member of the family rushes off to 'fondle the spectre,' or, in other words, to 'pet the ghost.' In former days the 'cat-end of a bundle' was often used to light picnic fires; nowadays it has been replaced by 'spithylated merit' — I mean the solid kind. A well-known glee is still sung as 'Lame is the cark,' while another, from being first transposed to 'The long clay dozes,' now masquerades as 'The churchwarden slumbers.'

Quite apart from pits which suddenly yawn at one's very toes, the most innocent transpositions will sometimes recoil upon one. Only last week, for instance, after discussing which of us should speak to Maria on the delicate subject of the Sunday roast, my better half sought to tempt me by honeyed references to my dignified manner. Hoping to ease the tension, I unthinkingly replied that I would sooner have a 'magnified dinner.' After which I fear my exit was almost a scuttle.

Despite such incidents, I fear I have made no real effort to throw off the vice, and have even introduced it to the rising generation. Within the family circle there is, perhaps, no harm in this; but I doubt if a slight acquaintance of mine, the Venerable Whitehead, — or his wife, either, — relished being addressed by their son and heir, from my house, as 'Dear Damn and Muddy'!

It was this, I think, that began to open my eyes to the risks I have been running; and already a fresh danger is upon me. Let others be warned by my case. I have been invited to read the Lessons, and, alas, I cannot well refuse. But how shall I fare with 'the Gospel alluding to Saint Cork'? And, even if I escape this, may I not some day run into the 'First (or even the Second) Cook of Bings'? Meanwhile Sunday looms ever nearer — blow Dr. Spooner!

V. P. KITCHIN